THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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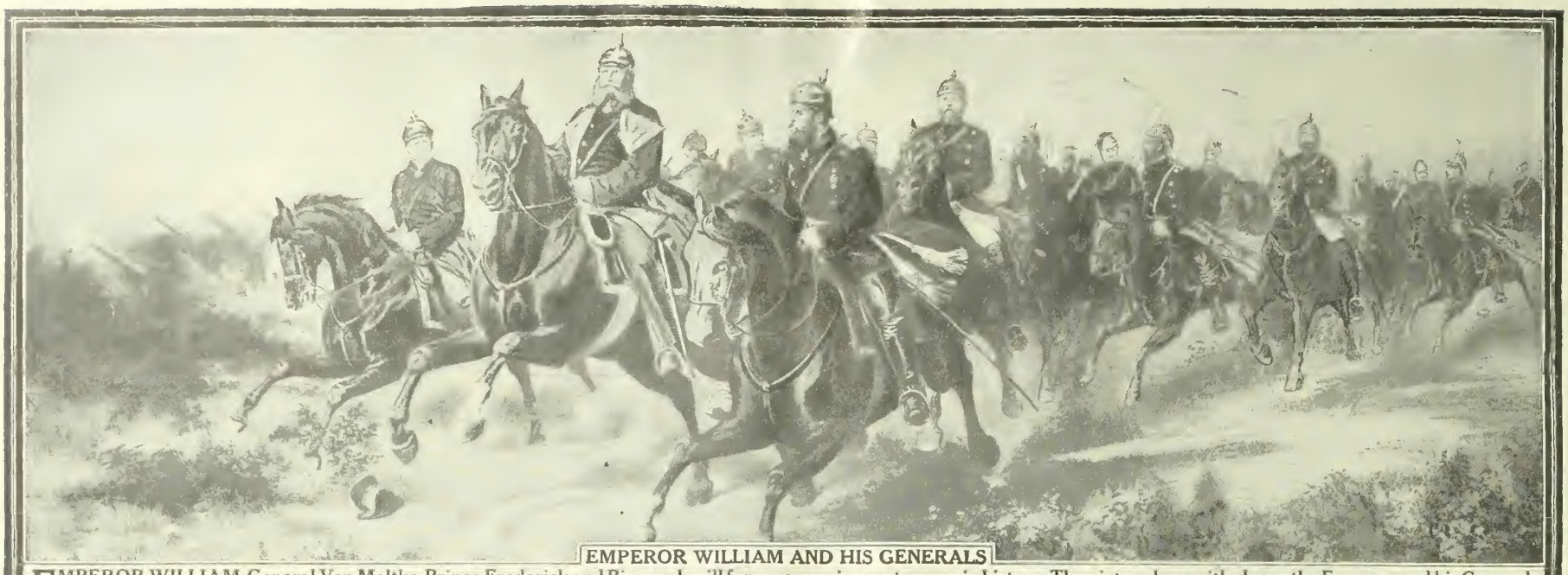

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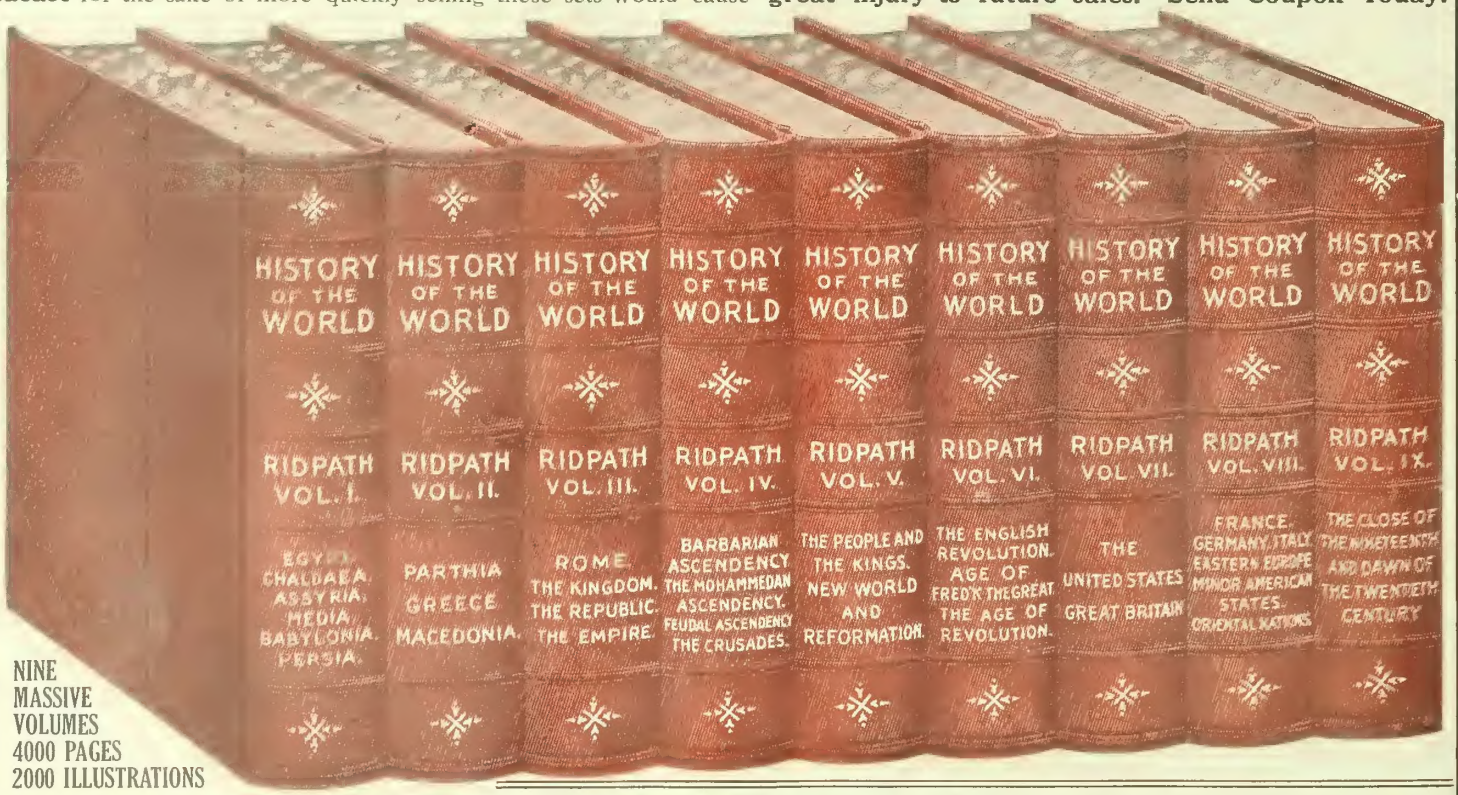
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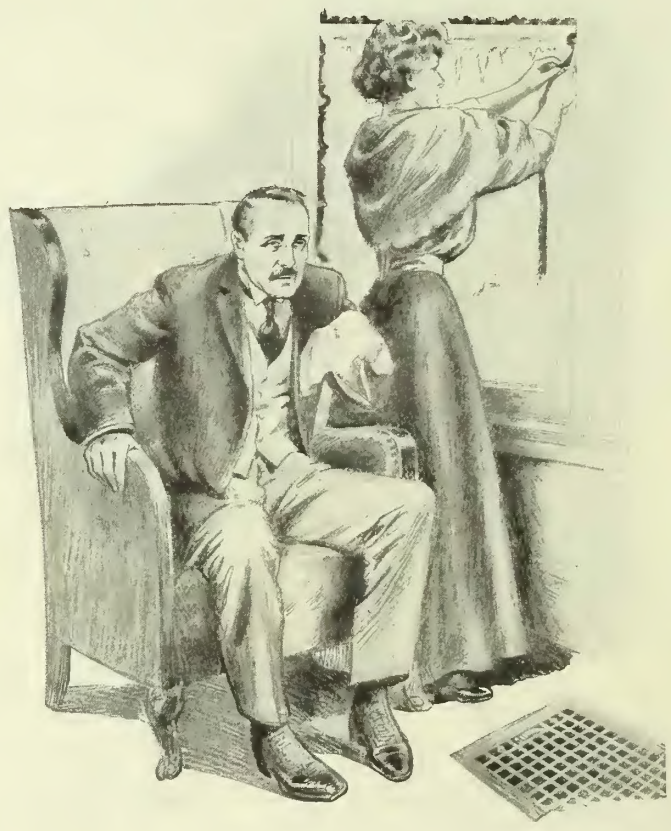

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ESAU IN SEARCH OF A HOME

The Ground We Stand On—By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

In Those Days a Man Could Get One Hundred and Sixty Acres of Land for Nothing

"WHAT is better security than the ground we stand on?" This question was the answer of the investor in Western mortgages some years ago, at a time when Western mortgages were experiencing a temporary discoloration of the optics. It was not long before the answer had proved itself a good one. It has been good from the beginning of civilization and will be good until its end.

The ground we stand on, or on which we stand, is part of the unstretchable surface of an earth in which most of us retain a mild personal interest. Our property right therein is largely an undivided one. Each of us owns six feet of ground, and some sociologists say that all ownership beyond that is theft and injustice. Sociology and business do not always drive tandem; and in practical affairs it is an accepted truth that every man ought to own a home if he can, because that identifies him with his own day and generation.

Of late days this truth has been made the basis of a very carefully encouraged hysteria for land buying. Even the most superficial study of recent developments in the "back-to-the-land" movement opens up a vista of interesting facts and fictions, rights and wrongs—and sometimes disappointments. The ground we stand on covers all the romance of the world—all the story of its industry and progress, of its greed and avarice and injustice, as well as that of its happiness and its comfort.

The keynote of American progress has been North-European. Our civilization has been built upon the old Saxon land lust. At the time of our history when we were doing our biggest things we were North-European in character. And at what time in the history of the world has a North-European ever ceased to covet the extra foot of land or, having got it, ever let go of it again? All races have fought for this American ground we stand on. The brilliant Spaniard, the romantic Gaul, the stolid Slav and the sturdy Anglo-Saxon, all have had their hands on this country. The fight has now narrowed down to the individuals of the latter race—of individual against individual.

There are two columns of smoke that may be seen by day in America. One comes from the very tall stack of the giant temple of commerce, the other from the chimney of the modest little home. Between those two extremes lies the human gamut of American life which today, in the opinion of some, might be rather a gladder and sweeter song than it is. We are Americans because we have been able to get ground to stand on. But ——

We have had, on the whole, a splendid history; we Americans have done great things and are bound to do yet greater. We have ripped up and roared across a continent in record time and have built it up into an empire which, faster than ever was known in the history of the world, has produced wealth, wealth, wealth. But ——

Now came an energetic person hight T. Roosevelt, erstwhile occupant of the White House—which, just to stir up the animals, one need not mind saying he will occupy again some day—and to his mind it seemed patent that the Americans were not paying sufficient attention to the ground they stood on. Hence, country-life commissions, the generous cry of "back to the soil"; and also many complications which have arisen therefrom. Dutifully we turned back to the land. But ——

That is to say, there was all too little ground to stand on, and scarce enough of a leg left for us to employ in the standing. It is true that we have left in our public domain some millions of acres of land, but the figures mean nothing. Land is not always land, just as bread is not always bread, even in a time of half loaves. Today most of the public lands available for entry may be called more or less negligible as bearing upon the essential problem of American homes—that is to say, that the quarter-section farm, got for nothing from the Government, is today practically a thing of the past. Irrigation, dry farming, ten-acre tracts—all these panaceas are now offered us somewhat strenuously. Since we can do no better, we are engaging in a scramble for land, grabbing it, stealing it, wishing others hadn't and wishing we could; but the ground we stand on does not stretch.

Did you get your share while the grab-bag was open, or are you sure you are going to get it yet? If so, how, and when, and where? Do you think you still can move West and get a farm as your daddy did and his daddy before him? Are you of the belief that this still is America and do you still hold to the old delusion that the surface of the earth really is elastic? Very probably you and I have not thought seriously enough on these subjects. When we begin to go into the matter we find some of the most complicated as well as the most interesting of questions.

For instance, who owns the land and who formerly owned it? How much is there left and what chance has a man to get any today? What is the public domain and what is the difference between that and the state lands? Where did the public domain originate and on what basis was it distributed among the people? Have all shared equally and honestly in that distribution? Have some men had more than their share and, if so, how can we get more than our share? This last is a very vital and important American question always. What is the process of getting into the grab-bag? What remnants does the grab-bag hold for you and me today? Somewhat grim, sardonic, indeed terrifying, are some of the answers to some of these questions. This is America with a large conjunction. But ——

In our loose, rich, easy way, most of us have been rather vague in our ideas about public and private ownership of the ground we stand on. In a general way we think of our possessions as homogeneous from ocean to ocean and governed by one continuous and homogeneous legal and political system. As a matter of fact the acquisition and distribution of this ground could show about as diverse and differing a series of systems as might well be found. We never have been homogeneous as a people in this little

old republic. The doctrine of new nationalism would in the past have been impossible, just as in the future it must be inevitable, since it is a matter of settlement and of transportation and not of politics in any way whatever. In the past, individualism certainly had its chance in this country in hundreds of ways and places, under many different tenures; indeed, under many different governmental systems.

Instead of the occupation of the land in severalty being a matter of even and natural expansion, under one wise and general system of distribution, it has taken place in a far different way. There have been all sorts of questions, experiments, successes and failures in the administration of the great American business of building homes. Our progress has been over a series of great dams, which we have run over, broken down or evaded. We have been a scattered people—not one united.

Land tenures and home opportunities today depend largely on land policies of a day long gone by. Suppose, just for the sake of a running start, that we go back to the time of our Civil War. We think of the United States as being at that time divided into two great sections, the North and the South. All north of the line was righteousness and all south of it was iniquity; or vice versa, according to the personal geography of the party interested. We think of that time as one when the divided country was ruled by a universal and undivided system of government; but really such was not the case, although at that time we owned practically all of the land which we own today. We owned it, but had not yet determined upon a good method of distributing it.

The Great Grant From King Charles

WHERE did we get the land which we owned at the time of the outbreak of the Civil War? In general, we got a good start at it by the generous breadth of view of good old King Charles, who by proxy rode up to the summit of Rock Fish Gap, in a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains, swept a graceful gesture westward and said: "Tag! All this is mine as far as the South Sea." There wasn't any South Sea, but the gesture went. We fought on awhile and presently added the splendid Louisiana Purchase to our domain. France lost. Then we took a chunk from Mexico because we liked it, and Spain lost. We went on to the Northwest then and took over the Oregon country, and England lost. That was the only land we ever got for the United States by virtue of discovery, and it included Oregon, Washington, Idaho, with parts of Montana and Wyoming. We dickered awhile about our northeastern boundary and argued and fought and bought a little about the southeast, foreseeing that Mr. Flagler was going to need a field of activities in Florida, just as we have carefully provided a field of beneficence for some lumbermen in the Oregon country. We bought a little additional territory from Mexico; and by, say, the year 1852, we had a lot of land—no one knew just how much. We held it on so loose a string under our old nationalism that we came near seeing it divided in half for the behoof of England, which needed cotton very much.

We think of a clean-cut line between North and South even at that time, but, as a matter of fact, the division was of very ragged profile. As our political distribution has had everything to do with our land distribution, we might do worse than take a moment for a look at our composite system of government just before the Civil War. The talk was then all about slavery, and not about good business, and there existed then discrepancies and differences, not to say bickerings, between states and the nation. For instance, all of the old Northwest Territory, today part of the richest section of the United States, was free soil forever under national law. We think of the East and Northeast as riveted to the cause of freedom; yet, in truth, in most of those Eastern states slavery had been forbidden only by state law and not by national enactment. Now came in the vast Louisiana Purchase, which ran west and south somewhere, no one knew just where; and national law declared all that territory free soil except that south of the artificial line of the compromise, 36° 30′.

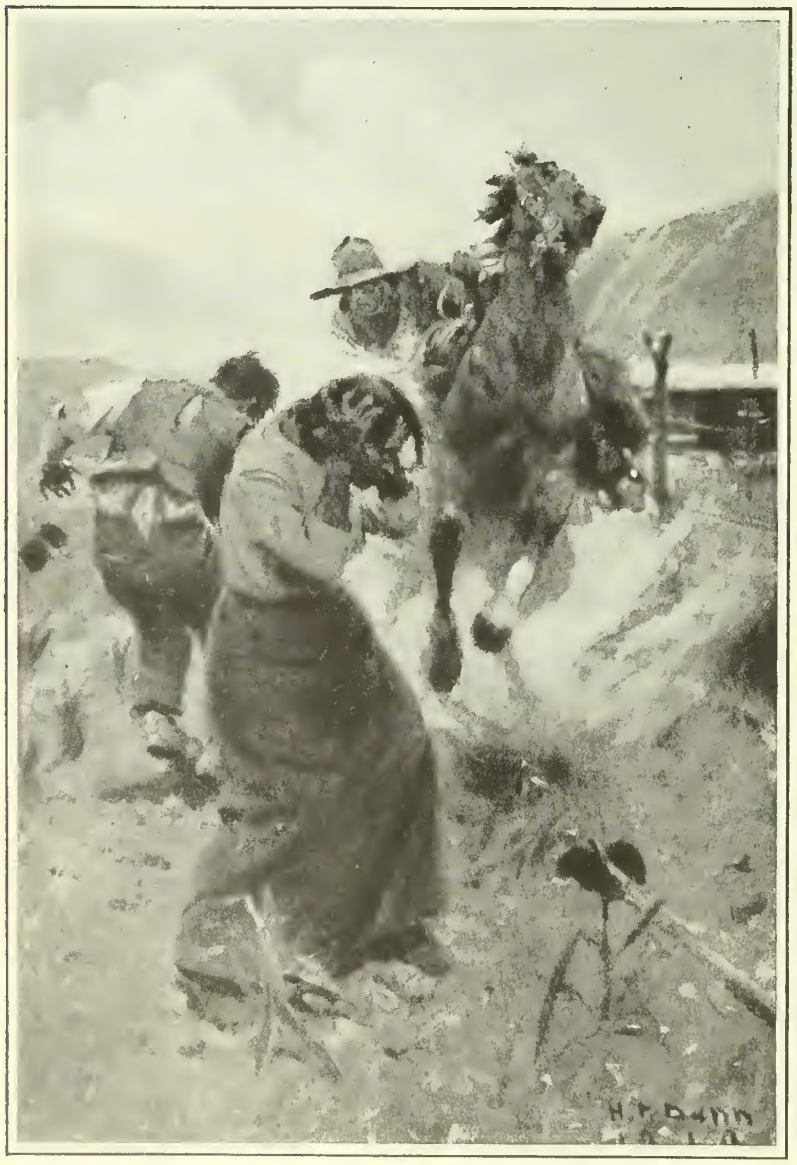
As to the Oregon country, both North and South were afraid to argue much about it, and that country came in free soil as a sort of appendix to the old Northwest Ordinance. The great state of California was much coveted by both political factions of today, but California came in free by state law. Minnesota and the Dakotas were not then organized, so no law could be said to govern them.

As to the South, then larger than the North and stronger in legislative power, it had slavery not by national but by state law. Texas came in a slave state by virtue of an ingenious and very profitable war. Above Texas, we had our Indian country, which covered Oklahoma and a part of Kansas. Some of this was south of the compromise line of 36° 30′. North of that line Missouri was allowed slavery by special dispensation. Congress remained silent as to the Indian country to the west of Missouri and there was no special prohibition of slavery there. As Texas came in, part of the acquired territory struck up north of 36° 30′, and so it got to be a no-man's land, which existed—but did not exist. It was neither slave nor free, and matters ran thus regarding it until a very recent date. It was a very excellent feeling, as one may attest, to ride a range like that and feel that one was in a country where there was no law at all. That is the real ambition of all true Americans.

As to some of those Western regions, now prominent in the irrigation eye, though then thought worthless for cotton or anything else—the future states of Utah, New Mexico and Arizona—slavery was not prohibited, but permitted there by Federal action, although under the laws of Mexico it had been free soil. Kansas and Nebraska were not yet born, but the fight about their future had begun, the main focus being not far from the borders of Missouri, where slavery was permitted both by state and Federal enactment.

It may be seen that we had all sorts of machinery set and ready for our Civil War; and we had it. What is the application of all this to the subject herein and to affairs today? Not very much, except as it may bear upon the stage set for our present fight, which also has to do with human freedom and home-building and homekeeping. Not even good business can bluff a plow. We arrive thus in a somewhat discursive way at the general proposition of home, babies, plows and freedom; all of which, let us be credited, are close cousins in our American life.

All these four last foregoing are closely concerned with the public domain of the United States; wherefore we may cast our troubled



When He Did Not Like a "Nester" He Either Killed Him or Kicked Him Out

It Happened So Far Back in the Woods That No One Knew About It

gaze backward yet again. Did all this unorganized land, which we bought or fought from other races and nations, belong to the public domain of Uncle Sam? Did Uncle Sam own it all or did the states own some of it? We arrive now at a whole series of complicated but very interesting questions, which brings us to a period of our history when the new breed of land-grabbers of America was not yet invented.

That was the time when land was a fluid, just as money is a fluid today; and when it meant nothing at all, just as money means nothing at all today. We were absolutely sure that out West we had more land than the whole living, enduring world was ever going to need; and we knew perfectly well, even without Mr. Daniel Webster to tell us, that the sun set for fair at the western edge of Massachusetts. There wasn't anything west of that. The ablest men in Congress argued against all additions of land to the west. We knew perfectly well that we could never govern or settle all that country. It is a mere mistake that we have done so, because there were great statesmen in those days. We have read about them in the books. We had skads, oodles and other large quantities of land at that time, just as today we have skads, oodles and other large quantities of money—all of it made out of that land. We then despised what we now hone, pine, long and otherwise cry for.

When Land Was Not Worth Having

IT NEVER occurred to the great minds at Washington that the public domain would ever have an actual and definite value. Neither did that interesting fact offer itself to the intellectuality of many of the states then loosely tributary to the General Government. The public domain originated in large part from the generosity of King Charles and the indifference of some of his colonies, beginning east of the Appalachians, but extending to the South Sea on the west. Kentucky and Tennessee never had any public land of their own, although there lay within their confines many large grants of land made by Virginia—out of which arose some interesting events.

There is now in the Supreme Court of the United States a case or series of cases that ultimately will involve something like two million five hundred thousand acres of land in the eastern part of the long-settled state of Kentucky—a tract larger than the entire state of Delaware. This suit is brought by the Eastern Kentucky Coal Lands Corporation, claiming a half million acres of land; and the fact that it is brought today shows the difference between the old time and the new, the day of the individual and the day of corporations. This state of affairs arises from the large-handed manner in which Virginia issued land grants to unsurveyed land directly after the Revolutionary War. Kentucky herself, when she got to be a state, was almost as active in the land-grant business; and, as originally no

one had supposed the land was valuable, and as no one really knew where it was, a very pretty kettle of fish has long existed in some twenty counties in the eastern part of Kentucky.

Other states—for instance, Connecticut—felt very glad to turn into the public domain, as a sort of bad debt, all those lands lying to the westward and known as the back lands. Thus the public domain may be seen to have originated out of enormous possessions which the nation had and which the states did not want.

There was so much land that everybody was perfectly sure it never could have any value—that is to say, no value outside of New England or maybe Pennsylvania. Those cherished portions of our country have, in the belief of many, always been of the utmost value in our proud civilization. We gave them the tariff as a reward of merit. They still firmly believe that New England and Pittsburgh are bounded on the west by the South Sea.

At this stage of our development Uncle Sam found himself, as has many a merchant, facing the proposition of a bargain counter piled with undesired if not undesirable goods. Then there came upon the face of Uncle Sam a broad smile. He winked one eye distinctly, lifted the sleeve of his flowing garment and emitted therein a partially stifled snicker. "Watch me soak them!" remarked Uncle Sam. "I'll hold an auction!"

As a matter of fact the first of our land laws, looking to the distribution of the public domain to actual home-builders, were bargain-counter laws, auction laws. The lands of Ohio were first to go on the block and they were sold to the highest bidders; any man who bought any of that land whatever was considered little better than a fool. The distribution of the public domain was then on a purely speculative basis. The first buyers of our rich Western lands were not home-builders at all but speculators. The breed has never yet died out, more is the pity.

Land at Auction

UNCLE SAM arrests people who use the mails for lotteries today, but he recognized his own early land sales as nothing better than a lottery and he left the bag-holders to work out their own salvation as best they could. This is the way that scheme figured out: Suppose a speculator bought a few thousand acres of land in Ohio at one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. He or the Government, or both, ran out surveys to see if they could find where the land was. If the lines inclosed some hardy squatter the speculator would go in and say: "See here, my friend, I have bought all this land from the Government, under sale from the public domain. You will have to pay me two dollars an acre for it or git up an' git."

"Pay anybody two dollars an acre for land? I think I see myself!" remarked the squatter. Whereupon he got up and got, and moved over into Illinois or Indiana. That is how Brown County, Indiana, came to be settled.

The squatters kept on ahead of the surveyors; sometimes their titles were recognized, and sometimes they bought of the speculator, and sometimes they moved on again. The speculators in Kentucky lands in this way wiped out the "tomahawk claims" of Daniel Boone and many of his kind, who really had won the lands for the Government and who had marked out for themselves, the best they could without a surveyor, what they thought they would like to hold as their own. But this was the process of auction and speculation in the public lands; and it was a fight of surveyor and squatter—ding-dong, give and take, fight and move, clear across to the Mississippi River—and, indeed, across that river.

It was in this way that the settlements advanced westward until about the opening of our Civil War—say, the year 1862. By that time the Mississippi Valley was settled up to about one-half of the first tier of states west of the Mississippi River, the Indians having been pushed out and the whites having come in about as far as midway of Iowa and Missouri. And now came an epoch in our history, an event somewhat forgotten in the confusion of the war. Reference is made to the Homestead Act.

This legislation, the first of actual grasp and foresight ever known in our land laws, was introduced and fathered by the Honorable Galusha A. Grow. It was the wisest and most beneficent act ever put on the statute books of any nation in all the history of the world. Of all our many and conflicting land laws, some of which have proved almost criminal in their working out, this is the one which stands above criticism so far as itself is concerned. As to the hidden beauties of this act and its perversion to the benefits of corporations rather than to individual home-builders, that must be a matter for study elsewhere. It is enough to erect the Homestead Act as the initial milestone in the distribution of our public lands so far as you and I are concerned today; because what was done before that was less important in its bearing upon our prosperity, and had less to do with political disturbances.

The Breed Has Never Yet Died Out

At the end of our Civil War a vast army, clad in blue cape overcoats, passed westward, until at length it rolled up at the base of the Rocky Mountains, by which time most of the blue overcoats were lost in father's attic. Had it not been for that Civil War, that horrible mistake of ours, yonder army would not have been blue-clad, but it would have been far more American. As it was, sons of Americans and sons of immigrants, and immigrants themselves, passed west to take up lands under this Homestead Act. In those days a man could get one hundred and sixty acres of land for nothing, simply by living on it and improving it for five years. It was the intent of that act to build up homes. Plows, babies, homes and freedom—these cousins were kin under the intention of Galusha A. Grow. And that was an honest land act, one well conceived and for many years wholly beneficent in its working out.

But at the base of the Rocky Mountains, as we may phrase it for the sake of easy comprehension, the Homestead Act ran out. We were getting into days of swifter population movements and as we went west we came now to arid lands. This was the beginning of trouble and corruption and riot and lawlessness, and graft and theft, and vast injustice and general discontent. At or just before the time we struck the Rocky Mountains we passed the day of square distribution of our public domain among home-builders.

The Commutation Act

IT WAS about this time that some one in Congress invented the Commutation Act, under which a homestead could be bought in within fourteen months after settlement. The theory, as propounded to the intelligent legislators at Washington, was that a man should have six months to get on his land and eight months to make a crop. If in fourteen months he could own his land he could all the more quickly mortgage it for the improvements. The fact was pointed out that some of this land was poorer than the rich soil of the Mississippi Valley, as well as the fact that many of the settlers of the day were persons without much cash. By all means, these poor settlers must have a chance to mortgage their farms. Yet it was not of these that the west-bound mortgage loan companies made their harvest. The agricultural lands had been pretty well combed over; but in the Rockies, and far to the east of the Rockies, shrewd minds engaged in making and not in lending money saw a more immediately remunerative crop in timber. The public domain included vast tracts of valuable timber as well as vast tracts of agricultural land; and now the land office threw both open under the Commutation Law.

What were the workings of that law? Something like this: A sawmill man advertised for hands to run his mill. When a man came in and asked for a job the first question asked him was: "Have you exhausted your homestead rights?" If the man said he had,' he didn't get any job. If he had not, there was a chance for him. The millowner would sweep an arm toward the landscape.

"You see that tract of timber over yonder, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," respectfully would answer the applicant for a job.

"Well, get on it as quick as the Lord will let you! Sleep there once each six months. I'll take care of the papers, necessary oaths, and so on. I'll lend you money on your land or buy it at so much an acre. All right. You can go to work now."

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An Occurrence Up a Side Street

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

Putting First Her Ear and Then Her Eye to a Tiny Cranny in Some Thick Curtains at a Front Window

"SEE if he's still there, will you?" said the man listlessly, as if knowing in advance what the answer would be.

The woman, who, like the man, was in her stocking feet, crossed the room, closing the door with all softness behind her. She felt her way silently through the darkness of a small hallway, putting first her ear and then her eye to a tiny cranny in some thick curtains at a front window.

She looked downward and outward upon one of those New York side streets that is precisely like forty other New York side streets: two unbroken lines of high-shouldered, narrow-chested brick-and-stone houses, rising in abrupt, straight cliffs; at the bottom of the cañon a narrow river of roadway with manholes and conduit-covers dotting its channel intermittently like scattered stepping stones; and on either side wide, flat pavements, as though the stream had fallen to low-water mark and left bare its shallow banks. Daylight would have shown most of the houses boarded up, with diamond-shaped vents, like leering eyes, cut in the painted planking of the windows and doors; but now it was nighttime—eleven o'clock of a wet, hot, humid night of the late summer, and the street was buttoned down its length in the double-breasted fashion of a bandmaster's coat with twin rows of gaslamps, evenly spaced. Under each small circle of lighted space the dripping, black asphalt had a slimy, slick look like the sides of a newly caught catfish. Elsewhere the whole vista lay all in close shadow, black as a cave-mouth under every stoop front and blacker still in the hooded basement areas. Only half a mile to the eastward a dim, distant flicker showed where Broadway ran, a broad yellow streak, down the spine of the city, and high above the broken skyline of eaves and cornices there rolled in cloudy waves the sullen red radiance, born of a million electrics and the flares from gastanks and chimneys, which is only to be seen on such nights as this, giving to the heaven above New York that same color tone you find in an artist's conception of Babylon falling or Rome burning.

From where the woman stood at the window, she could make out the round, white, mushroom top of a policeman's summer helmet as its wearer leaned back, half sheltered under the narrow portico of the stoop just below her; and she could see his uniform sleeve and his hand, covered with a white cotton glove, come up, carrying a handkerchief, and mop the hidden face under the helmet's brim. The squeak of his heavy shoes was plainly audible to her also. While she stayed there, watching and listening, two pedestrians—and only two—passed on her side of the street: a messenger boy in a glistening rubber poncho going west and a man under an umbrella going east. Each was hurrying along until he came just opposite her and then, as though controlled by the same set of strings, each stopped short and looked up curiously at the blind, dark house and at the figure lounging in the doorway, then hurried on without a word, leaving the silent policeman fretfully mopping his moist face and tugging at the wilted collar about his neck.

After a minute or two at her peephole behind the window-curtains above, the woman passed back through the door to the inner, middle room where the man sat.

"Still there," she said lifelessly in the half whisper that she had come to use almost altogether these last few days; "still there and sure to stay there until another one just like him comes to take his place. What else did you expect?"

The man only nodded absently and went on peeling an overripe peach, striking out constantly, with the hand that held the knife, at the flies. They were green flies—huge, shiny-backed, buzzing, persistent vermin. There were a thousand of them; there seemed to be a million of them. They filled the shut-in room with their vile humming; they swarmed everywhere in the half light. They were thickest, though, in a corner at the back, where there was a closed, white door. Here a great knot of them, like an iridescent, shimmering jewel, was clustered about the keyhole. They scrolled the white enameled panels with intricate, shifting patterns, and in pairs and singly they promenaded busily on the white porcelain knob, giving it the appearance of being alive and having a motion of its own.

It was stiflingly hot and sticky in the room. The sweat rolled down the man's face as he peeled his peach and pared some half-rotted spots out of it. He protected it with a cupped palm as he bit into it. One huge green fly flipped nimbly under the fending hand and lit on the peach. With a savage little snarl of disgust and loathing the man shook the clinging insect off and with the knife carved away the place where its feet had touched the soft fruit. Then he went on munching, meanwhile furtively watching the woman. She was on the opposite side of a small center-table from him, with her face in her hands, shaking her head with a little shuddering motion whenever one of the flies settled on her close-cropped hair or brushed her bare neck.

He was a smallish man, with a suggestion of something dapper about him even in his present unkempt disorder; he might have been handsome, in a weakly effeminate way, had not Nature or some mishap given his face a twist that skewed it all to one side, drawing all of his features out of focus, like a reflection viewed in a flawed mirror. He was no heavier than the woman and hardly as tall. She, however, looked less than her real height, seeing that she was dressed, like a half-grown boy, in a soft-collared shirt open at the throat, and a pair of loose trousers. She had large but rather regular features, pouting lips, a clear brown skin and full, prominent brown eyes; and one of them had a pronounced cast in it—an imperfection already made familiar by picture and printed description to sundry millions of newspaper readers. For this was Ella Gilmorris, the woman in the case of the Gilmorris murder, about which the continent of North America was now reading and talking. And the little man with the twisted face, who sat across from her, gnawing a peachstone clean, was the notorious "Doctor" Harris Devine, alias Vanderburg, her accomplice, and worth more now to society in his present untidy state than ever before at any one moment of his whole discreditable life, since for his capture the people of the state of New York stood willing to pay the sum of one thousand dollars, which tidy reward one of the afternoon papers had increased by another thousand.

Everywhere detectives—amateurs and the kind who work for hire—were seeking this pair who at this precise moment faced each other across a little center-table in the last place any searcher would have suspected or expected them to be—on the second floor of the house in which the late Cassius Gilmorris had been killed. This, then, was the situation: inside, these two fugitives, watchful, silent, their eyes red-rimmed for lack of sleep, their nerves raw and tingling as though rasped with files, each busy with certain private plans, each fighting off constantly the touch of the nasty scavenger flies that flickered and flitted iridescently about them; outside, in the steamy, hot drizzle, with his back to the locked and double-locked door, a leg-weary policeman, believing that he guarded a house all empty except for such evidences as yet remained of the Gilmorris murder case.

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It was one of those small, chancy things that so often disarrange the best-laid plots of murderers that had dished their hope of a clean getaway and brought them back, at the last, to the starting point. If the plumber's helper, who was sent for to cure a bathtub of leaking in the house next door, had not made a mistake and come to the wrong number; and if they, in the haste of flight, had not left an area-door unfastened; and if this young plumbing apprentice, stumbling his way upstairs on the hunt for the misbehaving drain, had not opened the white enameled door and found inside there what he did find—if this small sequence of incidents had not occurred as it did and when it did, or if only it had been delayed another twenty-four hours, or even twelve, everything might have turned out differently. But fate, to call it by its fancy name—coincidence, to use its garden one—interfered, as it usually does in such cases as this. And so here they were back.

The man had been on his way to the steamship office to get the tickets when an eruption of newsboys boiled out of Mail Street into Broadway, with extras on their arms, and shouted out certain words that sent him scurrying back in a panic to the small, obscure family hotel in the lower thirties where the woman waited. From that moment, it was she, really, who took the initiative in all the efforts to break through the doubled and tripled lines that the police machinery looped about the five boroughs of the city.

At dark that evening "Mr. and Mrs. A. Thompson, of Jersey City," a quiet couple who went closely muffled up, considering that it was August, and carrying heavy valises, took quarters at a dingy furnished-room house on a miscalled avenue of Brooklyn not far from

Two Hours Later a Very Different-Looking Pair Issued Quietly From a Side Entrance of This Place

the Wall Street ferries and overlooking the East River waterfront from its bleary back windows. Two hours later a very different-looking pair issued quietly from a side entrance of this place and vanished swiftly down toward the docks. The thing was well devised, and carried out well too; yet by morning the detectives, already ranging and quartering the town as bird-dogs quarter a brier-field, had caught up again and pieced together the broken ends of the trail; and, thanks to them and the newspapers, a good many thousand wideawake persons were on the lookout for a plump, brown-skinned young woman with a cast in her right eye, wearing a boy's disguise and accompanied by a slender little man carrying his head slightly to one side, who when last seen wore smoked glasses and had his face extensively bandaged, as though suffering from a toothache.

Then had followed days and nights of blind twisting and dodging and hiding, with the hunt growing warmer behind them all the time. Through this they were guided and at times aided by things printed in the very papers that worked the hardest to run them down. Once they ventured as far as the outer entrance of the great, new uptown terminal, and turned away, too far gone and sick with fear to dare run the gauntlet of the waiting room and the trainshed. Once—because they saw a made-up Central Office man in every lounging longshoreman, and were not so far wrong either—they halted at the street-end of one of the smaller piers and from there watched a grimy little foreign boat that carried no wireless masts and that might have taken them to any one of half a dozen obscure banana ports of South America—watched her while she hiccoughed out into midstream and straightened down the river for the open bay—watched her out of sight and then fled again to their newest hiding place in the lower East Side in a cold sweat, with the feeling that every casual eye-glance from every chance passer-by carried suspicion and recognition in its flash, that every briskening footstep on the pavement behind them meant pursuit.

Once in that tormented journey there was a sudden jingle of metal, like rattling handcuffs, in the man's ear and a heavy hand fell detainingly on his shoulder—and he squeaked like a caught shore-bird and shrunk away from under the rough grips of a truckman who had yanked him clear of a lurching truck horse, tangled in its own traces. Then, finally, had come a growing distrust for their latest landlord, a stolid Russian Jew who read no papers and knew no English, and saw in his pale pair of guests only an American lady and gentleman who kept much to their room and paid well in advance for everything; and, after that, in the hot rainy night, the flight afoot across weary miles of soaking cross streets and up through ill-lighted, shabby avenues, to the one place of refuge left open to them. They had learned from the newspapers, at once a guide and a bane, a friend and a dogging enemy, that the place was locked up, now that the police had got through searching it, and that the coroner's people held the keys. And the woman knew of a faulty catch on a rear cellar window, and so, in a fit of stark desperation bordering on lunacy, back they ran, like a pair of spent foxes circling to a burrow from which they have been smoked out.

Again it was the woman who picked for her companion the easiest path through the inky-black alley, and with her own hands she pulled down noiselessly the broken slats of the rotting wooden wall at the back of the house. And then, soon, they were inside, with the reeking heat of the boxed-up house and the knowledge that at any moment discovery might come bursting in upon them—inside with their busy thoughts and the busy green flies. How persistent the things were—shake them off a hundred times and back they came buzzing! And where had they all come from? There had been none of them about before, surely, and now their maddening, everlasting droning filled the ear. And what nasty creatures they were, forever cleaning their shiny wings and rubbing the ends of their forelegs together with the loathsome suggestion of little gravediggers anointing their palms. To the woman, at least, these flies almost made bearable the realization that, at best, this stopping point could be only a temporary one, and that within a few hours a fresh start must somehow be made, with fresh dangers to face at every turning.

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It was during this last hideous day of flight and terror that the thing which had been growing in tbe back part of the brain of each of them began to assume shape and a definite aspect. The man had the craftier mind, but the woman had a woman's intuition, and she already had read his thoughts while yet he had no clew to hers. For the primal instinct of self-preservation, blazing up high, had burned away the bond of bogus love that held them together while they were putting her drunkard of a husband out of the way, and now there only remained to tie them fast this partnership of a common guilt.

In these last few hours they had both come to know that together there was no chance of ultimate escape; traveling together the very disparity of their compared appearances marked them with a fatal and unmistakable conspicuousness, as though they were daubed with red paint from the same paintbrush; staying together meant ruin—certain, sure. Now, then, separated and going singly, there might be a thin shred of hope. Yet the man felt that, parted a single hour from the woman, and she still alive, his woefully small prospect would diminish and shrink to the vanishing point—New York juries being most notoriously easy upon women murderers who give themselves up and turn state's evidence; and, by the same mistaken processes of judgment, notoriously hard upon their male accomplices—half a dozen such instances had been playing in flashes across his memory already.

Neither had so much as hinted at separating. The man didn't speak, because of a certain idea that had worked itself all out hours before within his side-flattened skull. The woman likewise had refrained from putting in words the suggestion that had been uppermost in her brain from the time they broke into the locked house. Some darting look of quick, malignant suspicion from him, some inner warning sense, held her mute at first; and later, as the newborn hate and dread of him grew and mastered her and she began to canvass ways and means to a certain end, she stayed mute still.

Whatever was to be done must be done quietly, without a struggle—the least sound might arouse the policeman at the door below. One thing was in her favor—she knew he was not armed; he had the contempt and the fear of a tried and proved poisoner for cruder lethal tools.

It was characteristic also of the difference between these two that Devine should have had his plan stage-set and put to motion long before the Gilmorris woman dreamed of acting. It was all within his orderly scheme of the thing proposed that he, a shrinking coward, should have set his squirrel-teeth hard and risked detection twice in that night, once to buy a basket of overripe fruit from a dripping Italian at a sidewalk stand, taking care to get some peaches—he just must have a peach, he had explained to her; and once again when he entered a dark little store on Second Avenue, where liquors were sold in their original packages, and bought from a sleepy, stupid clerk two bottles of a cheap domestic champagne—"to give us the strength for making a fresh start," he told her glibly, as an excuse for taking this second risk. So, then, with the third essential already resting at the bottom of an inner waistcoat pocket, he was prepared; and he had been waiting for his opportunity, from the moment when they crept in through the basement window and felt their way along, she resolutely leading, to the windowless, shrouded middle room here on the second floor.

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How she hated him, feared him too! He could munch his peaches and uncork his warm, cheap wine in this very room, with that bathroom just yonder and these flies all about. From under her fingers, interlaced over her forehead, her eyes roved past him, searching the littered room for the twentieth time in the hour, looking, seeking—and suddenly they fell on something—a crushed and rumpled hat of her own, a vast "picture creation," laden with florid millinery, lying almost behind him on a couch-end where some prying detective had dropped it, with a big, round black button shining dully from the midst of its damaged tulle crown. She knew that button well. It was the imitation-jet head of a hatpin—a steel hatpin—that was ten inches long and maybe longer.

She looked and looked at the round, dull knob, like a mystic held by a hypnotist's crystal ball, and she began to breathe a little faster; she could feel her resolution tightening within her like a turning screw.

Beneath her brows, heavy and thick for a woman's, her eyes flitted back to the man. With the careful affectation of doing nothing at all, a theatricalism that she detected instantly, but for which she could guess no reason, he was cutting away at the damp, close-gnawed seed of the peach, trying apparently to fashion some little trinket—a toy basket, possibly—from it. His fingers moved deftly over its slick, wet surface. He had already poured out some of the champagne. One of the pint bottles stood empty, with the distorted button-headed cork lying beside it, and in two glasses the yellow wine was fast going flat and dead in that stifling heat. It still spat up a few little bubbles to the surface, as though minute creatures were drowning in it down below. The man was sweating more than ever, so that, under the single, low-turned gas-jet, his crooked face had a greasy shine to it. A church clock down in the next block struck twelve slowly. The sleepless flies buzzed evilly.

"Look out again, won't you?" he said for perhaps the tenth time in two hours. "There's a chance, you know, that he might be gone—just a bare chance. And be sure you close the door into the hall behind you," he added as if by an afterthought. "You left it ajar once—this light might show through the window draperies."

At his bidding she rose more willingly than at any time before. To reach the door she passed within a foot of the end of the couch, and watching over her shoulder at his hunched-up back she paused there for the smallest fraction of time. The damaged picture hat slid off on to the floor with a soft little thud, but he never turned around.

The instant, though, that the hall door closed behind her the man's hands became briskly active. He fumbled in an inner pocket of his unbuttoned waistcoat; then his right hand, holding a small cylindrical vial of a colorless liquid, passed swiftly over one of the two glasses of slaking champagne and hovered there a second. A few tiny globules fell dimpling into the top of the yellow wine, then vanished; a heavy reek, like the smell of crushed peach-kernels, spread through the whole room. In the same motion almost he recorked the little bottle, stowed it out of sight, and with a quick, wrenching thrust that bent the small blade of his penknife in its socket he split the peach-seed in two lengthwise and with his thumbnail bruised the small brown kernel lying snugly within. He dropped the knife and the halved seed and began sipping at the undoctored glass of champagne, not forgetting even then to wave his fingers above it to keep the winged green tormentors out.

The door at the front reopened and the woman came in. Her thoughts were not upon smells, but instinctively she sniffed at the thick scent on the poisoned air.

"I accidentally split this peach-seed open," he said quickly, with an elaborate explanatory air. "Stenches up the whole place, don't it? Come, have this other glass of champagne—it will do you good to ——"

Perhaps it was some subtle sixth sense that warned him; perhaps the lightning-quick realization that she had moved right alongside him, poised and set to strike. At any rate he started to fling up his head—too late! The needle point of the jet-headed hatpin entered exactly at the outer corner of his right eye and passed backward for

(Concluded on Page 38)

"Come, Have This Other Glass of Champagne—It Will Do You Good To ——"

ORYZA SATIVA—By William R. Lighton

How Farmers Can Feed a Hungry World

ORYZA sativa. Bet you don't know what that is. Ten to one your first offhand impression is that it has something to do with one of those queer oriental religions or with Italian opera, or something equally frivolous. The words sound as if the thing they stand for can't amount to much.

That's entirely wrong. Oryza sativa is really one of the most serious things on earth. Certain grave-minded economists are solemnly declaring that it's the strongest hope of the world in the much-advertised extremity of hunger that's to come upon us one of these days. If that's true then Oryza sativa is "some pumpkins," isn't it? Want to know what it is? Well, then—it's just plain rice.

Harvest Field in Arkansas Prairie District, One Hundred Bushels to an Acre

Oh, yes, you may laugh if you want to; but, when you're done laughing, listen: Maybe it won't turn out so utterly absurd as you seem to think.

In the first place, perhaps you don't believe that the world is in any danger of going hungry. You're so used to getting your three square meals a day, right along, that it's hard to credit the habitual lean want of the other fellow somewhere else. These repeated stories of famine seem very remote, vague and abnormal, don't they?

And then there are the perennial "bumper-crop" reports, close at hand, here in our own land. Surely, you think, if these reports are true—and there's no doubt that they are—there must be enough to go round. Don't we boast of exporting countless shiploads of foodstuffs year after year? If anybody starves to death, or goes gaunt on half rations, it must be through the chronic improvidence of the thriftless or else through sheer perversity.

That's the way you look at it, isn't it? Most likely you've been brought up on that doctrine. You'll be shocked and pained, then, when you're told that your faith is just a mark of your own careless American provincialism. It's absolutely unfounded.

Look here—hasn't this ever occurred to you? With all these bumper crops of ours—with all these mountains of grain and meat and fruit and food products of every sort piling up regularly, year in and year out—how does it come that we're never embarrassed by any surplus left over from last year? If there were, in fact, plenty to go round among the people of the world at all times, wouldn't you expect to find now and then a season of glut—a season when the nations would be surfeited—when there'd be a big stock on hand, sagging the market, going begging?

Small Figures That Look Big

BUT you haven't been reading any such stories, have you? Quite the contrary. You know well enough what's been happening to the prices of all foodstuffs since you were a boy. Has anybody been encouraging you to hope that things will be easier next year or the year after that? If so don't you believe him.

Certainly we've had all sorts and kinds of explanations of these soaring prices. One says that food is so hard to get because there's too much gold to buy it with; another that the horrid trusts keep the supplies corralled and won't turn them loose; and you may take your pick of half a dozen others, each of which is mere argument and not explanation at all. For a real explanation, which will go in harness with the facts, it seems as if we might have to fall back upon the ancient and honorable, good old reliable creed of supply and demand.

The brutal fact is that the increase in the production of the staple foodstuffs isn't keeping pace with the increase in population. It's true right here in our own country. With some of the chief products there's an actual instead of a relative shrinkage.

There's the pork question. At the six principal packing centers of the United States there was in 1909 a shortage of more than five million hogs; and at the same places in the first six months of 1910 there was a shortage of more than three million head. If that state of things keeps up through the year—and it must—those centers will be "shy" one and a half billion pounds of pork, or about sixteen pounds for each person of our own population. This shortage exists notwithstanding the fact that the prices of 1910 have been higher by far than in many years. There is just one way of accounting for it: the hogs don't come to market because they aren't on the farms. Why aren't they? Simply because the rising market of the last few years has absorbed them faster than the supply could be renewed. That's not theory; it's fact. With all this persistent buying, where's the surplus pork hidden? If the packers had a heavy supply ahead, concealed in the dark somewhere, would they be paying present prices on the hoof? Not so you could notice it.

In trying to understand, we have a fashion of talking too much in millions and billions. It gives us a comfortable feeling, but it's awfully misleading. It takes a good head to grasp a billion; but when we divide it by the ninety million and more that represent our home folks the quotient becomes so small that anybody can understand it.

For instance, there's our corn crop. Year by year our fields give us approximately two and a half billion bushels of corn. In the lump that's a vast pile. Expressed in pounds it reaches the stunning total of about one hundred and fifty billions. But now let us boil it down. If every pound of the year's crop were fed to livestock in our farm feedlots we'd get about twenty-one and a half billion pounds of meat on the hoof. That seems a very mountain too, but it gives only about two hundred and thirty-eight pounds for each of our ninety million and more of people—or only about one hundred and seventy-five pounds of meat-products for the table—half a pound a day for each of us, with nothing for the rest of the world. It doesn't seem so magnificent that way, does it? And even that supply is sharply contracting. It's going to take a long time to restore on the farms the brood herds of hogs that have been cleaned out by the meat demand; and while that's going on the meat market must be short. We can't eat our pork and have it too.

And there's wheat. Don't you remember when the farmer, barely ten years ago, was dreaming foolish dreams about "dollar wheat," contriving all sorts of wild schemes for forcing the price to that level? Notice where it is now. Doesn't it appear to you that this price has come to stay? And did legislative fiat create it, do you suppose?—or any crafty bulling of the market by the farming interests? And are the mills and elevators giving a dollar a bushel for their wheat just for the fun of it, when they have great stores of cheaper wheat in reserve somewhere?

The plain, unvarnished truth is that each year's crops are eaten up—clean, regularly and unfailingly—as fast as they're grown. Yes; the buyers are always lying in wait for them in the market-places; and, at that, half the people of the world are always on half commons or less. A single widespread crop failure would depopulate the earth by sheer starvation. We have no reserve supply of food worth mentioning at any time.

On top of that, under present cropping methods, the average yield to the acre in the world's grain fields is declining, not increasing. Do you get that? Bad cropping methods, exhausting the fertility of the soil, are responsible for the decline. The worst of it is that there are no splendid virgin lands waiting to be occupied later, when the old fields are worn out. That was true once, but it's not true now. And population is steadily climbing. In short, we'll all be up against it for something to eat after a while—literally, mind you!—if a change of some sort doesn't come somehow.

Now let's get back to rice. What's the excuse for saying that it's the hope of a hungry world?

Here's a hard little nubbin of fact: Acre for acre, the rice fields of the world yield more pounds of product at harvest, on an average, than any other grain on the list. And here's another: Pound for pound, rice has a higher food value than any other product of the soil that figures as a staple.

Significant facts those, aren't they? "Important if true!"—eh? Well then, mark that over yonder in Japan, where methods are crudest and yields at lowest ebb, the average crop is reported as twenty-nine and a half bushels to the acre. In Georgia and South Carolina they get something like thirty bushels; in Louisiana and Texas from thirty-five to fifty bushels; and on the newly developed rice prairies of Arkansas the growers have been making, for the last six or eight years, an average crop of more than seventy bushels to the acre, the maximum yields often exceeding one hundred bushels.

Why We Eat So Little Rice

AS TO FOOD value—not to string out a prosy argument—analysis shows rice to contain 86.09 per cent of nutrients; corn, 82.97 per cent; wheat, 82.54 per cent; oats, 74.02 per cent; fat beef, 46.03 per cent; potatoes, 23.24 per cent. Rice is digested in one hour in the normal stomach as against two and a half hours for oatmeal, three and a half hours for potatoes and four hours for meat.

Yes, I know what you're going to say: "If all that's true why don't more people eat more of it?"

Answer: Just because there isn't more of it. They're eating all there is and crying for more; but the supply runs short every blessed year before they've had enough. And there's some rice grown in the world, too, if you want to know it! Do you remember how we used to start our school compositions on "Iron"—"Iron is the most useful of metals"? By the same token, rice is today and long has been the most important of all cereal crops.

Don't believe it, do you? Why, two bits' worth of rice lasts your family for weeks and weeks, with an occasional mess of croquettes or a batch of pudding with raisins in it—and you have an idea that your folks eat about as much rice as anybody. They're right fond of it, for a change; but surely it's no more important a product than tapioca or cornstarch, or any one of a score of those fussy foods. If you happen to be up on statistics you can quote our Government's figures to prove that the consumption of rice in the United States averages only four and a half pounds a year for each person. The most important of all cereals, indeed! Shucks!

Believe it or not, it's true. In volume of annual yield and in the number of people who depend upon it for life it outranks wheat and corn and all the others. It's practically the only food that passes the lips of nearly sixty per cent of all the people of the earth from one year's end to the other; and it's the main diet of nearly seventy-five per cent of them.

Be fair, now. Have you any idea of the bulk of a year's rice crop? One hundred and seventy-five billions

of pounds—175,000,000,000 pounds—one hundred and seventy-five thousands of millions of pounds—one hundred and —— Oh, what's the use! There are the figures; make what you can out of them. And remember this while you're trying to reduce the figures to terms you can understand: Hungry men, women and children eat up that crop every year, to the last grain, and then cry piteously for more.

Let's put it in this familiar way and see if it will help you to get the meaning of that baffling string of ciphers: Suppose a single year's crop were loaded in wagons, a ton to the wagon. It would take eighty-seven million five hundred thousand wagons to hold it all. And suppose that those wagons were strung out in procession, fifty feet to the wagon: they would make a line 828,598 miles long. How many times would that line reach around the world? More than thirty-three times. How many times would it reach to the moon? Almost three and a half times. You make the rest of the computations for yourself.

Some crop—what? No matter how you try to state it, there's just no way of appreciating its magnitude. And the hungry multitudes eat it, every particle, every year—and go half famished at that!

The pity of it is that the available rice fields of the Far East are in full use, almost to the last acre! There's no chance to add materially to the home-grown supply over there. They can increase population—are doing it, right along; but when it comes to providing food for the increase, that's different.

Where Rice is Raised Most Cheaply

AND so it happens that there's quite a bit of talk in our own country to the effect that rice growing is likely to become an important industry here. Yes, we grow some rice now; but only a paltry five hundred million pounds a year—one three-hundred-and-fiftieth part of the world's crop—just about enough for making our own croquettes and puddings. The serious talk runs that we'll begin growing for export. It's a promising prospect as a business proposition.

You don't think you'd like it, sloshing around knee-deep in a soggy mudpuddle, getting yourself all messed up and developing chronic rheumatism or web feet or something, just for the sake of growing a little rice for feeding a bunch of Chinks, or Buddhists, or dervishes—or whatever-you-call-'em. Let the philanthropists do it. How does anybody hope to make it a good business proposition? How could a white man hope to compete with that wretched cheap labor of the swarming Orient? Nothing doing. Now, isn't that your impromptu verdict?

That just shows how much you know. Let's look into it a minute and see. If there's some easy money to be picked up you'd like to be put wise, wouldn't you?

First, about that cheap labor. Do you still take stock in that warcry of the political sleight-of-hand men: "God—and the divine tariff—preserve the highborn American against competition with cheap foreign labor"? Haven't you found out that that's all balderdash?—that the so-called "cheap labor," with its crude methods and its sodden understanding, is the very dearest that may possibly be used in getting things done? The figures on rice growing, here and in the Far East, give as clean an illustration as might be found.

The Japanese grower at home does mighty well if he takes care of one acre of rice through the season. A method more primitive than his couldn't be devised—pricking out the seedling plants, one by one, by hand, and nursing them through to harvest with no more gumption than is shown at planting. And what does he get at the season's end? He gets an average of twenty-nine and a half bushels of grain from his acre. And the average cost of growing an acre of rice in Japan is thirty-eight dollars—including labor, fertilizer, land tax and the other items—which makes each bushel of rice cost the Japanese grower, at harvest, one dollar and twenty-nine cents.

Ready for the Harvest

On the Arkansas rice prairies, whence come the fullest and freshest figures on the industry, two men take care of the crop on a quarter section of one hundred and sixty acres by means of modern machinery used with brains. The average yield for the last two or three years has been seventy-four bushels to the acre; the outside cost of production is twenty dollars an acre, which makes Arkansas rice cost, at harvest, twenty-seven cents a bushel—just about one-fifth of the cost of producing a bushel in Japan with that bugaboo, "cheap labor." There are the straight facts. Can't compete? Why, we've got the Jap backed off the boards, beaten to a standstill at his own game. If it ever comes to the point of actual competition for control of the industry the Jap will have to quit or else adopt our ways of doing things.

Modern methods followed with modern machinery—there's the combination that gives the American his grip in rice farming as in most of the other big undertakings of the earth.

Years and years ago rice was grown rather extensively in the United States, mostly on the low marshy lands of the southeastern coast. There were considerable exports in those days. The manner of growing then was fixed largely by imitation of oriental methods. Marshland growing was supposed to be the only way. There was nothing American about it—very little effort to cheapen production according to the new theory of farming. That was the old era in rice growing. Then, "after the war," when labor conditions in the South became unsettled, the industry dwindled until there wasn't much left of it; and for a long time it languished, awaiting some new impulse.

The impulse was given when somebody took it into his head that rice might be grown under conditions altogether different from the old. Rice, to be sure, must stand with its feet in the water during its growing period; but the new growers conceived the idea of flooding the crop artificially from wells or irrigating ditches, thus giving control of the supply and permitting the work of seeding and harvesting to be done on dry land. The Dakota wheat farmer has today no easier working conditions than the rice grower of the southern prairies.

Applying the Water to a Growing Rice Crop

The new rice fields of Arkansas give the best illustration of the change that has come about, for there the work is entirely modern; none of the practices is a survival.

It's only seven or eight years since the first experimental crop was grown in this territory—an acre or two, planted by a man the neighbors dubbed a harebrained visionary. You know how a farmer's neighbors will talk when he leaves the beaten paths. In the first place, rice had never before been grown in that country; and, in the next place, this fellow wasn't going at it right. They knew! Nevertheless he went ahead to his first harvest, when he gathered some rice of a very superior quality. His crop broke no records, but it proved a point. From his tiny patch of that year prairie rice culture has developed to proportions that make it one of the livest farming interests in all the Southwest. In 1909 rice was harvested from about thirty thousand acres in Arkansas. That crop did make a record—a world's record: seventy-five bushels to the acre, with an average net profit to the grower of fifty-five dollars to the acre. Not one of the rice farmers of that year was experienced in the business; they were mostly Northern and Eastern men—old wheat farmers, some of them; and others were mere townsmen, who had been drawn into the work by the fame of what some of the pioneers had done in recent years. The odd feature of it was that not one grower of all the lot, whether old hands or novices at farming, made a failure.

Of course there's no stopping it now. In the season just closed the harvest was gathered from about one hundred thousand acres—a threefold increase in a twelvemonth. The yield in 1910 was a bit better than in the preceding year. It is foretold that in 1911 the acreage will be trebled again. Rice growing on these prairies is getting something of a reputation.

It's a queer sort of country, from the ordinary farmer's point of view. When it was in the hands of the general farmers, before the days of rice, it had no celebrity. Ten years ago lots and lots of raw land were to be bought for a couple of dollars an acre. Handled in the usual listless way of the South, where the seasons are all too gentle in dealing with the farmer, these acres did nothing to distinguish themselves. They were just waiting.

Land for Rice Growing

IT'S a flat country—flat as a pancake: two or three million acres or more—maybe twice as much—up and down the district. A goodly part, in its natural state, is open meadow; the rest is more or less timbered. Scattered around are hills and rolling stretches, but these are counted out. The true rice land is level; it must be.

The soil is shallow—from fifteen inches to twenty-four inches of light loam; then comes a sheet of "hard-pan," waterproof as rubber. That's not an ideal condition for general cropping, for a drought may sap the soil dry; but it couldn't have been better contrived for rice growing. The "hard-pan" forms the bottom of a natural basin of vast extent and of just the right depth for holding the water that's flooded over the crop.

Look at an Arkansas rice farm in the early spring: you can't tell it from any other sort of grain farm in Iowa or Nebraska. The wide fields are dry. If rainwater has stood upon the surface it has been drained away in ditches. The farmer goes at his breaking with modern gangplows—sometimes, if his plantation is big enough, with a steam tractor engine turning a dozen furrows at once. Then the rice is drilled in like wheat—all in the dry, which renders every step of the work easy and cheap.

When the seedling plants stand six inches high it is time to put the water on. The supply comes from wells sunk to a depth of about one hundred feet. For a field of a quarter section a ten or twelve inch well gives water aplenty. It is pumped by steam-power into a reservoir, to be distributed thence over the crop. Low earthen embankments are built around the fields to hold the water in place. Two men do all the work after seeding—one running the engine and pump, the other tending the embankments and regulating the flooding.

(Concluded on Page 40)

Cupid—That Old College Chum

A Few Pink Nothings About Love on the Siwash Campus

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

She Was a Shy Little Conservatory Student, Who Evidently Regarded Conversation as Against the Rules

WELL! Well! Well! Here's another magazine investigator who has made a great discovery. Listen to this, Sam: "Coeducation, as found in American colleges, is amazingly productive of romance, and the great number of marriages resulting between the men and women in coeducational schools indicates all too plainly that love-making occupies an important part of the courses of study."

Those are his very words. Isn't he the Christopher Columbus though! Who would have thought it? Who would have dreamt that there were any mutual admiration societies in coeducational colleges? I am amazed. What won't these investigators discover next? Why, one of them is just as likely as not to get wise to the fact that there is a hired-girl problem. You can't keep anything away from these gimlet-eyed scientists.

Oh, sure! I knew it was just about time for some kind of an off-key noise from you, you grouchy old leftover. Just because you graduated from one of those paradises in pants, where they import a carload of girls from all over the country to one dance a year and worry along the rest of the time with chorus girls and sweet young town girls who began bringing students up by hand about the time Taft was a Freshman, you think you are qualified to toss in a few hoots about coeducation. Back away, Sam! That subject is loaded. I've had palpitations on a college campus myself; and I want to tell you right here that it beats having them at a stage door, or at a summer resort, or in a parlor just around the corner from nine relatives, or in one of those short-story conservatories, or in the United States mails, forty ways for Sunday; and, besides, it's educational. We coeducationalists get a four years' course in close-coupled conversation and girl classification while you fellows in the skirtless schools are getting the club habit and are saving up for the privilege of dancing with other fellows' fiancées at the proms once a year. Honestly, I never could see just why a fellow has to wait until he is through college before he begins to study the science of how to make some particular girl believe that if Adam came back he would look at him and say: "Gee, it swells me all up to think that chap is a descendant of mine!"

And I may be thick in the thought dome, but I never could see any objection to marrying a classmate either, even though I didn't do it myself. I admit coeducational schools are strong on matrimony. Haven't I dug up for thirty-nine wedding presents for old Siwash students already? And don't I get a shiver that reaches from my collar-button down to my heels every time I get one of those thick, stiff, double-barreled envelopes, with "Kindly dig," or words to that effect, on the inside? Usually they come in pairs—the bid to the next wedding and the bill for the last present. Why, out of sixty-five ninety-umpters with whom I graduated, six couples are already holding class reunions every evening; and just the other day another of the boys, who thought he would look farther, came back after having made a pretty thorough inspection all over the civilized world, and camped outside of the home of a girl in our class until she admitted that he looked better to her than any of the rising young business men who had bisected her orbit in the last ten years. They're to be married this spring and I'm going back to the wedding. Incidentally I'm going to help pay for three more silver cups. We give a silver cup to each class baby and each frat baby, and I've been looking around this past year for a place where we can buy them by the dozen.

Weddings! Why, man, a coeducational college is a wedding factory. What of it? As far as I can see, Old Siwash produces as many governors, congressmen and captains of industry to the graduate as any of the single-track schools. And I notice one thing more. You don't find any of our college couples hanging around the divorce courts. There is a peculiar sort of stickiness about college marriages. They are for keeps. When a Siwash couple doesn't have anything else agreeable to talk about it can sit down and have a lovely three months' conversation on the good old times. It takes a mighty acrimonious quarrel to stand a college reunion around a breakfast table. Take it from me, you lonesome old space-waster, with nothing but a hatrack to give you an affectionate welcome when you come home at night, there is no better place on earth to find good wife material than a college campus. Of course I don't think a man should go to college to find a wife; but if his foot should slip, and he should marry a girl whose sofa pillows have the same reading matter on them as there is on his, there's nothing to yell for help about. Ten to one he's drawn a prize. Girls who go through coeducational colleges are extra fine, hand-picked, sun-ripened, carefully wrapped-up peaches—and I know what I'm talking about.

How do I know? Heavens, man! didn't I go through the Siwash peach orchard for four years? Don't I know the game from candy to carriages? Didn't I spend every spring in a light pink haze of perfect bliss? And wasn't all the Latin and Greek and trigonometry and athletic junk crowded out of my memory at the end of every college year by the face of the most utterly, superlatively marvelous girl in the world? And wasn't it a different face every spring? Oh, I took the entire course in girlology, Sam! I never skipped a single recitation. I got a Summa Cum Laudissimus in strolling, losing frat pins, talking futures and acquiring hand-made pennants. And the only bitter thought I've got is that I can't come back.

You'll never realize, my boy, how old Pa Time roller-skates by until you go back to a co-ed college ten years afterward. Here, in the busy mart of trade, I'm a promising young infant who has got to "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" to the big ones, and be good and get to work on time for thirty years before I will be trusted to run a monopoly alone on a quiet day; but back on the Siwash Campus, Sam, I'm a patriarch. That's one reason why I don't go back. I'm married and I don't care to be madly sought after, but also I don't care to make a hit as a fine old antique for a while yet, thank you. When I am forty, and have gummed up my digestion in the dollar-herding game until I wheeze for breath when I run up a column of figures, I'll go back and have a nice comfy time in the grandpa class. But not now. The only difference between a thirty-year-old alumnus and the mummy of Rameses, to a college girl, is in favor of the mummy. It doesn't come around and ask for dances.

I suppose, Sam, you think you've been all lit up under the upper left-hand vest pocket over one or two girls in your time, but I don't believe a fellow can fall in love so far over his ears anywhere in the world as he can in Siwash College. That's only natural, for the finest girls in the world go to Siwash—except one girl who went to another school by accident and whom I ran across about three years ago wearing an Alfalfa Delt pin. I'll take you up to the house to see her some time. She was too nice a girl to wear an Alfalfa Delt pin and I just naturally had to take it off and put on an Eta Bita Pie pin; and somehow in the proceedings we got married—and all I have to say about it is three cheers for the universe! Anyway, as I was saying, it was as easy to fall in love at Siwash as it was to forget to go to chapel. We got along all right in the fall. We liked the girls enormously and were always smashing up some football team just to please them. And, of course, we kept ourselves all stove up financially during the winter hauling them to parties and things in Jonesville's nine varnished cabs. It took about as much money to support those cabs as it does to run a fleet of battle-ships.

In the spring the real fireworks began. Suddenly, about the first Wednesday after the third Friday in April, the ordinary Siwash man discovers that some girl whom he has known all year isn't a girl at all, but a peachblow angel who is just stopping on earth to make a better man of him and show him what a dull, pifflish thing Paradise would be without her. Life becomes a series of awful blank spots, with walks on the campus between them. He can't get his calculus because he is busy figuring on a much more difficult problem; he is trying to figure whether three dances with some other fellow mean anything more to Her than charity. He gets cold chills every time he reflects that at any minute a member of some royal family

You Can Always Spot These Family Friends by the Way the Girl Blushes When She Introduces Them

may pass by and notice Her, and that he will have to promote international spasms by hashing him. He realizes that he has misspent his life; that football is a boy business; that frats are foolish, and that there ought to be a law giving every college graduate a job paying at least two thousand dollars a year on graduation. He is nervous, feverish, depressed, inspired, anxious, oblivious, glorified, annihilated, resuscitated and all cluttered up with emotion. The planet was invented for the purpose of letting Her dig number three heels into it on spring afternoons. Sunshine is important because Her hair looks better with the light on it. Every time She frowns the weather bureau hangs out a tornado signal, and every time She smiles somebody puts a light-blue sash around the horizon and a double row of million-candle-power calcium lights clear down the future, as far as he can see.

That's what love does to a college boy in spring. It's a kind of rose-colored brainstorm, but it very seldom has complications. By the next fall, the ozone is out of the air; and after a couple has gone strolling about twice, football and the sorority rushes butt in—and it's all over. Freshman girls are a big help too. Beats all how much help a Freshman girl can be in forgetting a Senior girl who isn't on the premises! Even in the spring-fever period we didn't get engaged to any extent. The nearest I ever came to it was to ask the light of my life for ninety-several if she would wear my frat pin forever and ever until next fall. And, let me tell you, there wasn't any local of the Handholders' Union on the Siwash Campus. That's another place where you soubrette worriers have us figured out wrong. Rushing a Siwash girl was about as distant a proposition for us as trying to snuggle up to the planets in the telescopic astronomy course. For cool, pleasant and skillful unapproachability, a co-ed girl breaks all records. We just worshiped them as higher beings, and I find that a lot of Siwash boys who have married Siwash girls are still a little bit dazed about the whole affair. They can't figure how they ever had the nerve to start real businesslike negotiations.

He Came Marching Up the Walk Like the Hero in a Moving-Picture Show

This very high-class insulation in our love affairs caused us fellows a lot of woe once in a while. You never could tell whether or not a girl was engaged to some fellow back home. We didn't get impertinent enough to ask. I think there ought to be a law compelling a girl who comes to college engaged to some rising young merchant prince in the country store back home to wear an engagement ring around her neck, where it can be easily seen. More than once, a Siwash man who had been conservative enough to worship the same girl right through his college course and who had proposed to her on the last night of school, when the open season for thou-beside-me talk began, has found that all the time some chap has been writing her a letter a day and that she has only regarded him as a kind friend, and so on. Never will I forget when Frankling got stung that way! Of course we didn't generally know when a tragedy of this sort happened, but in his case he brought it on himself. If he hadn't made a furry-eared songbird out of himself when Ole Skjarsen drew his girl at the Senior class party ——

You want to know about this girl lottery business, you say? Well, it's plain that I shall have to begin right back at the beginning of the Siwash social system and educate you a little at a time. Now this class party drawing is an institution which has been handed down at Siwash ever since the ancients went to school before the war. You see, at Siwash, as at most colleges, there is the fraternity problem. The frat men give parties to the sorority girls as often as the Dean of Women will stand for it, and every one gets gorgeously acquainted and extremely sociable. The non-fratters go to the Y. M. C. A. reception at the beginning of each year and to the Commencement exercises, and that's about all. Of course they pick up lots of friends among the non-sorority girls; and I guess agriculturalists with restless Adam's apples, whose idea of being socially interesting is to sit all evening in the same chair making a noise like one of those $7.78-suit dummies. That's what made the class lotteries so interesting. The plow-chasers drew the prettiest girls in the class and the most accomplished fusser among the fellows usually drew a girl who would make the manager of a beauty parlor utter a sad shriek and throw up his job. Of course every one was bound in honor to take what came out of the hat. Nobody flinched and nobody renigged, but there was a lot of suppressed excitement and well-modulated regret.

I have been reasonably wicked since I left college. Once or twice I have slapped down a silver dollar or thereabout and have watched the little ball roll round and round a pocket that meant a wagonload of tainted tin for me; and once in a while I have placed five dollars on a pony of uncertain ability and have watched him go from ninth to second before he blew up. But I never got half the heart-ripping suspense out of these pastimes that I did out of a certain few party drawings, when I waited for my name to come out and wondered, while I looked across the hall at the girl section, whether I was going to draw the one girl in the world, any one of four or five mighty interesting runners-up, or the fat little girl in the corner with ropy hair and the general look of a person who had had a bright idea a few years before and had been convalescing from it ever since.

Talk about excitement and consequences! Those drawings kept us on the jump until the parties were pulled off. Generally the proud beauties who had been drawn by the midnight-oil destroyers did not know them, and some one had to tow the said destroyers around to be introduced. What with dragging bashful young chaps out to call and then seeing that they didn't freeze up below the ankles and get sick on the night of the party; and what with teaching them the rudiments of waltzing and giving them pointers on lawn ties; or how to charter a seagoing hack in case the girl lived on an unpaved street; and bracing up the fellows who had drawn blanks, and going to call on the blanks we had drawn and getting gloriously snubbed—give me a wallflower for thorns!—well, it was no cinch to run a class party. But they were grand affairs just the same and promoted true fellowship, besides furnishing amusement for the whole college in the off season. And, besides, I always remember them with gratitude for what they did to Frankling.

. You know there are two kinds of fussers in college. There is the chap like Petey Simmons, for instance, whose heart was a directory of Siwash girls; and there is the fellow who grabs one girl and stakes out claim boards all around her for the whole four years. That was Frankling's style. He was what we always called a married man. He and Pauline Spencer were the closest corporation in college. They entered school in the same class, and he called on her every Friday night at Browning Hall and took her to every party and lecture and entertainment for the next three and a half years—except, of course, the class parties. It was one of our chief delights to watch Frankling grind his teeth when some lowbrow—as he called them drew her name. She always had rotten luck—you never saw such luck! Once Ettleson drew her. He was a tall, silent farmer, who wore boots and a look of gloom; and he marched her through a mile of mud to the hall without saying a word, handed her in to the reception committee and went over to a corner, where he sat all evening. But that wasn't so bad as the Junior she drew. His name was Slaughter. His father had a dairy at the edge of Jonesville and Slaughter decided that, as the night was cold and rainy, a carriage would be appropriate. So he scrubbed up the milk wagon thoroughly, put a lot of nice, clean straw on the floor, hung a lantern from the top for heat and drove her down to the party in state. She was game and didn't make a murmur, but Frankling made a pale-gray ass of himself. As I said, I never liked Frankling. He had a nasty, sneering way of looking at the whole school, except his own crowd. His father owned the locomotive works and he always went to Europe for his summers. He was one of those unnecessary individuals who are solemnly convinced that if you don't do things just as they do something is lacking in your mind; and, though he was perfectly bred, he was only about half as pleasant to have around as a well-behaved hyena.

I never could see what Miss Spencer saw in him, unless it was the locomotives. As far as we could tell—we never got much chance to judge—she was a real nice girl. She was a little haughty and never had much to say, and always acted as if she was a princess temporarily off the job. But she was a good scout, and proved it at the class parties by making it as pleasant as she could for the nervous nobodies who took her; while the yellow streak in Frankling was so broad there wasn't enough white in him to look like a collar. That's why the whole college went crazy with delight over the Ole Skjarsen affair.—Last station, ladies and gents. Story begins here.

When we were Seniors Ole Skjarsen was the chief embarrassment of the class. Ole was the prize exhibit of the football team and had learned his society foibles in a lumber camp. As a football player he was a wonder, but as a society fritterling he was one long catastrophe. He just couldn't possibly get hep—that was all. He was as companionable and as good-natured as a St. Bernard pup and just as inconvenient to have around. He dressed like a vaudeville sketch, and the number of things he could do in an hour, which are not generally done in low-vest and low-neck circles, was appalling. Of course we all loved Ole because of his grand and historic deeds on the team, and we took him to our parties and never so much as fell out of our chairs when he took off his coat in order to dance with more comfort and energy. The girls were as loyal as we were and danced with him as long as their feet held out, and we made them leather hero medals and really had

a lot of fun out of the whole business—all except Frankling. It just about killed him to have to mingle with Ole socially; and when the time for the Senior class party drew near he got so nervous that he called a meeting of a few of us fellows and made a big kick.

"I tell you, fellows, this has got to stop!" he declared. "We've encouraged this lumber-jack until he has gotten too fresh for any use. Why, he'll ask any girl in the college to dance with him, and he goes and calls on them too. Now, it's up to us to show him his place. I'm dead against putting his name in the hat for the party. He'll be dead sure to draw a girl who will be humiliated by having to go with him; and I have a little too much regard for chivalry and courtesy to allow him to do it. We'll just have to hint to him that he'd better have another engagement the night of the class party, that's all. I wish to thunder he'd stayed out of the Kiowa game last year and let us get beaten. He's a worse calamity than that would have been."

Thereupon we all rose joyously up and told Frankling to go jump in the creek. And he called us muckers and declared we were ignorant of the first principles of social ethics. He said that Skjarsen might be near enough our level to be inoffensive, but as for him he declined to have anything to do with the class party. Thereupon we gave three cheers, and that made him so mad that he left the meeting and fell over three chairs trying to do it with speed and dignity. Altogether it was a most enjoyable occasion. We'd never gotten quite so much satisfaction out of him before.

The drawing took place the next week and, sure enough, Frankling declined to allow his name to be put in the hat. We put Ole's name in and were prepared to have him draw a Class A girl; but what happened knocked the props out from under us. His name came fourth and he drew the mortgaged and unapproachable Miss Spencer.

We didn't know whether to celebrate or prepare for trouble. It seemed reasonable that Miss Spencer would back up Frankling and reduce Ole to an icicle with white eyebrows when he asked her to go with him. The next morning, when we saw Frankling, we were so happy that we forgot to worry. He was one large paroxysm. I never saw so much righteous indignation done up in one bundle. He cornered the class officers and declared in passionate tones that they had committed the outrage of the century. They had insulted one of the finest young women in the college. They had made it advisable for all persons of culture to remain away from Siwash. The disgrace must not be allowed. He didn't speak as a friend, but as a disinterested party who wanted justice done; and he proposed to secure it.

We took all this quite humbly and asked him why he didn't see Ole himself and order him to unhand the lady. From the way he turned pale, we guessed he had done that already. Ole weighed one hundred and ninety in his summer hair-cut and was quick-tempered. We then asked him why he didn't buy Ole off. We also asked him why he didn't shut down the college, and why he didn't have Congress pass a law or something, and if his head had ever pained him before. He was tearing off his collar in order to answer more calmly and collectedly when Ole came into the room. Ole had combed his hair and shined his shoes, and he had on the pink-and-blue necktie that he had worn the month before to the annual promenade with a rented dress suit. He seemed very cheerful.

"Vell, fallers," says he. "Das leetle Spencer gal ban all rite. She say she go by me to das party. Ve ban goin' stylish tu, aye bet y'u." Then he saw Frankling and went over to him with his hand out. "Don't y'u care, Master Frankling," he said, with one of his transcontinental smiles. "Aye tak yust sum good care by her lak aye ban her steddy faller."

Phew!

. . . . . .

Ole took Miss Spencer to the party. There isn't a bit of doubt but that he took her in style. He put more care and exertion into the job than any of the rest of us and he got more impressive results. Ole has his ideas about dress. Ordinarily he wore one of those canned suits that you buy in the coat-and-pants emporiums, giving your age and waist measure in order to get a perfect fit. He wore a celluloid collar with it and a necktie that must have been an heirloom in the family; and he wore a straw hat all the year round. He wore each one till it blew away and then got another. This rig was good enough for Ole in ordinary little social affairs, but when it came to dances and receptions he blossomed out in evening clothes. He had made a bargain with a second-hand clothes-man downtown—split his wood all winter for the use of a dress suit that had lost its position in a prominent family and was going downhill fast. You know how the tailors work the dress-suit racket. They can't exactly change the style of a suit—it's got to be openfaced and have tails—but they work in some little improvement like a braid on or off, or an extra buttonhole, or a flare in the vest each year; so that a really bang-up-to-date chap would blush all over if he had to wear a last year's model. I notice the automobile makers are doing the same stunt. They can't improve their cars any more, so they put four doors on one year, cut 'em in two the next and take them off the year after.

This hasn't anything to do with Ole except that that dress suit of his was behind the times one hundred and two counts. It had been a fat man's suit in the first place. It fitted him magnificently at the shoulders. He and the suit began to leave each other from that point down. At the waist it looked like a deflated balloon. The top of the trousers fitted him about as snugly as a round manhole in the street. The legs flapped like the mainsail of a catboat that's coming about. They ended some time before his own legs did and there was quite a little stretch of yarn sock visible before the big tan shoes began. Ole had two acres of feet and he polished his shoes himself, with great care. They were not so large as an ordinary ballroom, but somehow he used them so skillfully that they gave the effect of covering the entire space. Four times around Ole's feet constituted a pretty fair encore at our dances; and I've seen him pen up as many as three couples in a corner with them when he got them tangled.

He Invited Miss Spencer to Go Street-Car Riding With Him and She Did It

That was Ole's formal costume. But he didn't regard it with awe. Any one could wear a dress suit. It seemed to him that a Senior party to which he was to escort Miss Spencer was too important to pass airily off with the same old suit. He had another card up his sleeve.

"Aye ent tal y'u," he explained when we asked him anxiously what it was he proposed to wear. "Yust vait. Aye ban de hull show, Aye tank. Y'u fallers yust put on your yumpin'-yack suits. Aye mak y'u look lak torta cent."

Of course we waited. We didn't have anything else to do. We worried a little, but we had gotten used to Ole, anyway—and what was the difference? It would be a little hard on Miss Spencer, but it would be magnificently horrible to Frankling, who considered that a collar of the wrong cut might endanger a man's whole future career. So we resigned ourselves and attended to our own troubles.

The night of the party was a cold, clear January evening. There was snow on the ground and it was packed hard on the sidewalks. This was nuts for oil-burners. They walked their girls to the hall. Four of the reckless ones clubbed together and hired a big closed carriage affair from the livery stable. It happened to be a pallbearers' carriage during the daytime, but they didn't know the difference and the girls didn't tell them; and what you don't know will never cause your poor old brain to ache. We frat fellows blew our hard-worked allowances for varnished cabs and thereby proved ourselves the biggest suckers in the bunch. To this day I can't see why a girl who can dance all night, and can stroll all afternoon of a winter's day, has to be hauled three blocks in a two-horse rig every time she goes to a party. The money we spent on cabs while I was at Siwash would have built a new stadium, painted every frat house in town and endowed a chair of United States languages. But, there!—I'm on my pet hobby again. How it did hurt to pay for those hacks!

I got there late with my girl—she was a shy little conservatory student, who evidently regarded conversation as against the rules—and I found the usual complications that had to be sorted out at the beginning of every class party. Stiffy Short was sore. He was short five dances for his girl—had been working on her program for a week—and he accused the fellows of dodging because she couldn't dance; and was threatening to be taken sick and spend the evening in the dressing room smoking cigarettes. Miss Worthington, one of our Class A girls, didn't have a dance, because Tullings, who had drawn her, had presumed that she was to sit and talk with him all evening. Petey Simmons was in even worse. His girl couldn't dance, but insisted on doing so. She had done it the year before too. Petey had been training up for two weeks by tugging his dresser around the room. Then there was Glenallen. We always had to form a committee of national defense against Glenallen. He couldn't dance, either, and he would insist on hitching his chair out into the middle of the room. I've seen him throw as many as four couples in a night. And there was a telephone call from Miss Morse, class secretary and first-magnitude star. Her escort hadn't shown up. He never did show up. When we went around to lynch him the next day he explained desperately that at the last minute he found he had forgotten to get a lawn necktie. You know how a little thing like a lawn necktie that ain't can wreck an evening dress, unless you are an old enough head to cut up a handkerchief and fold the ends under.

We had gotten things pretty well straightened out before we discovered that Ole was missing. That would never do. If Miss Spencer needed rescuing we were the boys to do it. Three of us rushed down the stairs to send a carriage over to Browning Hall, and that minute Ole arrived at the party.

He had worn his very best—the suit he was proudest of and the one he knew couldn't be duplicated. It was his lumber-camp rig—corduroy trousers, big boots and overshoes, red flannel shirt, canvas pea-jacket and fur cap. He came marching up the walk like the hero in a moving-picture show and we thought he was alone till he reached the door. Then we saw Miss Spencer. She was seated in state behind him on one of those hand-sledges the farmers use for hauling cordwood. There were evergreen boughs behind her and all around her, and she was so wrapped up in a huge camp blanket that all we could see of her was her eyes.

We gave Ole three cheers and carried Miss Spencer upstairs on the evergreen boughs. Both of them were the hits of the party. We never had a better one. The incident broke more ice than we could have chopped out in a month with all the dull-edged talk we had been handing around. Every one had a good laugh by way of a general introduction and then we all turned in and made things hum. The wallflowers got plucked. Somebody taught the president of the Y. M. C. A. how to waltz and poor Henry Briggs forgot for two hours that he had hands and feet, and that they were beyond his control. It was a tremendous success; we were so enthusiastic by the time things broke up that we told the cabmen to go hang and all walked home to the Hall, the men fighting for a chance to pull on the sledge-rope with Ole.

Hold on, Sam. Put down your hat. This isn't the end, thank you. It's just the prologue. Of course we all expected, when Ole unloaded Miss Spencer at the Hall and she bade him good evening, and thanked him for her delightful time and so on, that the incident would be closed. Never dreamed of anything else. Lumber-jack suits and cordwood sledges are fine for novelties, but they can't come back, you know—once is enough. And that's why we fell dead in rows when Ole, straw hat and all, walked over to Lab from chapel with Miss Spencer the next day—and she didn't call for the police. We couldn't have stared any harder if the college chapel had bowed and walked off with her. And we hadn't recovered from the blow when Friday night rolled around and those of us who went to call at the Hall found Ole seated in Frankling's particular corner, entertaining Miss Spencer with an average of one remark a minute, which, so far as we could hear, consisted generally of "Aye tank so" and "No, ma'am."

By this time we had decided that Frankling was sulking and that Miss Spencer was showing him that if she wanted to be friendly with Ole, or the town pump, or the plaster statue of Mercury in the college library, she had a perfect right to. I guess she showed him all right, too, for

(Continued on Page 29)

A RETURN TO ARCADY

Personally Conducted by Morris Perlmutter

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

YES, Abe," Morris Perlmutter said with bitter emphasis; "Max Kirschner steals away trade from under our noses while you fool away your time selling goods to a feller like Sam Green."

"What d'ye mean, fool away my time?" Abe cried indignantly. "Sam Green is an old customer from ours; and if Henry Feigenbaum gives for a couple of hundred dollars an order to Max Kirschner he only does it because he's got pity on the old man. And, anyhow, Mawruss, even if Sam Green is a little slow, y'understand, sooner or later we get our money—ain't it?"

"Never Mind What I Want to Speak With Him About. That's My Business"

"Sure, I know, Abe; and if them sooner-or-later fellers would pay you oncet in a while sooner, Abe, it would be all right, y'understand. But they don't, Abe; they always pay you later."

"Well, Sam has got some pretty stiff competition up there, Mawruss," Abe said. "In the first place, Cyprus is too near Sarahcuse, y'understand; and if one of them yokels wants to buy for thirty dollars a garment for his wife, if he is up-to-date, he goes to Sarahcuse; and if he is a back number he goes to Sam's competitors—what's the name, now?—Van Buskirk & Patterson. Yes, Mawruss, back numbers always buys from back numbers."

"Why don't we sell that Van Buster concern our line, Abe?"

"A fine chance I got it with them people, Mawruss!" Abe exclaimed. "They buy their whole stock from a jobber in Buffalo and they got an idee that Russian blouses is the latest up-to-the-minute effect in garments. And you couldn't blame 'em, Mawruss; most of the women up in Cyprus thinks that way too."

"That ain't here nor there, Abe," Morris interrupted. "Sam Green is one of them fellers which he is slow pay if he would be worth a million even. He's got the habit, Abe. Look what he writes us now."

He handed Abe a letter which read as follows:

SAMUEL GREEN

DRYGOODS AND NOTIONS

THE K. & M. SYLPHSHAPE CORSET

CYPRUS, NEW YORK, April 1, 1910.

GENTS: Your favor of the thirtieth inst. read and contents noted; and in reply would say you should be so kind and wait a couple days, and I will send you a check sure—on account I got sickness in the family and oblige Yours truly, S. GREEN.

"Well, Mawruss," Abe commented, mindful of a recent obstinate lumbago, "might the feller did got sickness in his family maybe."

"*Schmooes*, Abe!" Morris cried impatiently. "Every season that feller's got another excuse. Last fall his wife goes to work and has an operation. A year ago he is got his uncle in the hospital. The winter before that he is got funeral expenses on account his mother died on him; and so it goes, Abe. That feller would a damsite sooner kill off his whole family, y'understand, than pay a bill to the day it is due."

"All right," Abe said; "then we wouldn't sell him no more—that's all."

Morris shrugged.

"That's all!" he repeated. "A concern don't pay strictly to the day; so we wouldn't sell 'em no more, and that's all, *sagt er!* For a feller which he's losing customers right and left to a back number like Max Kirschner, Abe, you are talking pretty independent."

"Say, lookyhere, Mawruss," Abe exploded; "I just told it you Max Kirschner only gets that order from Henry Feigenbaum because he takes pity on him."

"What d'ye mean, pity?" Morris retorted. "I seen Max Kirschner in the subway this morning and he looks like he needs pity, Abe. He's got diamonds stuck on him like a pawnbroker's window."

"That's all right, Mawruss," Abe continued. "Some drummers is got diamonds and some is got bank accounts, but there's mighty few got both, Mawruss; and Max Kirschner ain't one of 'em. One thing you got to remember, Mawruss—Max is an old man."

"What are you talking nonsense! An old man!" Morris exclaimed. "Max is just turned sixty."

"Sure, I know," Abe commented, "and for a drummer, that's awful old, Mawruss. A feller which he spends six months out of the year in trains and hotels, Mawruss, is got to be mighty particular about what he eats. I stopped in one hotel together with Max *schon* many times already, and at dinner I am always eating steaks and oncet in a while eggs maybe; but Max goes for them French names every time. Many a night I watched Max in a hotel lobby, and you could see by his face that his stomach is boiling."

"Never mind, Abe; I could stand a little indigestion, too, Abe, if I would be getting the orders Max is getting it."

"That's a thing of the past, Mawruss," Abe replied. "Business falls off something terrible with him, Mawruss; and the first thing you know, Mawruss, Klinger & Klein gets rid of him and them diamonds would got to come in handy before he finds another job."

"*Yow!* Klinger & Klein would get rid of him!" Morris cried skeptically. "Max Kirschner ain't no ordinary drummer, Abe. There's a feller which he was born and raised on this side. He's a gentleman, Abe, and them boys respects him. Besides, Abe, he practically started them two greenhorns in business. Twenty years ago, when them boys was new beginners, Kirschner brings 'em a good trade, y'understand; and not only that, Abe, if it wouldn't be for him them fellers wouldn't never lasted six months. The first season they turned out a lot of stickers, and when they got short Max goes himself to old man Baum and gets him to lend them boys a thousand dollars. People don't forget such things in a hurry, Abe."

"Don't they, Mawruss?" Abe rejoined. "Well, maybe they do and maybe they don't, Mawruss; but twenty years is a long time to remember things, Mawruss, and when a feller draws big wages like Max Kirschner he's got to turn in the orders, Mawruss—otherwise past favors is nix."

Morris nodded.

"That's no lie neither, Abe," he said, rising to his feet; "and we should right away send Sam Green a letter either he should mail us a check or we would put his account into a collection agency. The feller goes too far, Abe."

It was precisely a week later that Max Kirschner's relations with the firm of Klinger & Klein finally reached their climax.

"Yes, Mawruss," Abe said as he entered the showroom after a brief visit to the barber-shop that morning—"what did I told you?"

"You didn't told me nothing, Abe," Morris retorted; "and, besides, it was my idee that we wrote him a rotten letter, otherwise we would wait for another week or ten days for our check. As it is, Abe, he deducts four dollars on us for a damage on account of bum packing. He is not only a crook, Abe, but a liar also."

"Four dollars wouldn't break us, Mawruss," Abe rejoined, "and we could easy make it up on the next bill he buys from us. But I wasn't talking about Sam Green at all. I mean Max Kirschner."

"I much bother my head about Kirschner!" Morris said. "Let Klinger & Klein worry about him."

Abe grunted as he removed his hat and coat.

"You'd wait an awful long time for Klinger & Klein to worry about him, Mawruss," he said. "Because them fellers got such hearts which *Gott soll hüten* their wives would die together with their children in one day yet—I am only saying, y'understand—them two suckers wouldn't worry neither. Saturday night they fired Max Kirschner like a dawg, Mawruss. And why? Because a week ago Max eats some *stuss* in Bridgetown, y'understand, which he is sick in bed for three days. And while he is laid up yet Sammet Brothers cops out a thousand-dollar order on him."

"*Ai gewoldt!*" Morris cried, with ready sympathy. "You don't tell me!"

"And now that poor feller walks the streets looking for a job; and a fine show he's got it, an old man like him."

"Don't say that again, Abe," Morris said. "You Jonah the feller that way. Somebody hears you saying Max is an old man and the first thing you know, Abe, they believe he is old. I told you before Max is only sixty; and when my *grossvater selig* was sixty he gets married for the third time yet."

"Sure I know, Mawruss," Abe retorted. "Some fellers gets married for a wife and some for a nurse, Mawruss. Any cripple could get married, y'understand; but a feller must got to have his health to sell goods."

He seized the current issue of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record, and as he sat down to examine it he heaved a sigh which merged into an agonized groan.

"What is It? Don't You Feel Good?"

"Oo-ee!" he exclaimed; "that lumbago still gets me in the back."

"You see, Abe," Morris commented maliciously, "you ain't so young yourself. From forty-eight to sixty ain't a thousand years neither, Abe."

Abe scowled and then his face lightened up in the conception of a happy idea.

"I give you right about that, Mawruss," he said; "but with me it's different, Mawruss. If I get so I couldn't go out on the road, y'understand, we could always hire some one to go for us."

"Could we?" Morris grumbled.

"Sure," Abe went on; "and even today yet, while I am making Denver and the coast towns, it wouldn't harm us we should get a feller which is acquainted with the trade up the state and in Pennsylvania and Ohio."

"Wouldn't it?" Morris croaked.

"We are losing every day business, Mawruss, because I got such a big territory to cover," Abe said. "A feller in a small town wants his fall goods early just so much as one of them big concerns in Denver *oder* Seattle; and if I don't show up in time they place their orders with some one else. Whereas, Mawruss, if we would wait a couple of weeks, we would say for instance, until he finds out that every one ain't paying fancy salaries like Klinger & Klein, y'understand, for a couple thousand dollars a year, Mawruss, we could get Max Kirschner and ——"

"Max Kirschner!" Morris yelled. "What d'ye mean, Max Kirschner?"

"Yes, Mawruss," Abe said, "we could get Max Kirschner; and, even if he would be a little *kränklich* oncet in a while, sometimes maybe he would be worth to us two thousand a year anyhow."

"Two thousand a year!" Morris bellowed. "What the devil you are talking nonsense, Abe? We should give two thousand a year to a cripple like Kirschner! What do you think you are running here anyhow—a cloak-and-suit business or a home for the aged? If you want to give to charity do it with your money, not mine."

"Must a Feller Got to be Sick to Want to Help You Out, Max?"

For the remainder of the forenoon Morris Perlmutter moved about the showroom with his face distorted in so gloomy a scowl that to Abe it seemed as though a fog enveloped his partner, through which there darted, like flashes of heat lightning, exclamations of "*Schnorrer!* Cripple! With my money yet!" and "Crust that feller got it!" At length he put on his hat and went out to lunch, while Abe gazed after him in mute disgust.

"When some people talks charity," he grumbled, "you got to reckon a hundred per cent discount for cash."

II

"YOU see, Abe," Morris cried as he came in from lunch, "how easy it is to misjudge people. I just seen Sol Klinger over to Hammersmith's and he tells me that in six weeks yet Max Kirschner falls down on three orders. Four thousand dollars that sucker, Leon Sammet, cops out on 'em; and Sol couldn't help himself, Abe. Either they got to fire Max *oder* they got to go out of business."

Abe nodded slowly. His face possessed an unusual pallor and he clenched an unlighted cigar between his teeth.

"What is it?" Morris asked. "Don't you feel good?"

"I am feeling fine, Mawruss," he replied huskily. "I could blow myself to a bottle tchampanyer wine yet, I feel so good. I am enjoying myself, Mawruss, on account Moe Griesman from Sarahcuse was just in here, which he tells me his nephew, Mozart Rabiner, goes to work for Klinger & Klein as a drummer and we should be so good and cancel the order which he gives us yesterday, as blood is redder as water; and what the devil could we do about it anyway?"

Morris' jaw dropped and he sat down heavily in the nearest chair.

"One thing I'm glad, Mawruss," Abe said as he put on his hat: "I'm glad, if we got to lose Moe Griesman's trade, Mawruss, that he is going to give it to a feller like Sol Klinger, which he is such a good friend to you, Mawruss, and got such a big heart."

He jammed his hat on his ears and started out.

"Where are you going, Abe?" Morris asked.

"I'm going over to Hammersmith's, Mawruss," he replied, "to get a bite to eat; and I hope to see Sol Klinger there, Mawruss, as I would like to congratulate him, Mawruss, with a pressing-iron."

Morris' face settled once more into a deep frown as the elevator door closed behind his partner.

"Always with his mouth he is making somebody a blue eye," he muttered as he turned to sorting over the sample line against Abe's impending trip to the small towns up the state. He had picked out four cheap, showy garments when the elevator door clanged again and a visitor entered, bearing a brown-paper parcel.

"Well, Mawruss," he said, "what's the good word?"

The newcomer's cheery greeting was strangely at variance with his manner, which was as diffident as that of a village dog on the Fourth of July. As he advanced toward the showroom he exhaled the odor of mothballs, characteristic of an old stock of cloaks and suits, so that before he looked up Morris was able to identify his visitor.

"Hello, Sam!" he said. "When did you get in?"

"Twelve o'clock," Sam replied. "I would of got in sooner, but a crook of a scalper in Sarahcuse sells me a ticket which it is punched out as far as Canandaigua; and if it wouldn't be I paid four dollars extra I come pretty near getting kicked off the train."

"You ain't nothing out, Sam," Morris said, "because that's just the amount you are doing me for on our last bill."

"Doing you for!" Sam cried. "What d'ye mean, doing you for? One garment was damaged in the packing which I deducted the four dollars; and if you wouldn't believe me here it is now."

He unwrapped the brown-paper parcel and disclosed a crumpled article of woman's apparel, which Morris shook out and examined critically.

"In the first place, Sam," he commented, "the garment has been worn."

"What are you talking nonsense—worn?" Sam protested. "Once only my Leah puts it on to see the damage. There it is."

Sam pointed with his forefinger and Morris looked at the spot indicated.

"Well, how could that be damaged in packing, Sam?" Morris asked indignantly. "That's a stain from *lockshen* soup."

"My wife must got to eat like any other woman," Sam exclaimed indignantly; "and besides, Mawruss, the stain ain't all soup, y'understand—some of it gets wet in the packing-case."

"Well, I wouldn't bother my head about it no more," Morris retorted. "I deposited your check just now and we are lucky, if you would deduct four dollars, that we got our money at all."

"Maybe you are and maybe you ain't, Mawruss," Sam commented. "That's what I come down to see you about."

"What d'ye mean?" Morris cried.

"I mean," Sam said in husky tones, "I don't know whether the check is good at all. When I mailed it you I got a little balance at my bank, but yesterday afternoon the president sends for me and shuts down on my accommodation; and maybe—I don't know whether he did *oder* not, y'understand—he takes my balance on account."

Morris laid down the garment and fixed his visitor with an angry glare.

"So!" he exploded; "you are going to fail on us?"

Sam disclaimed it indignantly.

"What d'ye think I am?" he demanded—"a crook? And besides, I ain't got nothing to fail with."

Morris drew forward a chair. Sam sat down; and leaning back he nursed his cheek with his hand in an attitude of utter dejection.

"Well, what are you going to do?" Morris asked.

"That's what I come down here to find out," Sam replied.

Then ensued a silence of several minutes during which Morris gazed attentively at his customer.

"The fact is, Sam," he said at last, "you ain't got no head."

Sam nodded sadly.

"You're a fool, Sam," Morris went on in kindly accents; "and no matter how hard a fool would work he is a poor man all his life."

Sam deemed it hardly worth while to acquiesce in this statement, but he indorsed it unconsciously with a large tear, which stole out of the corner of his eye and worked a clean groove down one travel-stained cheek.

"Have a smoke, Sam," Morris added hastily as he thrust a cigar toward his late customer. "Did you got your lunch yet? No? Come on out with me now and we would have a little bite to eat."

He jumped to his feet and seized his hat.

"Nathan," he bawled to the shipping clerk, "tell Mr. Potash I am going out with a customer and I'll be back when I am here."

III

MAX KIRSCHNER had reached the age of sixty without making a single enemy save his stomach, which at length ungratefully rejected all the rich favors that Max had bestowed on it so long and so generously. Indeed, he was reduced to a diet of crackers and milk when Abe encountered him in Hammersmith's restaurant that September morning.

"Hello, Max!" Abe cried. "When did you get back? I thought you was in one of them—now—sanatoriums."

"A sanatorium is no place for a drummer to find a job, Abe," Max replied.

"A good salesman like you could find a job anywhere without much trouble, Max," Abe said cheerfully.

"That's what everybody says, Abe; meantime I'm loafing."

"It wouldn't be for long, Max," Abe rejoined as he cast a hungry eye over Hammersmith's bill of fare. "How's that fillet de who's-this, with asparagrass tips and mushrooms?"

For a brief moment Max's eye gleamed and then it grew dull again.

"It's fine to put the stomach out of business, Abe," Max said. "Take the tip from one who has lost sixty pounds, ten customers and a good job all in six weeks—and order poached eggs on toast."

Abe compromised on boiled beef, with horseradish sauce; and when he was well into the noisy consumption of that simple dish he broached the subject of Max's future plans.

"When d'ye think you'll go to work again, Max?" he asked.

Max shrugged expressively.

"I'm not a prophet, Abe. I'm a salesman," he said.

"Well, there ain't no particular hurry, Max. It ain't the same like you would got a family to look out for."

"I've been a drummer all my life, Abe," Max declared, "and a drummer has no right to be married. When I was a kid I had a chance to go into the store of a couple of yokels upstate in the town where I was born and raised; and I guess if I'd done so I'd been married and had a whole family of children by now."

"Maybe you're just as well off, Max," Abe said consolingly. "Children is a gamble anyhow, Max. The boys is assets and the girls is liabilities; and if you got a large family of girls you're practically bankrupt, no matter how good business would be."

"Don't you believe it, Abe," Max said. "Those two yokels both had big families and they didn't do such a big business either. But they managed to make a good living and last week I hear they sold out to some city drygoods man for forty thousand dollars."

Abe paused with a loaded knife in midair.

"Forty thousand dollars between two ain't much, Max," he said.

"It's more than I've got anyhow," Max rejoined as he rose to his feet.

"You got lots of time to make money, Max," Abe concluded. "Come round and see us when you get time. Won't you?"

Max nodded; and as he walked down the street to make a further canvass of the garment trade he passed the broad windows of the dairy lunchroom where Morris was regaling Sam Green with a popular-price meal.

"Yes, Sam," Morris said as he caught sight of Max Kirschner's dejected figure, "you're lucky when you

consider some people. You are still a young man and it ain't too late for you to start in as a new beginner somewhere. A young man could always make a living anyhow."

"Sure," Sam agreed, "but why should I start in as a new beginner, Mawruss? I already got an established business, y'understand; and if I could get a feller with a headpiece, Mawruss—never mind he ain't got so much money—with a couple thousand dollars we could run that feller from Sarahcuse out of town."

"What feller from Sarahcuse?" Morris asked.

"Ain't I told you?" Sam continued. "I thought I says that the reason the bank shuts down on me is a feller from Sarahcuse buys out them two suckers, Van Buskirk and Patterson, and he's going to operate the store as a branch house."

Morris nodded his head slowly.

"So, Sam," he said, "you are up against one of them sharks from Sarahcuse? I'm afraid you got a dead proposition in that store of yours."

Two cups of coffee had revived Sam Green's ambition, however, and he laughed aloud.

"You don't understand them people up in Cyprus, Mawruss," he said. "Strangers they don't like at all; and even me, though I lived in that town ten years, most of 'em wouldn't buy goods off of me because Van Buskirk and Patterson is born and raised in that town and they dealt with 'em ever since they was boys together. So you see I got ten years' start of that feller from Sarahcuse, Mawruss. If I could get some feller which he knows the garment business to go as partners together with me, and to put a little money into the store, we could yet do a good business there."

"How much money would you got to have?" Morris asked.

"Two thousand dollars anyhow," Sam replied.

Morris tapped the table with his right index finger and frowned reflectively.

"The necktie pin alone must be worth a thousand dollars," he murmured almost to himself, "and two rings he got it which I know about must stand him in anyhow a thousand dollars more."

He thrust back his chair and rose to his feet.

"All right, Sam," he said aloud. "You got a little egg on your chin. Wipe it off and we'll go back to the store. I got an idee."

IV

"ON SECOND thought, Sam," Morris said as they approached Potash & Perlmutter's place of business, "I wouldn't go up with me if I was you on account I don't want to say nothing to my partner just yet a while. Where are you staying, Sam?"

"I got a room at a hotel over on Third Avenue," Sam replied.

"Third Avenue!" Morris exclaimed. "That's a *Nachbarschaft* for a business man!"

He handed Sam a five-dollar bill.

"Go and get yourself a room over at the Prince Clarence," Morris said. "I'll be over there presently."

Nathan, the shipping-clerk, was alone in the showroom when Morris entered.

"Ain't my partner come back yet, Nathan?" he demanded.

Nathan shook his head.

"Then tell him when he does come back that I've went up to the Prince Clarence to see a customer," Morris continued; "and if he asks what name tell him it's a new concern just starting."

Five minutes later he visited the business premises of Lapidus & Elenbogen, impelled thereto by a process of reasoning which involved the following points: Klinger & Klein manufactured a medium-price line and so did Lapidus & Elenbogen. Klinger & Klein's leader was The Girl in the Airship gown, a title suggested by the syndicate's popular musical comedy of that name, while Lapidus & Elenbogen advertised their "strongest" garment as The Girl in the Motorboat, out of compliment, of course, to the equally popular musical comedy recently produced by an antisyndicate manager. Both concerns catered to the same class of trade, and when either of the partners of Klinger & Klein referred in conversation to a member of the firm of Lapidus & Elenbogen, or vice versa, "sucker" was the mildest epithet employed.

Hence Morris Perlmutter argued that Max Kirschner would resort to Lapidus & Elenbogen's loft for comfort and advice; and as he stepped out of the elevator his surmise was confirmed by a nimbus emanating from the necktie of a person seated at the far end of the showroom.

"Hello, Max!" Morris cried; "who'd thought of seeing you here!"

Max rose to his feet and extended his right hand in greeting, whereat Morris noted that the four-carat diamond still sparkled on Max's finger.

"I just left your partner over at Hammersmith's, Morris," Max said.

"Sure, I know," Morris rejoined; "that feller makes a god out of his stomach, Max; but that ain't here nor there. Did you got something to do yet, Max?"

"I've got a whole lot to do trying to find a job, Morris, if that's what you mean," Max replied.

Morris glanced around the showroom, but both Lapidus and Elenbogen were absent.

"Where are they?" Morris asked.

"Out to lunch, I guess," Max replied.

"Good!" Morris exclaimed. "Them suckers would like to know everybody's business. You got a few minutes' time, Max?"

"Nothing but time," Max replied sadly.

"Then come uptown a few blocks with me," Morris said. "I got a proposition to make you."

Max shrugged his shoulders and put on his hat.

"Yes, Max," Morris continued as they walked toward the Prince Clarence Hotel, "I got a proposition to make to you, but first I would like to ask you something a question."

"Fire away," Max said.

"What did you done with that other diamond ring which you used to wear—the big one?"

"I have it home," Max replied. "What d'ye want to know for?"

"I want to lend you some money on it," Morris went on calmly; "also that pin which you got it and that there ring. I want to lend you three thousand dollars on 'em."

"Three thousand dollars!" Max exclaimed. "Why, the whole outfit isn't worth two!"

"What do I care?" Morris rejoined. "It's only a loan and I bet yer you would quick pay me back."

Max paused on the sidewalk and stared. "What's the matter, Morris?" he cried. "Are you sick?"

"Must a feller got to be sick to want to help you out, Max?" Morris said. "And anyhow, Max, it's as much a favor to us as it is to you."

By this time they had reached the Prince Clarence Hotel and Morris led the way to the café.

"Say, lookyhere, Max, the whole thing is this," he said after they were seated: "I'm going to lend you three thousand dollars to go into a business with a feller which he got a store in a small town upstate, and you're going to do it."

Max shook his head.

"No; I ain't," he answered. "I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks."

"If you sell goods wholesale you could sell 'em retail," Morris declared. "So, if you would listen to me I'll tell you what the proposition is."

Forthwith Morris unfolded to Max the history of Sam Green's mercantile establishment.

"And now, after all them years, Max," he concluded, "that feller gets practically run out of town because his bank shuts down on him."

"What's the name of the place?" Max asked.

"The name of the place?" Morris repeated.

"Yes," Max said, "the name of the town where the fellow comes from."

Morris scratched his head for a minute.

"I should remember the name of every little one-horse town where we got customers!" he said. "The name of the place don't matter, Max; it's got two thousand people living in it and practically only one store, because the way Sam Green is running his business now you couldn't call it a store at all."

Max rose from the table.

"I'll tell you the truth, Morris," he said; "what's the use wasting our time? The proposition ain't attractive. I was born and raised in a one-horse town upstate; and, even though I ain't been back for twenty years, I know what it's like. You'll have to excuse me."

"But, Max ——" Morris commenced.

"I needn't tell you that I'm more than grateful to you, Morris," Max concluded; "and if ever I want to dispose of my diamonds you shall have first chance."

He shook Morris' limp and unresisting hand and returned at once to the showroom of Lapidus & Elenbogen.

"Any one come for me, Miss Cashman?" he asked the bookkeeper, who was busily engaged in the preparation of the firm's monthly statement.

"Say, lookyhere, Kirschner," Louis Lapidus called from his office; "leave the girl alone, can't you? She's got enough to do tending to our business."

"I'm only asking her if she has any word for me," Max replied.

"I don't care what you are asking her," Lapidus said as he came out of his office to confront Max. "You are acting altogether too fresh around here, Kirschner. Do you pay rent here *oder* what?"

Max made no reply.

"And furthermore," Lapidus continued, "we got business to attend to here, Kirschner, and we couldn't afford to have no dead ones hanging around."

For a brief interval he scowled at Max, who turned on his heel and made for the elevator without another word. His applications for employment during the past few days had met with polite refusals coupled with cheerful prophecies of his early employment. To be sure, Max had taken little stock in this consoling optimism, but it had all helped to keep alive his spirits, which had sunk again to their lowest ebb at Lapidus' epithet, "dead one."

After all, he was a dead one, he reflected as he stumbled along the sidewalk toward his boarding house on Irving Place. A man of sixty safely intrenched in his own business, with the confidence his wealth inspires, is in the very prime of life. But Max, with his health impaired and his employment taken away from him, felt and looked a decrepit old man as he tottered upstairs to his third-floor room and flung himself on the bed, where he lay for more than an hour staring at the ceiling.

During that interval he reviewed his career from the time he helped his father, a Prussian refugee of 1848, in the little country store upstate. Then came his father's death, followed by a clerkship in the large drygoods business of his father's competitors. After this he had moved to New York; and from that time on he had followed the calling of a traveling salesman with varying success, until at sixty he found himself out of health and employment, with property of less than two thousand dollars as a reserve fund.

What a fool he had been not to accept Perlmutter's offer! Nevertheless it seemed futile for a man of sixty to make a new start in a strange town, especially since, in rural communities, business goes as much by favor and friendship as by commercial enterprise. Now, had he been offered a partnership in a store in his native town, where it would be an easy matter to renew old acquaintance, he might have viewed the proposition differently.

He rose from the bed and sat down in an armchair, while his mind reverted to more pleasant topics. He pictured to himself his father's store underneath what the townspeople called the opera house.

"Well, I Declare! You Take My Breath Away"

(Continued on Page 42)

MADE IN GERMANY

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

German Cheapness

BY COMMON consent of all the other nations, Germany has fallen heir to the wooden nutmeg. When it comes to making and selling goods nobody pretends to be afraid of her on any other score but that of German cheapness. The Yankee stands behind the quality of his machine tools and typewriters. The Britisher is stolid about the merits of his steel and cloth. The Frenchman insists that unless lingerie comes from France it is without inspiration. Yet all of them have learned to fear the German's ability to make goods to sell at a low price. This nightmare of German cheapness forms one prop to our high tariff and is rousing John Bull to more aggressive commercial methods.

If an American business man were to spend three or four weeks in Berlin, however, he would come home with very much altered ideas about German cheapness; for the Germany of today is not cheap and low prices are far from being her strongest weapon in international competition.

The German is intensely frugal in all his ways.

Not long ago our electrical journals were making good fun of a new plan for lighting a lonely road between two Prussian suburban towns. There are nine arc lamps along this half-mile thoroughfare. After ten P. M. the travel is so slight that the authorities thought it a pity to keep those nine lights burning. So they put a slot-meter in the lamp-post at each end of the road and turn off the lights every night at ten o'clock; and the occasional pedestrian who wants the road lit up after that drops a ten-pfennig piece in the slot and for two and a half cents in our money gets enough illumination to find his way home.

Our electrical editors suggested that a slot-meter be placed at the middle lamp-post, so that the suburbanite who was not entirely sober, and who failed to cover the half mile before the lamps went out, might put in another ten-pfennig piece at the fifth post instead of groping his way back in the dark and starting all over again. But Germany is an endless study in just such economies.

When the Berlin underground trains emerge for two blocks in the open all lights in the cars are automatically cut off. When the door of a German apartment house is opened at night the halls are lit up just about long enough to see the way to the top of the stairs. A recent German invention applies selenium, which is very sensitive to light, to the automatic regulation of gas and electric lamps—at dusk a selenium cell lights them up and at dawn turns them off. Three or four German families will combine to take a daily paper. The chambermaid at a hotel saves and sells the canceled stamps from a guest's letters. German forests not only pay part of the taxes but furnish valuable by-products in game and venison, which are cheap almost all the year round. "And so-and-so—and so-and-so," as the Germans say.

The German Workman is Rather a Stubborn Class-Politician

Frugality the Secret of Low Costs

THIS frugality often looks like stinginess to the Yankee until he grasps the general idea governing the German in all of his economies, which is to figure out a given proposition so that the work will be done with just as much energy or material as is needed and no more.

In German steam heating, for example, the pipes are so small that the Yankee in a modern Berlin apartment may have to get down on his hands and knees and conduct a search for them. Instead of being placed openly, as with us, they run obscurely along the baseboard; and instead of our heavy conductors, at least an inch in diameter, there will be light pipes of half an inch and even less, with radiators small enough to be hidden under a windowseat. Heating engineers say that the German system is always theoretically correct. For the amount of heat required under the climatic conditions, those pipes and radiators are quite ample, and we might do much of our heating with the same thrifty plant. But the Yankee and the Englishman invariably figure on twenty-five to fifty per cent more plant and steam than is actually needed to do the work. With Abe Potash, they go upon the principle that too much is enough.

This frugality, like the German's talent for small details, is at once a strength and a weakness in his industrial system.

It often enables him to furnish a machine that will do given work as well as an English or American device and to quote a lower price. At the same time it may restrict him in his thinking, so that he misses some of the best results of our less careful system.

If German goods are really cheap they usually fall into one of three classes.

First come toys, dolls, cuckoo clocks, lace collars and the like, made partly or wholly by the people in their homes, in connection with farming or other work. Even German officers' wives do not disdain to earn pin-money by embroidering goods that go into trade. These products are cheap by our standards and have a daintiness not always obtainable with machines; and many an American manufacturer finds himself handicapped in competition with them or unable to compete at all, because the same class of workpeople is almost unknown in the United States. These cottage industries have been intelligently fostered by the Germans.

Second come dyestuffs, chemicals, pharmaceuticals, and so forth, which are peculiarly the products of the German genius for research. With a long start in this field and the utmost patience and adaptability in fitting his products to the needs of his customers, the German brother has fully a generation's start over other nations and is capable of holding it. He not only makes countless new coal-tar dyes but sends technically skilled salesmen into English and American mills to teach workpeople how to get results with them. He will make special dyes to help his customers land orders and, if a foreman's interest is not keen enough, does not hesitate to oil the wheels with a present, a typically German method of putting life into a proposition which the Yankee, in turn, often finds it advisable to employ in the Fatherland.

Third: among the cheap goods are articles made by other nations, which Germans have been able to copy and sell at lower prices. It is here that German cheapness has attracted the most attention and it is also at this point that it begins to break down; for, though there has been a loud outcry over the German's successes along this line, he has paid for many failures about which little has been heard.

Some years ago, it is said, a German company became interested in American cash registers which were being introduced into the Fatherland. A widely sold model was taken apart and copied exactly at a cost of many thousand marks. The machine never worked, however, because the conscientious Teutons did not copy the American factory organization by which such devices are assembled, with its bonuses for superior work and its rewards and promotions for anybody making improvements in product or methods.

In some respects the German mechanic is the most careful and economical in the world. Men who have managed factory forces in different countries say the British workman is inclined to be wasteful of material in comparison, while the American workman lacks the technical training given German lads. Every German bench-hand can read blueprints and drawings; and a systematic apprenticeship of four years must be finished before employment can be obtained as a journeyman. Yet the Germans are only just beginning to grasp some of the human points in American management.

A Berliner and a New Yorker were eating sausage and sauerkraut in a beer restaurant. The German showed the Yankee how to apply a humorous German test for horse meat in sausage. It was very simple—a matter of reasoning. Horse meat is fairly certain to be cab horse. You cut a frankfurter into a dozen slices. Cabs stand in a line waiting for passengers, and when the one at the head is taken all the others move up a length. So, when the end slice of sausage is taken away the other slices move up if it is horse meat—and there you are.

The Germans may do that with sausage, but they have yet to learn to do it with men.

When a new foreman is wanted in Germany he is probably taken in from outside the factory. Suggestions for improving the product coming from a workman are often regarded as unwarranted criticism; and German courts have decided that a workman's inventions belong to his employer. In the German chemical industries, it is true, technical men doing research work are paid according to their discoveries; but the American plan of stimulating employees has hardly gained a foothold in the Fatherland. Many of the fine provisions for the comfort and safety of employees that our manufacturers are now importing from Germany are there a matter of law and inspection.

American Factory Methods Copied

THE German workman himself stands in the way of his own advancement in this respect. He is rather a stubborn class-politician. To punish the agricultural interests that keep the tariff on food he is now depriving himself of beer and spirits, though through his vote and his labor organization he ranges himself against the business classes.

Some years ago suggestion boxes were placed throughout a Berlin machine shop by the director, who had worked in America. Good suggestions came in immediately. Money prizes were paid for them and each man's name, with the amount given him, was written up on the blackboard in the timekeeper's lodge. Suddenly all suggestions stopped. It took several weeks to find out why the boxes were empty. Then a workman who had taken several prizes told the manager that as soon as a man's name was posted his fellows taunted him for trying to rise out of his class and made his life miserable. When the sums paid for suggestions were posted and the men's names were not revealed, good ideas began to come in again.

An American took a patented device to Berlin and got a German firm interested in purchasing the rights. The deal depended upon successful application of the new idea to the firm's product. When the Yankee undertook to teach this concern's workmen to make the thing, however, he found opposition. They did not think it would be a success and could not be made to see through it at all until, on a quiet suggestion from somebody who knew the country, he handed the foreman a ten-mark piece and promised him another as soon as the device was finished. Next day the thing was ready and worked

perfectly. Ten marks comes to about two dollars and thirty-eight cents in our money.

The German manufacturer has yet to learn the money value of a scrap-heap. In many factories, side by side with the latest American lathes and drills, may be seen machines thirty or forty years old, consuming ten times as much power as the work warrants and taking up too much room. From our standpoint they are fit only for a technical museum, but the German hangs on to them as long as a wheel will turn or a bearing squeak.

American standardization of product is also but dimly understood; and so it comes that our sturdy little automobiles at moderate prices are unknown in Germany—the cheapest German runabout, an affair that goes on three wheels for economy's sake, selling for as much as would buy a big "thirty" in America. Where real American standardization has been applied, however, it has produced wonders. One of the big locomotive works near Berlin, under a director with American experience, has brought its product down to a uniformity that enables it to construct many engines from stock parts; and the saving effected has been surprising, even in frugal Germany.

Of course, in a country with the enormous industrial output of Germany there can be found every sort of factory from the most modern to the most backward. To regard the German lightly as a competitor because he gets results by methods different from our own would be to make a very grave error in judgment. The German is highly efficient and the American manufacturer who meets him on common ground will have his hands full; but the impression, which is so general in this country and in England, that the German is dangerous only because he is cheap surely ought to be corrected.

The Germany of the Future

WHEN the German brother began making goods, forty years ago, he started out with a moderate line of dolls, penny whistles and brass jewelry. Being poor and willing to work almost as many hours as a Chinaman, and content to live on black bread and sausage, he quoted prices accordingly. Nobody took him seriously. Most of his goods, anyway, were things people bought around Christmas to give somebody else. Other nations ridiculed him, but the German brother stuck to it. He turned up all over the world in his humble way and took either an order or a kick with equal grace—and in any language. Hard plugging of this sort was bound to count. By and by he began to get on and the factories in the Fatherland grew; and, though he did not always develop originality in production, he did unfold an amazing talent for linking up one enterprise with another for economical production and backing them all with his Government.

Today the German brother is growing wealthy and making himself felt as an international banking power. If one of the exquisite young Berlin bucks who turns up at the Kaiserhof with a monocle were stripped it would often be found that he wears a celluloid dickey instead of a shirt; but the percentage of shirts worn in Germany is steadily increasing. The factory hours are steadily decreasing. The standards of living become better and better each year. The old cheap Germany of the past is disappearing; and as the German brother spruces up and goes in for high life, sports and foreign travel, his ability to quote low prices becomes less and less a factor in competition. Shirts cost money. Having them washed is a steady overhead charge.

Methods That Bring Orders

THESE changes, however, in no way decrease the German knack of organization and do not weaken the solid foreign connections Germany has built up all around the earth. Any nation that would successfully compete must drop the old slighting reference to German cheapness and study the points in which the Fatherland is strong and upon which it usually lands the contract.

Not long ago some South African promoters went to London to buy equipment for an electrical water-power project. Their preference was naturally British. The London prices were satisfactory. But a modern water-power enterprise costs money. The promoters asked for several years' time to make payments. The British manufacturers said they were sorry but, not being bankers, they could not tie up capital so long. When these promoters went to British bankers they got no accommodation. By some shortcoming of the London money market, profitable water-power enterprises in the colonies must usually be financed at home. London investors take colonial bonds in great quantities and stocks in railways and industrial companies, but water-power securities go begging. Eventually the South Africans went to Berlin; and there the close relations between the banks and the manufacturers of electrical equipment made it easy to give the South Africans just what they wanted, at the proper price, and with ample time to pay the bill.

John Bull howls "German cheapness!" every time he loses such an order; but it is really German organization that brings John to grief, and the contract is taken away from him upon a technicality as often as upon a lower price.

In the United States the competition of Germany has been felt chiefly at home, and the vast quantities of cheap novelties that come in over our high tariff wall have given us similar wrong ideas about German products. Many of the commodities upon which we base our fear of German cheapness, however, are things upon which we would probably be unable to compete successfully even were the tariff made still higher, because Germany has too great a natural aptitude for making them and has too long a start. If the tariff wall comes down another phase of German competition will be presented. The American firms making machine tools which are now being sold to German concerns will find similar devices coming back with practical improvements.

Instead of stealing artistic designs in textiles from small samples of German goods and making them up safely behind a tariff schedule, other American manufacturers will be driven to develop designs of their own and our schools to teach design. As the balance of foreign trade begins to go against us, with our decreasing foreign sales of foodstuffs and our ever-increasing appetite for manufactured goods from other countries, the American will be driven abroad into international markets. There he will find that it is not German cheapness that counts so much as the fact that the German brother is Johnny-on-the-spot, with his branch offices and branch banks, his connections, his ships and his magnificent export salesmen. We have been building up at home an industrial system that takes care of our own consumers as no other consumer in the world is taken care of. Germany, forced abroad for customers, has learned to take care of foreign consumers better than any other nation, and even to give them better service than her own consumers get at home. The German brother can teach us points and we can teach him. When both of us get to doing business on more intimate terms each will unquestionably learn from the other. Instead of the dreadful industrial war to the death, there will be mutual industrial growth upon the big increase of trade that, as we have learned at home, always comes of vigorous, intelligent competition.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will be published in an early number.

Kind But Careless

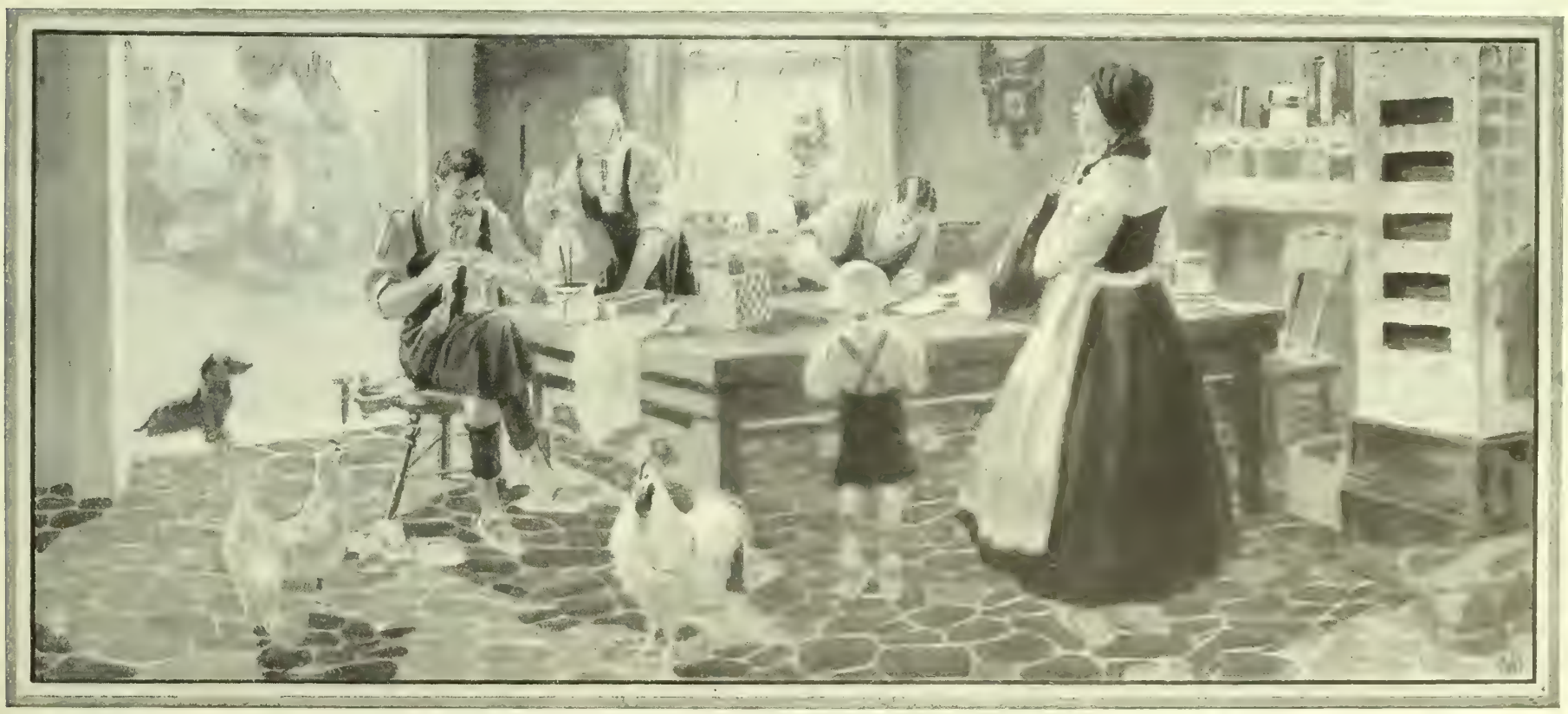
JOHN P. IRISH, the San Francisco orator and office-holder, was entertaining Joaquin Miller, the poet, one night. Upon hearing a particularly funny story by the host the poet fell off his chair in a paroxysm of mirth.

Irish thought the poet had a seizure of some kind and he rushed to the sideboard, took a bottle of brandy and stuck the top of it into Miller's mouth, hoping to revive him.

Presently Miller waved his hands feebly and Irish removed the bottle.

"What is it?" asked Irish solicitously.

"Remove the cork!" whispered the poet hoarsely. "Remove the cork!"



These Cottage Industries Have Been Intelligently Fostered by the Germans

THE HIGH HAND

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"I Can't be Brilliant When Papa's Asleep. It Makes Him Fussy"

XVI

WOMAN," says the dictionary, "is an adult human female." What a libel it is, to be sure! We know it's a libel—you and I and Jim Warren—we who have fallen under the subtle spell of woman's witchery; we who have basked in the lure of her haunting smile; we who have gazed upon the glory of her gold-burned hair; we who have been stricken sheer dumb by the mystery and coquetry of her eyes; we who have dreamed rose-dreams and eaten to repletion of the lotus—we know that's all hocus-pocus. "An adult human female!" Forsooth! So is the moon a piece of green cheese and the sun a pennyworth of sulphur matches—and the star-pierced sky a tin dipper turned topsyturvy over all.

Jim Warren meditated gently upon these things at the end of his day of awakening. He had expected a sordid day, a day of political trafficking. Instead it had been a day filled to bursting with the charm of Her; a day of sensuous delight to be viewed through half-veiled eyes; a day of gay chatter and lazy content, unmarred by one thought beyond the fleeting present. Somewhere out in the mercenary world men toiled and haggled and died and were born again; somewhere out there great games were being played for great stakes; but here was he in this big, rambling country house, perched on a crag overlooking the thunderous sea. Everything else was very far away, indistinct, immaterial—for She was here. For that one day he chose not to remember that he was a maker of plows and she one of a class apart, a daughter of millions, intrenched behind those barriers that convention says must not be broken down by the man who works with his hands. She belonged to Lewis, yes; but he didn't permit that thought to disturb the serenity of that wonderful day.

They had breakfasted alone, Edna and Jim Warren. She had come to him there in the sun-drenched breakfast room, rosy as the dawn, vibrant with life, a smile in her eyes.

"Isn't it a glorious view?" She swept a hand toward the windows. Far below the surf crashed against the jagged breast of the rocks; on the horizon white sails fluttered in the brilliant January sunshine. "Father and I come here every week-end, rain or shine, snow or sleet. This is our part of the week. I get very tired of the city, but here—I love this place." She extended her arms in a gesture all-enveloping. "In summer, of course, we live here."

"I can imagine you would love it," said Jim Warren.

She sat down and babbled of many things—of flower gardens she planned; of curling, purple waters on the beach; of gaunt gray stones in the hills; of birds and trailing vines, and pictures and music—and automobiles. He said little. He was content to listen to the rhythm of her voice, to watch the play of expression on her face, to study the color of her eyes. He wondered what color they were. They seemed all colors.

After breakfast he had smoked a while, then wandered idly about the house. Every nook and corner of it reflected the magic of her touch. He found it in the sturdy comfort of the great living room, in the daintiness of the sun-bathed conservatory, in the simplicity of the music room. The town house was merely a show place for furniture and art, and rare and curious trifles; here was a home. There was a cheerful litter of books and ribbons and feminine knickknacks; and on a spindle-legged worktable was an embroidery ring with a half-worked flower in the center. Jim Warren ventured to pick it up and look at it. He didn't remember when he had last seen one.

Pending that time when his host should choose to appear, Jim Warren went to his room for his heavy coat, intending to go for a stroll. Quite involuntarily, as he passed along the hall, he glanced through a half-open door and saw—a slipper, turned upside down on the floor. It startled him. He averted his eyes, as though he had gazed upon forbidden things.

When he came downstairs again he heard Edna in the music room. She was playing very softly and singing something—he didn't know what. He peered in. She recognized his presence by a sidelong glance and a little smile, then went on to the end of her song.

"Isn't it charming?" She referred to the song.

"It is." He referred to the voice.

"It should be sung more brilliantly, of course," she explained, "but I can't be brilliant when papa's asleep." She laughed a little. "It makes him fussy."

Jim Warren didn't go for his stroll after all. He dropped the heavy coat across a chair and sat down.

"Please go on," he requested.

"What shall I sing? What is your favorite?"

"I have no favorite."

Wrapped in the ineffable charm of young womanhood, at times oblivious of his presence, she sat at the piano for a long time playing, occasionally singing, always softly. It fitted in with Jim Warren's mood. There had been so much of clangor and tumult in his life! He loved to watch the coruscations of light in her hair, the grace and mastery of her touch, the dreaminess in her eyes. She seemed very far away. Suddenly she turned around.

"Do you know, I can't get over the impression that you and I met somewhere before that day in the bank?" she exclaimed impulsively. "I had seen your picture, of course, but even before that ——"

"I had never seen your picture and I had the same impression."

"Odd, isn't it?" There were thoughtful little crinkles about her eyes. "Have you lived long in Warburton?"

"All my life."

"I hardly think it could have been there, because I don't remember that I was ever there but once; that was when I was a little girl. I remember that very distinctly." The perplexity passed from her face; she smiled at some recollection. "Father and I went through an enormous factory or foundry, or something of the sort, while we were there. He had gone out to see Mr. Chase, the manager, on business and I insisted on seeing the shops where the men were at work. It was wonderful!"

In that instant Jim Warren knew her.

"The Atlas Plow Works!" he said. "I am—or rather I was until I resigned a short while ago—superintendent there."

"Superintendent?" she repeated thoughtfully. "Perhaps that's where I saw you!" He chose to remain silent; he wanted her to remember him. "That was nine or ten years ago; if you were superintendent then you must have been a very young superintendent."

"I have been superintendent only for three or four years." He was smiling, waiting.

After a moment she shook her head.

"That was one of the wonder days of my life," she ran on. "It was all so hot and noisy and clanky. It seemed incredible to me that men could work in such a place. In the foundry, I remember, they moved about in the murk like demons, I thought. There was a spouting and spatter of iron so hot that it ran like water. They took it in ladles and poured it into boxes full of sand."

"Moulds," Jim Warren told her.

"I could feel the heat on my face all the way across the room, yet they didn't seem to mind. I am sure at some time Dante must have visited a foundry!" She was gazing at him now with those wonder eyes he remembered so well—how had he ever forgotten! "After that we went into the hammer-room—trip-hammers, don't they call them?—where they were making plows. And there were furnaces too—great, open-mouthed, greedy-looking furnaces."

She paused. Jim Warren's sky-blue eyes were fixed upon her face. Finally he took up the thread of the narrative:

"And you and your father and Mr. Chase stopped near one of the hammers and looked on while the hammer-man worked—and finally Mr. Chase placed his watch on the anvil and the hammer-man smashed the crystal. Then you placed your watch on the anvil and that crystal was only cracked! And when you were going away you turned back at the door and smiled at the hammer-man—didn't you?"

Charming bewilderment was depicted on her face; she was struggling to remember. Her hand involuntarily touched the watch on her bosom—the same watch.

"Then—then you must have been there?" she asked him quickly.

"I was"—Jim Warren was smiling—"I was the hammer-man."

Suddenly Edna remembered. It was something in the whimsical sky-blue eyes of him that bridged that chasm of years. Sudden realization brought sudden confusion. She didn't seem to be able to reconcile things all at once. The hammer-man, with arms bared to the shoulders, grimed, sinewy—was this man the same?—this rather well-dressed, clean-cut, smiling individual who was sitting opposite her?

"It leaves me quite—quite breathless," she faltered at last, with a queer little laugh. "I can hardly make myself believe that—that we ——"

"I understand."

Now that she remembered, Jim Warren wondered if it would make any difference. He knew grimly that it was

"You Make Me Chairman of Public Structures and Give Me a Place on Railroads"

not meet that they should fraternize on a common level. The color surged into her cheeks. Why? He asked that question many times.

XVII

IT WAS on the morning following that day of rose-dreams that Dwight Tillinghast bared his hypocritical soul to Jim Warren; and an unsavory spectacle it was. Psychologically the exhibition was interesting, politically it might be useful; so, in furtherance of the big idea and despite an unholy inclination to take the honorable speaker by his august windpipe and throttle him, Jim Warren listened attentively. Smug and lofty and unutterably pompous Tillinghast was typical of a class that, having all else, seeks political preferment. With wealth at his command, coupled with an unbounded egotism and the support of Francis Everard Lewis, he couldn't see why he shouldn't have anything he wanted. In fact, he didn't mind confiding in Mr. Warren to the extent of saying he was going to be the next governor—and, by the way, that was one of the things they must discuss. It didn't happen that Mr. Warren was committed to any other man?

No; Mr. Warren was not.

"Ah!" It was as if a vast wind were blowing in a cavern. "Could I, in that event, count upon your support?"

"It all depends," Jim Warren told him.

"It all depends?" Tillinghast echoed.

"I'd just as soon see you governor as any man I know, except myself," said Jim Warren; "but ——"

"Except yourself?" Tillinghast seemed a bit aghast at the suggestion. His fat, shallow eyes were reassured at the grin on Jim Warren's face. "Ah! I see! A joke! Ha-ha!"

"Yes, a joke—ha-ha!"

"Very good." Tillinghast paused ponderously ere he voiced the next question. "You—er—and Mr. Lewis had some sort of an interview the other night, I believe?"

Jim Warren nodded.

"I'm glad to see that you are friends again." Tillinghast rubbed his pudgy hands together. "Possibly something was said about a—a vacant place on the Committee on Public Structures?"

"I believe the matter was mentioned, yes."

"Well—er—that vacant place—er ——"

"I think, perhaps, I can say what you want to say, Mr. Tillinghast. You'll give me the vacant place on that committee if I support you in your fight for governor—is that it?"

Tillinghast seemed astonished at the ease and directness with which the proposition had been put.

"Precisely." He beamed.

"And if we agree on terms, then what?" Jim Warren wanted to know.

The honorable speaker arose and wandered aimlessly about the library for a time, pausing now and then to shoot a curious glance at Jim Warren. This redheaded man made him feel uncomfortable; there was a direct, cold-blooded manner about him that he didn't altogether like. Jim Warren sat smoking, gazing at the floor.

"I've made no secret among my friends of my candidacy for governor, Mr. Warren," he said at last. "Now I have no fears for Mr. Lewis' end of the state—your end—but I am a little afraid of the upper end of the state. Mr. Lewis and I have agreed upon a plan that will insure all the state to me. The fight will have to be made in the Committee on Public Structures."

"Yes?" Jim Warren lifted his gaze inquiringly.

"Mr. Lewis and I think—in fact, we know," he amended—"that the way to pull the upper part of the state solidly is to give those people up there what they want. Now there has been some clamor up there for recreation piers, a new state school and libraries, and what-not. The present governor is opposed to the expenditure of the money necessary for all these things."

"It would run into millions—wouldn't it?" asked Jim Warren.

"It would, yes," Tillinghast agreed complacently. "If bills should be introduced to this end—that is, giving them all they want and more—and I, as speaker, stood back of them and made a fight for them—do you see I would be their champion? I would be the man they want."

"And it would only cost the state a few million dollars?" Jim Warren put in. He glanced up quite casually into Tillinghast's fat face. "In other words, the state would pay for the privilege of electing you governor?"

Tillinghast didn't like the way he put it. What a coarse, tactless person, to be sure!

"You don't understand, Mr. Warren," he went on to explain. "If any bill was passed the governor would veto it; and, in the first place, it couldn't be passed. Certainly we couldn't pass it over the governor's veto, but the moral effect would be the same."

Slowly it dawned upon Jim Warren.

"Oh!" he said. "It's only a grandstand play."

Tillinghast grunted. Why did this man insist on calling everything by its first name?

"As a matter of fact, I don't care a hang whether those people up there get their recreation piers and schools and libraries or not," the speaker went on; "but the bill would precipitate a big fight and, whatever else came of it, it would strengthen me in that end of the state."

"If a Soldier Allows Himself to be Bribed, They Shoot Him, Don't They?"

"And why," asked the maker of plows quietly—"why does Lewis choose me for this committee?"

"Because you are a fighter, Mr. Warren." The speaker beamed upon him fatly. "Because you have suddenly become one of the influential men of the state. With you on my side—don't you see the possibilities?"

Tillinghast's hand lay hot and moist on his shoulder; Jim Warren wriggled out from under it and went to the window. His sinewy fingers were clenched.

"You are planning to hand them a gold brick up there and I am to be the middleman?" he asked slowly.

"Not at all!"—suavely. "I'm going to try to give them something they want. If I don't succeed it isn't my fault. You are the man to make the fight. I think so well of you—Lewis and I both think so well of you that not only are we—am I—willing to make you a member of that committee but we'd be glad to make you chairman."

Chairman! The word sent a thrill through the sturdy figure of Jim Warren. Chairman! The big idea was coming through!

"And what else do I get?" Jim Warren queried quietly.

"What else? I don't understand."

Jim Warren turned upon him suddenly.

"Tillinghast, I know your situation precisely," he said tersely. "Lewis was absolute dictator of his end of the state. When I beat him I ripped his following wide open. That following is mine now. He still handles the money-bag and his influence in the legislature is no less than it was; but among the voters in my end of the state he has lost caste. Now you figure that if you have Lewis on your side, as you have, and can get me on your side, you will gain all that Lewis has lost and more. Isn't that so?"

The honorable speaker hemmed and hawed about it.

"It is." Jim Warren answered his own question. "In other words, with both of us on your side, that end of the state is certain to go for Tillinghast. I am absolutely necessary to you if you carry that end of the state; it is necessary to placate me with this committee job—and all I have to do is to further your interests in the other end of the state with this this gold brick. Now I'm asking you what else I am to get out of it? I mean, of course, in addition to the place on the Committee on Public Structures."

Tillinghast gasped and sat down heavily. He was overwhelmed with a sense of impending disaster. Something was going to drop in a minute. This redheaded whirlwind was the person to drop it. Why hadn't he let Lewis deal with him?

"I had assumed that a place on one important committee would satisfy a first-year man, who rarely gets on any committee of consequence," he argued. "I am certain that I am violating every precedent by making you chairman of that committee. Now you want more!"

Jim Warren stared at him reflectively.

"I happen to know there's still a vacant place on Railroads," he went on. "If I could get that too ——"

The honorable speaker moaned a little and perspiration broke out on his brow.

"It's unheard of!" he expostulated. "I'd antagonize men whom I couldn't afford to antagonize. I'd ——"

Suddenly that illuminating grin of Jim Warren's broke forth and shone like a beacon of hope. Tillinghast drew a long breath of relief.

"I tell you what I'll do, Tillinghast," Jim Warren suggested: "I'll compromise with you: You make me chairman of Public Structures and give me a place on Railroads—or I won't accept any place on any committee."

Here was confusion and more of it. Tillinghast edged away a little from the calloused hands of him. The man was insane!

"In other words, give me all I want or nothing!" Jim Warren continued naïvely.

"But I don't see ——" Tillinghast began helplessly.

"All or nothing," Jim Warren repeated. His mouth had grown hard again. "You won't have to urge me to make your fight for recreation piers and the rest of it. I'll make a fight and put fireworks in it. Whether you believe in 'em or not, I do. I believe in a state giving its citizens all it can afford and more. All or nothing!" he concluded abruptly.

The honorable speaker was a little pale but thoroughly tame when the new chairman of the Committee on Public Structures and the new member of the Committee on Railroads went out of the room whistling.

XVIII

THEY came out of the house together, Edna Tillinghast and Jim Warren—Edna slim and graceful in her short walking skirt, heavily booted, heavily gloved, with the glory of her hair hidden beneath a saucy tam-o'-shanter. They came out of the house together into the winter sunshine. There was a tang of salt in the air—swept in from the sea which spumed on the rocks—and a boisterous, playful wind which painted Edna's cheeks the color of a rose and whipped her skirts about her.

"Which shall it be?" she asked at the end of the long drive. "Over the hills or along the beach?"

"If you leave it to me," answered Jim Warren, "I say the beach. I like the ocean. A hill can only stand majestically still and look imposing, but the ocean can kick up a deuce of a row if it has a mind."

"Do I understand from that that you like a deuce of a row, as you call it?" Edna was laughing.

"We grow to like what we're used to."

"You are used to rows?"

"I've spent the last twelve years of my life in a plow factory. And now I'm in politics!" He grinned. "I mean that I'd like Niagara Falls more than I would Gibraltar, for the sole reason that one moves and the other doesn't." *(Continued on Page 36)*

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

By Corra Harris

Author of A Circuit Rider's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

"Heal the Pony's Sore Leg and Have Mercy on Father's Soul!"

IX

I HAVE never known how to account for the sensation Lavinia Scarrott's portrait of me created. The moment the paint was dry she left with it for Washington. Two weeks had passed since I had heard from Adam, the longest time that had ever elapsed since our marriage; and after the going of Lavinia my heart failed me completely. I should not have been able to resist sending him a wailing, contrite letter but for the fact that I had promised her to wait two more weeks before writing, in case I did not hear from him. If you have lived well and bravely you do not weep often after you are forty. You know the childish futility of tears; but I seemed to be slipping away into one of those trances of sorrow so peculiar to women. I neglected the children some and spent most of my time in the garden. There were shrubs and plants in it nearer my own age and I found them more companionable. Little Adam made of himself a nuisance. He retained the bland, vacuous expression of his infancy and a power of silence that was either stupid or sympathetic according to the way you interpreted it. He tagged after me with unremitting devotion. This may have been because the calico pony had at last gone lame and was of no use, but I have always treasured the thought that the child was so kin to me he felt that something was wrong and desired to atone for it with his own quaint devotion. He had a knowledge of slugs and crickets and rosebush scales that Langston and Evangeline scorned; and he waxed fierce in his destruction of these by way of engaging my attention and winning my commendation. He was the only one who was still young enough to say his prayers at my knee. One night he added this horrifying sentence to his little singsong petition of "Now I lay me down to sleep": "And please damn all the slugs and beetles and crickets and scales in mother's garden, heal the pony's sore leg and have mercy on father's soul!"

I never was a laughing woman, but I have always believed that I had somewhere a dumb sense of humor. Little Adam was the only child I had who constantly stirred it into a curious starshine of inward mirth. The other children were brilliant, like their father, but he was stupid like his mother. He belonged to life rather than to mind.

One day, about ten days after Lavinia's departure, the evening mail brought a copy of the Washington Post sealed around the middle with an envelope bandage. It was addressed to me in Lavinia's staccato chirography. On one of the inside pages was a long account of her art exhibit marked with a blue pencil.

"The feature of the exhibit," wrote the critic, "was Miss Scarrott's new picture, The American Eve. From the opening hour to the close her guests crowded before this canvas, shocked, amazed and delighted. The figure is that of an immense woman seated in an ugly high-backed chair before an open window, which gives an Eden glimpse at twilight of a garden filled with the ragged stalks of American annuals. She is clothed in an old-fashioned gown, which may be said to be illuminated with lavender-colored cosmos blossoms. The only light in the picture comes from these flowers and those dimly visible through the window. The face of the woman is so turned into the shadows as to be veiled, but the features, great rather than large, have a sort of Scriptural strength which is rendered more significant on this account, as if she belonged far back in the order of things—Eve, with six thousand years' distance between her and the garish American day; but Eve still, in a new land, the mother of Eden, with her children looking kisses at her from the darkening world outside. This, in fact, is the distinction of the artistic treatment and her method of verifying the ancient woman, that the lilies beyond the windowsill lean with an expression of relationship toward her.

"'Never before,' exclaimed one enthusiastic critic, 'have I seen the innocent, childish, bedtime look upon the face of any flower!'

"But it was only when some one asked, 'Where is Adam?' that the full significance of the composition was revealed.

"'Can't you see?' exclaimed the wife of a senator, famous for the sharpness of her wit. 'He's left her! The first man deserted the first woman and went off to look for another one! So she waited for him alone with her children, the little Eden lilies; and she coaxed him back next day with the apple. It's as clear as sinning and sacrifice to me!'

"Whether or not this is the true meaning of Miss Scarrott's picture, she has achieved a wonderful piece of work, which is today the talk and sensation of the city.

"A circumstance which adds interest to the discussion is the rumor that the original is the wife of a certain Congressman, noted for his gallantries in Washington society."

I had scarcely finished reading this horrifying sentence before a messenger arrived with a special-delivery letter. I was disappointed to see that it was also addressed in Lavinia's handwriting. She wrote:

Dear Eve: I am sending this by special delivery, with the hope that it will reach you before Adam does. He did not know that I had been away from Washington, and when he came to the exhibit last night the sight of your portrait was one of the greatest shocks of his life. You would have felt amply repaid for your sufferings on his account if you could have seen him whiten before that accusing canvas. He was the only person present who really understood it. He left the room in five minutes without even speaking to me—ungrateful brute!

Remember to keep a stiff upper lip when he comes. He'll come, you may be sure.

Yours devotedly and in great haste,

LAVINIA.

The children were having supper with their grandmother. It was already evening. The night train from the east was nearly due. I hurriedly put on the old cosmos-blossomed muslin, went out and sat down upon the old bench in the garden. This seemed the best way to meet the emergency of Adam's coming, if he did come.

Presently I heard carriage-wheels that stopped at the front gate, then the familiar tread of Adam's feet upon the walk; and in the twinkle of a star my whole mood changed. From being a sad and meekly lonely woman, I became the outraged wife and mother. My heart steadied itself in my bosom with a stronger beat. I felt the blood warm my face. Adam appeared on the back porch—paused. The moon shone full upon him. There was not a line of contrition in the graceful figure he made. His head was up and his face expressed charming resolution. That was one grand thing about Adam. Nothing that could be done to him and nothing he did to himself ever lowered the flaunting flag of his brilliant countenance. He could repent like a child, but remorse was a disease of the spirit to which he was immune. "Eve!" he called, coming toward me across the petunia bed rather than around by the path, which was his initial compliment.

"There Will Not be an Angel in Heaven Fit to Kiss Your Feet!"

I arose. We stood facing one another in the moonlight with the flowers for witnesses. The wall, the dreadful wall about which so many married people know, began to rise between us. We both felt it and he made an attempt to kiss me before it became too high. It was as if he strove to reach me over the top of it. The wall was composed of this: a man may do it for a duty, but he does not enjoy kissing a woman—no matter how good she is—if she knows how bad he is and is in a position to make him feel it. I received the kiss somewhere in the arid desert of my face, as far from my lips as possible—not to punish him, but it was the wall again. I had arrived at a certain geological period of the affections when they congeal into just foundations for character.

We sat down side by side upon the bench in silence. I held each hand a prisoner with the other. Adam took a little fold of my gown and smoothed it

between his fingers. I was far the sadder, more humiliated of the two of us, for I knew that in spite of all that had happened I was ready to forgive him. To do so was a kind of shame to me. It is the only shame good women ever know—this overreaching, divine love for undivine husbands.

"Eve," he began after a time, "I have resigned."

"What for?"

"For you."

"What will you do?"

"Stay at home by my own fireside with you and the children."

I knew he could never do it, but it comforted me to think that he could wish to be at home. He was more a citizen man than either a husband or father. The nation was his hearthstone; and, being forever unable to govern himself, he had a gift for governing the people. This is often the case. The best bosses, governors, presidents, kings, emperors—all are men who lack self-control at some point. So the people obey them better, because it is not prudent to try their patience too far. This is why God made the man the head of the family—not because he is good enough, but because he is so dangerously impatient he commands obedience.

I knew that he expected me to turn my face to him after that last sacrificial avowal, but I kept it resolutely averted.

"Adam, I think I ought to tell you this: I am contemplating a change."

"A change of what?"

"Of character."

He laughed a little. Altogether he was much less troubled, less embarrassed than I, only bent with a cheerful mind upon making his peace.

"You could not change, Eve, dear; not even if you were to take a notion to become the stepmother of all the angels in Heaven. You are from everlasting to everlasting the same. That is what I saw in the face of the portrait Lavinia made of you. Eve!"—he interpolated—"that woman ought to be suppressed! She is a female Nathan, a witch! Confound and bless her!"

I ignored the tribute to Lavinia and went on.

"But you will admit that I have changed already." I was thinking of the housefurnishing bills.

"Oh, no! You have acted a little queerly of late. Far be it from me to meddle with the wisdom of your providences, Eve, however much they cost me—but you are the same. I'll tell you something, woman!" he added, with great gravity. "I believe you are my soul. That is my faith, the only faith I have. So do not talk of changing. You are predestined, foreordained—the soul of Adam West."

One of the sweetest texts in the Bible is this: "For all men are liars." If they were not the hearts of all women would break. Now, as we sat together, gray, middle-aged, unmindful of the moonlight that would have charmed us years before, I knew that I should never feel the radiant happiness of being the beloved young wife of Adam, my husband. Something had forever broken the spell of that happiness; but I felt comforted, as if I were recovering from a dreadful pain. It was the submission I had at last of being willing to be just Adam's soul. I could have wept. It was like being made to take the veil by Nature, with Adam for the priest; but if I was to be just his soul I was resolved to get a pair of new wings for a change.

"Adam," I persisted, "it is kind of you to think so highly of me, but I tell you I am resolved upon making a change in our life together."

"How?"

"Well, I do not suppose a man knows anything about the weariness of oneness that women experience in marriage, because they are never one for long at a time with anybody but themselves. But women actually believe that they are one flesh with their husbands. Really, you know, there is no such thing. Nature and the minister who performs the ceremony merely deceive us. Now all these years when you were away in Nashville and Washington I thought of myself as being one with you; I lived in that consciousness."

"Well?" said Adam. He was staring at me steadily, as a brave man faces his calamity.

It was difficult to explain, although I had a very definite conviction about it, and I stumbled on, trying to tell him.

"What I mean is that it was a mistake to be the wife of just you ——"

"God!" he ejaculated, as if he were listening to blasphemy from the lips of a babe.

"I've got to be from now on the wife of what you are."

"Oh, Eve!" he cried, taking his head in his hands. "Say it plain, so that I can understand it."

"Well, I mean that I should have been the wife of Congressman West in Washington, not merely the relic of Adam, left behind here in the garden. And I mean that in future, whatever you are, I shall be the wife of that."

We Stood Facing One Another in the Moonlight With the Flowers for Witnesses

A man can make a woman feel like a fool when she is not. Adam did it now. He looked at me wonderingly a moment; then he began to snicker and paw at me the way a husband does when he wants to make fun of his wife by taking her in his arms. But I held back.

"I am in earnest, Adam."

"About what?"

"Well, you know that you will never be contented to live here in Booneville. You will go back into public life—and I am in earnest about not staying here when you are somewhere else."

"You are willing, then, that I shall continue in public life?"

I saw that he was immensely relieved and I went on pleasing him. It was the old motive of Eve with the apple.

"You promised when we were married that you would make me the wife of the governor of Tennessee." I could not resist smiling at him. I felt as a woman feels when she knows she is doing exactly what her husband wants.

"And you shall be!" he exclaimed, delighted.

"But, remember, I am coming with you after this."

"Of course!"

"We will live in the governor's mansion. That will save houserent."

"I wonder I never thought of that before," he murmured.

"Of what?"

"Of the fact that being governor would enable us to save houserent," he answered, with suspicious simplicity.

So it was settled that he would be a candidate in the next race for governor. As a matter of fact he entered it at once against Clancey Drew, his old-time antagonist.

Between caucuses and speeches Adam was at home with us. This was good for us as well as for him. He assumed, for example, a stern-father attitude toward Langston, who was growing into a big, unmanageable cub of a boy. Langston, I believe, had more moral stamina than his father; still it did the child good to feel a father's sophisticated eye upon him. For he was not sufficiently informed about Adam's weakness to suspect that he had any. My one persistent maternal lie was to teach the children that their father was one of the best men in the world, one of the greatest in the nation, and by all odds the greatest in Tennessee. When they are old enough to know better their characters will be formed and it will not injure them so much to learn the other truth about him. This is fortunate, that our children are not in a position to weigh us in the balance and find us wanting until after we have done them all the good we can by assuming the air of being better than we are.

My own relations to Adam were delicate and required much consideration, for I discovered as time passed that the moral shortage of which he was guilty in Washington had really given me the "drop" on him, so to speak. When a woman gets the drop on her husband she is in a much more dangerous position than he is, because it is so easy to kill him as a husband; and, once he breaks bond, he is readier to do it again—he is so really willing to be killed as a husband. This leaves the wife in the anomalous and embarrassing position of being his widow, with him still living in the house with her.

What I mean by having the drop on him is this: He was in the breach he had made in our marriage, with his hands up and no defense possible. It is a ticklish place for a man to be in before a woman, very threatening to his egotism, upon which so much of the best part of his character depends and which must be wounded as little as possible for this reason. Once you damage a man's egotism, you have injured his personal ideal of himself, to which he will cling otherwise in spite of the most scandalous evidence against it. You have reduced him to his littleness instead of raising him to his possible greatness, which is the most solemn and binding duty of every honorable wife.

For this reason the Washington affair has never been mentioned between us. But I am very certain that he soon forgot the doggerel woman. This is the deserved punishment of all evil women—they are so easily, thankfully dead, buried and forgotten by men, especially the men who swear devotion to them. It was quite different with me. It always is with the wife. She never can forget the woman who has robbed her. I reckon I have thought oftener of the one in Adam's life than of the grandest man or woman living. She is buried, not so much upon the green hillside of Adam's cheerful forgetfulness as in the cemetery lot of my heart, where she has the advantage of being a scandalous little ghost who rises and walks before me. In spite of this apparition I spent a good deal of my time that autumn learning to understand Adam and putting the best face I could upon what had happened, so that I should be less at a loss to account for the fact that I loved him more dearly than ever.

(Concluded on Page 48)

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How Postal Savings Banks Work

BRITISH postal savings banks pay two and a half per cent interest on deposits and have over eleven million depositors—roughly, one to four of the population—with eight hundred million dollars to their credit. When the interest on Government bonds was two and three-fourths per cent the postal banks showed a profit. Since bond interest was reduced to two and a half per cent—the same rate paid depositors—they have, of course, operated at a loss.

French postal savings banks pay two and a half per cent interest on deposits and have five million depositors, with about three hundred million dollars to their credit. They are operated at a profit. The postal savings banks of Italy also have five million depositors, with about three hundred million dollars to their credit. They pay a little over two per cent on deposits and show a good profit after deducting over a million dollars a year of income tax. Postal savings banks in Belgium pay three per cent on small deposits, two per cent on larger accounts. They have two million depositors, with a hundred and forty million dollars to their credit, and are operated at a profit. In England and France the annual cost of administration is a little less than one-half of one per cent of the amount on deposit; in Belgium it is a little more; in Italy only one-quarter of one per cent.

From a bulletin recently issued by the National Monetary Commission, statistics for other countries might be added—all, however, to the same general effect. There are over forty million depositors in all postal savings banks—mainly working people, for whom perfect security and convenience of access to a depository are the great inducements to save. To take care of their savings costs nothing, except in England, where the deficit is due to a reduction of interest on the Government debt. Such, briefly, is the world's experience of the system which is now being established in this country.

The Vote Sellers

RECENT political news from Ohio gives one an edifying glimpse of the mass of cheerful and impenetrable stupidity which exists in the world. No doubt those Russians who marched up to be shot at by the Little Father's Cossacks in defense of their right to present a petition to the throne, or those Finns who sacrificed blood and liberty in support of their constitution, would be considerably disconcerted at learning that hundreds of theoretically respectable Ohioans, possessing far greater political privileges, gayly bartered them away for a few dollars in current coin. Probably the same Ohioans would have fought a czar who took away their right to vote. They were too dull to understand that somebody had fought for that right in the past and somebody would have to fight again in the future to regain it if its keeping now were exclusively in hands as little guided by intelligence as their own.

There is a good deal of vote selling in this country. It is as prevalent, we believe, among the native-born as among the foreign-born. Never having known anything but free institutions, they fail to understand that such institutions are not the free, irrevocable gift of Nature, but a result of much human sacrifice. They would amend Lincoln's Gettysburg Address to read: "That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people by the people for the people shall not perish from the earth—unless we can get four dollars for our vote."

Incidentally it is a proof of the relative goodness of our Government; for not even a vote seller would barter away his ballot unless he felt perfectly sure that his essential liberty would be undisturbed, no matter who might be elected.

Merchants on the Postal Proposition

THE National Gas and Gasoline Engine Trades Association is under no delusion concerning the Administration's proposal to increase greatly the postal rate on the advertising pages of magazines—"thereby," reads a resolution adopted by the association at its recent convention in Racine, "adding to the ultimate cost of many meritorious articles of merchandise which must be made successful by publicity." That to put a bar in the way of the cheapest marketing method—namely, advertising—would tend to increase cost seems rather self-evident. In the case of a good many valuable trade papers that carry large amounts of advertising relating to their own special fields, for which they receive relatively low rates, the bar would be an almost insurmountable barrier.

"We recognize," says the association, "that such publications not only aid in developing many lines of trade by education and the publication of practical articles but in many instances the advertisements in said papers are of almost equal educational value and benefit in the upbuilding of business."

These trade papers, whose great value in the aggregate to business no one can question, live largely upon their advertisements; and the trades which they serve cheerfully pay the bill in that form, realizing that the important trade information, expensive technical articles, and so on, that the papers furnish them would be impossible without advertising.

So, referring to the postal proposition, the National Gas and Gasoline Engine Trades Association "goes on record as being opposed to such discriminating legislation, which will tend to injure thousands of American industries."

Where Mere Money is Silent

CÆSAR is said to have originated newspapers. As he was a wild-eyed radical in politics, and a demagogue, we suppose his newspapers were sufficiently yellow to enjoy an extensive circulation and considerable influence; but, offhand, we can recall hardly any other case of a rich man owning a newspaper for the ulterior purpose of moulding public opinion where there could be even a presumption that he was getting his money's worth out of it.

Mr. Rockefeller has now given thirty-five million dollars to the Chicago University. Accepting the final gift of ten millions, the trustees take occasion to say that he has never suggested the appointment or removal of any professor or "interfered directly or indirectly with that freedom of opinion which is the vital breath of a university." If that statement were not true Mr. Rockefeller might as well have thrown his thirty-five millions into the lake, for a university that tried to coerce opinion in favor of the Standard Oil Company would be merely a junkheap. It might have buildings, apparatus and a faculty, but it could have no vital influence.

To misbrand opinion is simply impossible. If it is bought, interested, manufactured opinion, the label "canned" appears not only on the wrapper but on every particle of the contents.

Attempts to palm off canned opinion for the fresh article are numerous—constituting, in fact, quite a flourishing little profession. They fill us with sorrow for the sheer waste of money and energy involved. If we were a suffering plutocrat, and felt impelled to mould some opinion on our side, we shouldn't think of buying a newspaper to tout for us. We should prefer hiring a vigorous yellow journalist to abuse us; for by way of reaction we might possibly get some return for our money in that manner.

It's the only manner we know of that offers any promise whatever.

The Philosophy of an Upper Berth

WE REGARD the reduction in the price of upper berths as very encouraging to radical thought. An upper berth, in fact, is quite as good as a lower one. The ventilation is better; the chances of knocking out your brains while disrobing are fewer; there's a hook to hang your trousers on, so you need not, as in a lower berth, sleep in them or else hold them in your hand. For many years, however, every one shunned the upper berth, simply because every one else did. It was like being caught in a straw hat on a warm day in November—the hat might be perfectly comfortable, but people were not wearing straw hats. The Pullman Company, finding itself with a line of sound but unfashionable goods on hand, might have met the situation as a thoughtful merchant does by cutting the price, thereby making the unpopular thing popular; but the Pullman Company had the same inveterate prejudice against cutting a price that the public had against sleeping in an upper berth. Such action was decidedly unfashionable with it. Thus, upper berths mostly went unused. When many people are tempted into upper berths by a reduction in price anybody can occupy one without a shameful sense of being eccentric and the effective carrying capacity of first-class trains will be practically doubled.

Only a few very daring and perhaps slightly insane minds can go alone. The rest of us have to go, so to speak, holding hands. The eccentric individual who thrusts his solitary and bush-bearded head through the curtains of an upper berth, passionately haranguing us upon the advantages of that unfashionable niche, may turn out to be quite right after all.

Philanthropy and Taxation

THE bill before Congress to incorporate the Rockefeller Foundation, for the purpose of receiving one hundred million dollars from the oil magnate and devoting the income therefrom to works of philanthropy, originally provided "that all personal property and funds of the corporation shall be exempt from taxation." This has been amended by adding, "by the United States or any territory or district thereof"; which no doubt covers the ground quite as adequately.

The income from one hundred million dollars, invested in such securities as Mr. Rockefeller would probably turn over to the Foundation, would not exceed five per cent. In most states such securities are subject to taxation as personal property, the taxrate being all the way from two to three and a half per cent. In other words, if the Foundation had to pay the same taxes that the average house-owner or farmer pays, its troubles would be reduced by half, because its income would be cut down that much.

If the hundred million dollars or so of five per cent bonds that Mr. Carnegie has devoted to various philanthropic purposes were taxed at the going rate about half the income would be absorbed. This opens up a cheering prospect to benevolent gentlemen who are worrying about what they shall do with their superfluous millions. By simply listing the millions for taxation they can solve at least half the problem.

Imposing and gratifying indeed are the benefactions of our most opulent citizens. On the other hand, government in this country costs rather over two billion dollars a year, and it is mostly citizens of modest means who foot that bill. In comparison with it, the great sums devoted to philanthropy do not, after all, look so imposing.

Criminal Trials in England

LAST June the American Institute of Criminal Law sent two law professors—Dean Lawson, of the University of Missouri, and Edwin R. Keedy, of the Northwestern University—to England for the purpose of studying judicial procedure there at first hand. The professors spent four months attending sessions of criminal courts in London and on circuit, and have made a report showing that we are about a century behind the country from which we took our procedure.

Twenty judges try all cases of graver crime in England and Wales, besides many civil cases. One section of the report is headed "Defects in the Indictment." It begins, "This question, which plays such a weighty part in our criminal trials, is of no importance now in England," because no mere technical defect is considered. Contrast this with the recent decision of a state supreme court by which the conviction of a man for a revolting crime that is often avenged by lynch law was set aside because the article "the" was omitted from the indictment. Commenting upon that decision, a former president of the state bar association truly said: "Had a mob assembled to lynch the fiend in this case and had I appeared to plead with them to let the law take its course, they would have said, 'We have no respect for a law which puts the article "the" in sanctity above our wives and daughters.'" By another recent state supreme court decision the conviction of a man for stealing hides was set aside because the indictment failed to say what kind of hides he stole. Recently, too, in New York a conviction for murder was taken to the court of appeals because the indictment did not say that the victim was a "human being." Though that plea was overruled there, it has been successful elsewhere.

Everybody knows the shocking barbarities of our criminal procedure as contrasted with that of England, from whom we originally borrowed. Intelligent lawyers know them better than anybody else. Why is the effort to reform them so feeble and halting?

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Tariff Atlas

STAND pat!" ordered General Mark Hanna, away back yonder.

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied Colonel Lafe Young and a few million others; and, no matter where any or all of the few millions may have strayed meantime, Colonel Lafe Young is standing pat yet.

Talk about your immutable propositions, that's the Colonel's middle name—Immutable—Colonel Lafayette Immutable Young, of Iowa, where the corn grows and the farmers, at present writing, get nine dollars a hundred for hogs. Iowa, you remember, is one of the few states where the horrid census man dug up the disconcerting fact—disconcerting to Iowans, that is—that there was a decrease in population in the rural districts. Admitting this, Colonel Lafe announced, in the speech where he bulged effulgently into the arena of the Senate after a mature service of some seven or ten days, that, though it may be true that many farmers have left Iowa, no politicians have left; nor has Lafe. He is still there, standing pat.

Lafe has been running a newspaper at Des Moines since 1890 or thereabouts. Before that he had one in a smaller town. In the days of his beginnings as an editor the old Gear-Allison-Blythe machine was in the full flower of its marvelous perfection; and later there came that time when Iowa was pretty much all there was to it in Congress, with Senator Allison holding his leading place in the Senate and Dave Henderson Speaker of the House, and various other big Iowans scattered here and there as chairmen of great committees. For fifteen years, or such a matter, of this time, Cummins, now Senator and colleague of Lafe, was fighting for what came to be known as the Iowa Idea, which consisted of many of those state reforms and national policies that are today the main part of the progressive creed. The late Senator Dolliver was on the Allison side in those days, and Lafe, as editor of the principal newspaper that supported the old régime, waded in daily with an ax and let whatever fell fall where it might. He chopped legs and arms and other useful members off Cummins times without number, but that versatile person seemed to sprout a new appendage every time Lafe lopped one off. "Ha!" Lafe would shout when Cummins or a Cumminsite came around apparently with a full complement of limbs, "I trimmed that person down to a quivering trunk only yesterday. Now he seems to be whole again. However, have at him!" and out would come the editorial ax. Believe me, those were great and gory days.

All this time Lafe was upholding the protective principle. He was the Iowa tariff Atlas. "Revise the tariff!" he would cry. "Certainly; but revise it upward. The sainted policy of Protection must and shall not perish from the earth—particularly from that favored section of the earth known as Iowa." Wherefore he would print a most convincing article showing that, if it were not for the exclusion of the pauper labor of Europe and the beneficent fostering of our infant industries, the Iowa farmer would be obliged to continue burning his corn and using his hogs for fertilizer, instead of disposing of said corn for large sums and selling said hogs by the carat. And he meant it too. Lafe is an earnest little worker.

When Lafe Hurled the Hot Ones

WELL, time passed on, and Lafe, standing steadfast on the job, saw Cummins become governor, saw Cummins put over many reforms, and saw Cummins go to the United States Senate. Also, he lamented the deaths of Gear and Allison and Blythe; and he saw Dolliver become progressive—but did any of these disasters feaze him? Not on your Chinese wall! There was Lafe, hurling hot ones at the enemy day after day and two or three times a week letting out a yip for Protection that echoed from Winnebago to Appanoose, from Fremont to Allamakee.

But all was not labor. There were diversions. When we invaded Cuba to hurl the haughty, not to say garlicky, Spaniard from the Western Hemisphere, Lafe was there, doing some hurling himself in the shape of burning descriptions of what was going on for his Des Moines paper. If my memory serves me right, very few persons, save T. R. and General Leonard Wood, got anything out of the Spanish War save malaria; but Lafe was an exception. He got his title of Colonel. Opinions vary as to how he got it. Some say he found it at Santiago, where it had been carelessly dropped by a valiant soldier who feared no foe and maneuvered a promotion; others say it came to him naturally, as the chiggers or the taste for bacardi came to so many of the intrepid invaders.

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He Kept Banging Away at the Opposition, Standing Pattedly Pat

However that may be, Lafe came home a Colonel and he has been a Colonel ever since—or, to be more exact, he remained a Colonel until he became a Senator. Perhaps he will not have to drop it. A tidy little idea would be to combine the two titles, as, for example, Sencol Young or Colsen Young, whichever sounds more harmonious to the ear. Then presently Mr. Taft, as Secretary of War, made his famous pilgrimage to the Philippines and such other parts of the Orient as had been picked out, and Lafe went along as a member of that most distinguished and spoony party, which, it will be remembered, resulted in various marriages; but not in Lafe's. He was married when he started. Since that time Lafe has attended all the reunions of those pilgrims and has, as a matter of course, a key to the White House.

Returning to the editorial tripod, Lafe kept banging away at the opposition, standing most pattedly pat. Then Dolliver died. The Governor of Iowa veers somewhat to the standpat side and he appointed Lafe to the vacancy, to serve until such time as the legislature might elect a Senator for the remainder of Dolliver's term. Inasmuch as the Senate convened early in December and the Iowa legislature does not get into action until some time in January, Lafe will have five or six weeks of wear out of his toga, unless perchance something might happen that would give him the remainder of the term at the hands of the legislature. Lafe has said he will be satisfied if he can serve until 1913, when Dolliver's term would have ended, and that he will not be a candidate after that; but it remains to be seen whether the legislature will be satisfied. Everybody else—outside of Iowa, at least—would not only be satisfied but glad.

You see, Lafe is a good deal of a person. He is a stocky, square-shouldered, square-headed, two-fisted man; and, judging from the speech he made in the Senate, he would be well worth while in that august body for the purpose of reminding some of the progressive brethren, now and then, that there were cakes and ale before they got in and undoubtedly will be cakes and ale after they get out. Lafe has a pretty fair sense of perspective. Moreover, he has a calm and dispassionate way of stating things that would help a lot in crises where common-sense is needed, and many crises are likely to arise within the next two years.

He served twelve years in the Iowa state senate and nominated Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President at Philadelphia in 1900. He has lectured some and, when it is necessary, can tear off perorations about the mossy dells and the duties of freemen, and other subjects suited for perorations, that just naturally make his hearers get up and yell. He is an orator, all right.

The Colonel is sixty-two years old and was born in Iowa. The best thing he ever did for Iowa was his campaign for good roads. He was president of the Iowa Good Roads Association—any person who, in the old days, ever traveled by road in Iowa knows how much good roads were needed—and he fought for good roads for years. He advocated dragging and draining and got a great highway, three hundred miles long, from Davenport to Council Bluffs by way of Des Moines. The River-to-River Road Association is directly due to his work, his ceaseless agitation and his tireless campaigning much of it at his own expense. As on other things, once Lafe got started on the proposition to have good roads in Iowa he stood pat. There is now a general plan that will give the state some excellent highways.

A fine, sturdy, upstanding citizen is Lafe, who fights out in the open, gives and takes with equal equanimity and stands pat—Lafayette Immutable Young.

Not Artificial

THE Industrial Commission that is now out of existence went to Atlanta to make investigations.

John Kennedy, a member of the commission, saw a negro at his hotel wheeling in a barrowful of plate ice.

"Is that artificial ice?" Kennedy asked.

"No, indeed, boss; no, suh," the negro replied. "This-yer ice's made right on this-yer place."

The Boys' Dissipation

J. H. MADDY, of the Erie Railroad, was born in Muncie, Indiana. He had two cousins who lived on a farm outside the city.

"One fall," said Maddy, "the boys had been working very hard and their father told them they might take a load of apples to town, sell them and keep the money.

"The boys, on reaching the town, stood around for a time and finally sold the apples. Then they wandered in and out of the stores for two or three hours trying to find something to buy to take back home—finally they bought half a bushel of apples."

A Campaign Contribution

IN THE county-seat contest in Oklahoma between Eufaula and Checotah, a German undertaker was put on the stand at the inquiry that resulted from the charges on both sides that large sums of money had been used to influence the selection of the seat. The strife had been so bitter that there had been several killings.

"What did you contribute to the campaign?" asked one of the lawyers of the undertaker.

"By jiminy! judge," he said, "I haf alretty contributed two coffins and I haven't been paid a cent for them."

What's in a Name?

"THE negro woman who was willing to take Gibbon's Rome when she found she couldn't get Poems of Passion at the library had nothing on a boy who appeared at a library in Detroit the other day," said Howard E. Coffin of that city.

"'Ma wants a book,' the boy announced.

"'All right, my son,' the librarian replied. 'What sort of a book does your mother wish?'

"'She wants one with a red cover. She says she ain't had none but blue covers lately.'"

The Hall of Fame

℄ Joseph Meriwether Terrell, the new Senator from Georgia, was attorney-general of that state for ten years.

℄ Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, is the only Senator who gives his profession as that of literature.

℄ Nehemiah Day Sperry, who is in Congress from Connecticut, was one of the bondsmen for the building of the Monitor.

℄ Samuel F. Nixon, the theatrical manager, changed his name from Nirdlinger to Nixon when he went into the theatrical business.

℄ John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, is a limited member of the Gridiron Club. He went in when he was leader of the Marine Band in Washington.

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Fourth Estate of Investors

IS IT BEST TO BUY LISTED OR UNLISTED BONDS?

By Roger W. Babson

A YEAR ago, when in London on some expert work, I had a letter of introduction to one of the leading bond firms in that city. On the morning that I planned to visit this firm I desired to ascertain its address and consequently turned to a telephone book for the information. I found the name of the firm without trouble, but, instead of being classified as "bankers" or "bond dealers" or "investment dealers," as would be the case in this country, they were termed "merchants." Moreover, in a classified directory to which I later referred they appeared with the wool merchants, tea merchants and the like. Feeling that there must be some mistake, I inquired of a friend and found that the dealers in investments are divided into two classes—namely: (1) bankers or brokers, who handle listed bonds on commission; and (2) dealers or merchants, who handle the unlisted bonds.

This illustrates extremely well the difference between the dealers in listed and the dealers in unlisted bonds; although in this country there is very little distinction, as most reputable dealers handle both listed and unlisted bonds. In London, however, the distinction is more closely drawn. For instance, the bond merchant is allowed to advertise his wares the same as the drygoods merchant and the tea merchant; but the broker is forbidden to advertise in any such way. Not only do the rules of the London Stock Exchange forbid such newspaper advertising of any kind but the London brokers are forbidden to send circulars to any but their regular clients.

Bonds of large issues—especially of large railroad companies—which have been outstanding for a sufficient time to acquire a wide market and in which there is trading almost every day, have gradually come to be listed—that is, the company issuing the bonds fills out an elaborate blank, giving a description of its various classes of bonds, with the amounts outstanding, and files it with the New York Stock Exchange, with an application to have the bonds listed. The term listed means that the bonds to which it is applied can be traded in by the members of the exchange on the floor of the exchange and that quotations of the sales will be published by the exchange, both in its official sheets and on the tape. Of course the company is obliged to agree to certain conditions and also to pay a certain sum of money; but this listing gives a certain wide market and publicity to these issues which are well worth the trouble and expense involved.

Advantages of Listed Securities

Of course, when it comes to actual figures, there are many unlisted issues, such, for instance, as bonds of our largest cities, wherein the trading and the market fully equal those of many of the listed issues; in fact there are many listed issues that are not traded in oftener than once a month. Nevertheless there are certain individuals and institutions that will not buy bonds unless they are listed; and, therefore, to obtain their market certain large corporations arrange to have their issues listed as above outlined.

This applies especially to foreign purchasers; and I well remember meeting, one day in Amsterdam some two years ago, a representative of an American bond house hurrying to the cable office. Knowing him very well, I endeavored to stop him; but he would not be delayed, saying that he had sold some bonds "on condition that they were being listed on the New York Stock Exchange, as these Dutch investors insist upon this." In short, he was cabling his New York office to hurry an application. Said he: "Whether or not they are ever traded in on the New York Stock Exchange, I do not care; but we must have them listed there in order to sell them here." I mention this conversation simply in order to make clear the following point: Listing a bond is not sufficient in itself to provide a market and many listed issues do not have such a ready market as some of the unlisted issues. The main point to notice is whether or not the bond is actively traded in, with a wide market and with published quotations every day over a long period of time.

In the daily papers will be found a list of about forty bonds that are listed on the New York Stock Exchange and actively dealt in each day, with the high and low prices of the day. Some daily papers, usually in the larger cities, have the complete bond sales for the day—that is, instead of quoting

	LOW	HIGH
Rock Island 4's	70	71

they will give the sales of Rock Island 4's during the day—namely:

Rock Island 4's, 2002

10,000 @ 70¼
5,000 @ 70½
10,000 @ 70
2,000 @ 70½
2,000 @ 70⅝
3,000 @ 70¾
1,000 @ 71

For a complete list of the bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange, with the last sales, one should refer to the official sheets of the exchange, which may be seen in any broker's offices. It should be remembered, however, that there are two official lists published—one giving the sales for the day and the other giving a complete list of the several hundred listed issues with the last sale, which may have been a month or even six months ago.

On inactive listed bonds some brokerage firms charge whatever commission they can get, or, to use a railroad phrase, "whatever the traffic will bear"—one-fourth of one per cent or one-half of one per cent, or possibly one or more per cent. Firms that are not members of the New York Stock Exchange may charge whatever they wish on any bond issues, whether listed or otherwise. Firms that are members of the New York Stock Exchange, however, should charge only one-eighth of one per cent on issues that are listed and that they purchase on the board. They may, however, charge any rate they desire on issues that are unlisted. One-eighth of one per cent is one dollar and twenty-five cents on a thousand-dollar bond.

By some persons this small fixed commission is considered as an advantage possessed by listed bonds, but I do not think so. It is true that a firm will charge a commission of one-eighth of one per cent on a listed bond and may demand a larger commission on an unlisted bond, but this firm will usually give much more thought and attention in aiding a customer to select an unlisted bond if the customer desires one. I think that often the extra attention received from bond firms that are not stock-exchange members is well worth the extra commission that one is sometimes obliged to pay such firms. Indeed, one of the very best things the New York Stock Exchange could do, in order to establish a more general interest in securities, would be to have a minimum commission of five dollars on a thousand-dollar bond or ten shares of stock. Under present conditions stock-brokerage firms cannot live without the speculative business and it actually entails a loss for them to develop a small investment business.

If, however, stock-exchange firms could have the aid of the New York Stock Exchange in developing such business the policy would not only increase their clientèle but would cause a larger and broader interest in standard securities. This would eventually result in great benefit to the dealers, the investors and the corporations of our country. Therefore the chief advantage of listed bonds is not that they may be bought or sold for a small fixed commission, but that they are preferred because they may be bought or sold at any time—because there is always some market at some published quotation.

Surprising as it may seem, only about five per cent of the bond issues outstanding today are listed bonds. In view of the above-mentioned demand for listed bonds, the questions naturally arise as to why all issues are not listed and why all investors do not insist on buying listed bonds. The reason lies in the fact that the bond business is like any other business—when dealing with reputable firms the purchaser receives what he pays for, no more and no less. If a firm gains only a small profit for performing a certain service it naturally cannot give much time to the work; but if the work can be made to yield larger returns it will secure much more careful attention, not only because more is due to the customer but also because it is desired to keep this profitable trade. I believe that one should use the same care in selecting a bond dealer as in selecting a physician; and for this reason there is no doubt but that most investors get much better attention from the established dealers in unlisted bonds than from the average stock-exchange firm that buys and sells only the listed issues.

Let me illustrate what I mean: When an investor decides to buy a listed bond he usually must select the issue in which he intends to invest and then give the order to a stock-exchange firm for its brokers to execute in a mechanical way. If the investor has selected a good bond the result is satisfactory; but if the investor has not selected a good bond, and has made a loss, it is final and he has no complaint either legally or morally. The firm is simply required to execute the order and if the purchase is a total loss the brokers are not in any way to blame.

Methods of the Better Bond Houses

If, on the other hand, the investor goes to an established firm dealing in unlisted bonds and asks to have them recommend a bond for permanent investment, this firm is willing to assume a certain amount of moral liability. Owing to this fact, therefore, such established firms usually give most careful attention to the selection of an issue for such investors. For instance, before one of the large and established houses dealing in unlisted bonds will become identified with an issue, it spends large sums of money on engineers and attorneys, making a most careful examination of all details connected with the issue. Moreover, these firms spend money not only in the investigation of the issues that have been purchased but also spend very large sums in studying many other issues that are never purchased. One of the partners of a large firm told me the other day that his firm purchased bonds of less than five per cent of the properties that they examined, and that last year they spent nearly a quarter of a million dollars on engineering, legal work and other expenses connected with studying new issues. It will be seen, therefore, that such an organization is a great safeguard to the permanent investor who desires only the highest rate of interest procurable with safety and does not care for a market in order to liquidate.

Not only is it a great advantage to have the aid of these firms in selecting an issue for purchase but, if anything goes wrong, these firms that originally offered the issue will take charge of the reorganization and fight for the interests of their clients, the bondholders to whom they sold the bonds. On the other hand, when buying a listed bond the investor often has no one to represent him impartially. Although a bondholders' committee is always formed, when the bonds are listed with no one house responsible the investor is not sure whether the committee is formed in the interest of the bondholders, the floating-debtholders, or the stockholders. In the case of high-grade unlisted bonds, however, it is reasonably safe to assume that the firm that stood responsible for the issue is interested only in making that issue good or in obtaining principal and interest for each bondholder.

It is impossible for the dealers in unlisted bonds to perform this work for the

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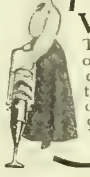

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fractional commission that stock-exchange firms receive for selling listed bonds, and experience has shown that such dealers are entitled to a profit of from five to ten per cent. In reality, therefore, this is a merchant's profit and not a commission. These dealers in unlisted securities go into the market and buy entire bond issues at wholesale—the same as the drygoods merchants buy cloth and the tea merchants buy tea—and then sell the bonds at retail. For instance, a large bond house would buy a million-dollar issue for about nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars and then sell the bonds on some such basis as follows:

Persons buying one bond are charged par and interest; persons buying five bonds are charged ninety-nine and interest; persons buying lots of twenty-five can obtain them at ninety-eight and interest. This is entirely just, for the firm cannot afford to sell one bond for less than par; on the other hand, if you or I could purchase the entire issue we could purchase it at as low a figure as did the firm in question. It is owing to this fact that the dealers in unlisted issues are considered in London purely as merchants, while those dealing in listed issues are known as brokers; and it would be very well to have the same distinction in this country.

Usually the higher the grade of the bond issue the easier it is to sell and consequently the smaller the profit to the bond dealer; and in many such cases the gross profit does not exceed more than two or three per cent. On the other hand, the lower the grade of the issue the harder it is to sell and the greater the commission; in fact, some of the six per cent industrial and irrigation issues now on the market are said to give a gross profit of nearly twenty per cent to the dealers. Of course there are two disadvantages connected with such issues apart from safety: First, the fact that there is less security for the bonds, less money having been paid into the company's treasury from their sale; consequently one must take a much greater shrinkage if he desires to sell. Secondly, the fact that the greater the profit to the dealer, usually the greater shrinkage an investor must take if he desires to sell; which brings us to one final point.

When desiring to buy a listed bond an investor is obliged to pay only a commission of one-eighth of one per cent; likewise, when desiring to sell said bond the commission is limited to this amount, but with unlisted issues this is different. Directly after purchasing an unlisted issue it often is necessary to take a loss in case one desires to sell, and this loss is proportionate to the profit received by the dealer. If the dealer has received a profit of two or three per cent the maximum loss on the sale would probably be limited to this amount. If, however, one should buy a six per cent industrial bond, on which the dealer has received a profit of twenty per cent, it would probably be necessary for the purchaser to take a loss of nearly twenty per cent if he desired to liquidate, as usually the firms that offer the bonds are the only bona-fide purchasers. *Therefore a very good rule to follow is to confine one's purchases of unlisted bonds to such as are wanted for a permanent investment and never to buy unlisted bonds with the idea of selling them again at a profit.*

It will be seen from the above that both classes of bonds have their advantages and disadvantages. Actively traded-in listed bonds are easy to buy and easy to sell, but one must take his own responsibility when making a purchase. Unlisted bonds, although they are easy enough to buy, are often difficult to sell; but, when dealing with a good, reputable house, the purchaser may feel not only that the firm's organization is selecting the issue with great care but that it will watch and protect it.

Whether the weighing of these advantages and disadvantages results in favor of listed or unlisted issues, as a whole, it is difficult to say. Many of the keenest investors prefer listed bonds—but many equally informed prefer unlisted. Personally I feel that these advantages and disadvantages are about evenly balanced and therefore I usually recommend the following rules for the small permanent investor:

When bonds are low in price, and the demand for money greatly exceeds the demand for securities, I advise the purchase of listed bonds, as in times of panic the listed bonds are those selected to be thrown on the market and consequently show the greatest depreciation in price. When selecting a listed bond, however, one should confine his purchase to only the very highest grade and refuse to purchase anything that is not quoted in the newspapers every day and that yields more than four and one-half per cent.

On the other hand, when the demand for bonds exceeds the demand for money, I recommend the purchase of high-grade unlisted bonds, for when too many people wish to purchase bonds the prices of listed bonds are forced abnormally high. When purchasing unlisted bonds, however, one should endeavor to purchase the highest-grade seasoned issues and such as are recommended by firms of the highest integrity, preferably underlying liens of standard railroads and public-service corporations. Moreover, when purchasing such unlisted issues, investors should not expect the opportunity to resell them at a profit, as they are for the permanent investor and not for the man who desires to make a profit on the long swings caused by the varying demand for money and other factors.

In order to decide intelligently whether or not the demand for money exceeds the demand for bonds, one should study fundamental conditions along the lines suggested in my article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of November 5, 1910.

The Senator's Secretary

THERE is no political fact more evident than that President Taft is a candidate for renomination by the Republican party in 1912.

The President has apparently determined he will take the nomination and abide by the results. So far as the regular wing of the Republican party is concerned there has not yet developed opposition to this plan; and it is not likely opposition will develop in that quarter, for it is perfectly recognized the regulars cannot refuse Mr. Taft a renomination if he desires it and equally well known that in all probability Mr. Taft can get the nomination whether the regulars want him to have it or not. The power of the Executive in forcing a nomination for himself or for another has been demonstrated time and again. Under the delegate system that prevails in the Republican party, any President who has lieutenants of even small understanding of the game can control a convention. He may not be able to have a unanimous convention, but he can have sufficient delegates. It is much easier to get delegates than it is to get votes; and though a President may be able to renominate himself, he may not be able to elect himself. That is a matter where the people step in and is not subject to either prediction or discussion so far before the event.

It is quite possible that Mr. Taft's plan to have himself renominated may be opposed by the Progressives, including such leaders as La Follette, and that a situation may develop that will make the nomination seem even more of an empty honor than it seems now. However, Mr. Taft's friends are not proceeding on the assumption that there will be an organized Republican opposition to his nomination and plans are being made and preliminary steps taken in many parts of the country.

It is understood that Mr. Hilles, who will retire from the Treasury, where he has been a most efficient assistant secretary, on March fourth, will go out of the public service to take a position in business of great advantage to himself. However, Mr. Hilles has proved himself to be a good politician and he is thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Taft. During the first weeks of the New Year a good many regular Republican leaders dropped into Washington unostentatiously and a large number of them had conferences with Hilles before going to the White House or after they had seen the President. It is the impression that Hilles will have a good deal to do with the engineering necessary to get delegates in the East for Mr. Taft; and, of course, Postmaster-General Hitchcock, who is experienced in getting delegates in all sections of the country, may be expected to do his share. Then, too, there will be the Ohio men of the old crowd and various others; and it should not be a hard job to round up the South, as usual, and to get enough delegates elsewhere to bring about Mr. Taft's desire.

With a full knowledge of this situation the old-line Republican leaders, who have been dismayed by the recent political landslide and who now feel that defeat is inevitable in 1912 unless something can be done to bring all Republicans back into line, are holding many conferences, trying to find out what that something may be. It is fully recognized that the people demand from Mr. Taft some evidence of accomplishment, some tangible thing on which to hang their support; and it is even more fully recognized that this something is not yet in sight. It is hoped the Democrats, who will be in control of the House of Representatives, will get into enough of a tangle, over the tariff they expect to present, to help some; but, no matter how great that tangle will be, it is not thought that it will be enough of itself.

In brief, what the old-line Republicans—the men who want to keep the party in power and who are opposed to the Progressive ideas that recently developed—are looking for is a great constructive movement that will arouse the people. Inasmuch as great constructive political movements cannot be picked off the trees, they have not yet found one, although the possibilities of the situation have been carefully canvassed many times, at gatherings in Washington, New York and elsewhere.

It is conceded the ship-subsidy program will not arouse the required enthusiasm. It is hard to get a people, most of which lives inland, excited over a merchant marine. Moreover, it is known that the time is not far distant when this country will cease to be an exporting country in a way, because we shall furnish at home the market for all we produce.

Moreover, it is held that this country is up against a stone wall in the Orient. We have acquired the Philippines and they are of no use or consequence to us; and the policy of exploiting the Orient isn't getting anywhere and, the old-line Republicans say, never will. They argue long and skillfully on this point, with a detail not necessary here; and, admitting that this country has been and will continue to be a failure in the Orient, they get down to what they have in mind, which is this: Why not turn our attention to the Western Hemisphere?

They hold this to be true, that it will be impossible for this country, even after the Panama Canal is completed, to compete with other countries in shipping or in coastwise trade, because when our ships go out they meet a Japanese or a Dutchman or a German or an Englishman, all of whom pay smaller wages and can operate at much less expense. Then these men point out that, with a single line of railroad running to Mexico City, this country has assisted in the development of Mexico ten times more than it could have done with an immense line of shipping touching at Vera Cruz.

Admitting, further, that Mexico is now pretty thoroughly taken up and that the mines and the lumber and the ranches are practically in control, and furnish no elaborate field for the exploitation of our people, they get down to the nub of the matter and ask: Would it be possible for Mr. Taft to stir the public imagination by announcing a great policy of the development of the Western Hemisphere, by our people, by means of the intercontinental road? This, they claim, means only the connecting up of links here and there—great in the aggregate, of course, but feasible, though it is known the cost will be enormous. But, they ask, is it not possible that, once the people see the advantages that may accrue, they will take up the project and with it take up the projector?

It will not be long, it is urged, before there will be nothing for our great restless population living on the slopes of the mountains in the West—expert lumbermen, expert miners, expert ranchers—to do. The frontier is gone. The forests are either reserved or in the hands of giant corporations. The golden days of mining and ranching, for individuals or small bodies of men, are past. Why not, they ask—these Republicans who are looking for a clarion call for Mr. Taft—why not build these connecting

(Concluded on Page 30)

How she knew

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"Very."

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Cupid—That Old College Chum

(Continued from Page 12)

after a couple of weeks he surrendered and then the queerest rivalry Siwash had ever seen began. Frankling, son of the locomotive works, authority on speckled vests and cotillons, was scrapping with Ole Skjarsen, the cuffless wonder from the lumber camps, for the affections of the prettiest girl in college. No wonder we got so interested that spring that most of us forgot to fall in love ourselves. I don't to this day believe that Miss Spencer meant a word of it. I think that she was simply good-natured, in the first place, and that, when Frankling began to bite little semicircular pieces out of the air, she began mixing her drinks, so to speak, just for the excitement of the thing. Anyway, Frankling walked over to chapel with her and Ole lumbered back. Frankling took her to the basket-ball games and Ole took her to the Kiowa debate and slept peacefully through most of it. Frankling bought a beautiful little trotting horse and sleigh and took Miss Spencer on long rides. In Siwash, young people have neither chaperons, guards, nurses nor conservators. That was a knockout, we all thought; but it never feazed Ole. He invited Miss Spencer to go street-car riding with him and she did it. Some of us found them bumping over the line in one of the flat-wheeled catastrophes that the Jonesville Company called cars—and Miss Spencer didn't even blush. She bowed to us just as unconcernedly as if she wasn't breaking all long-distance records for eccentricity in Siwash history.

Frankling dodged the whole college and got wild in the eyes. He looked like an eminent statesman who was being compelled to act as barker in a circus against his will. It must have churned up his vitals to do his sketch act with Ole; but when you have had one of those four-year cases, and it has gotten tangled up in your past and future, you can't always dictate just what you are going to do. It was plain to see that Miss Spencer had Frankling hooked, haltered, hobbled, staked out, Spanish-bitted, wrapped up and stamped with her name and laid on the shelf to be called for; and it was just as evident that she considered he would be all the nicer if she walked around on him for a while and massaged his disposition a little with her French heels.

So Frankling continued to divide time with Ole, and all the fellows whom he had insulted about their neckties and all the girls whom he had forgotten to dance with sat around in perfect content and watched the show.

We all thought it would wear out after a few weeks. But it didn't. The semester recess came and, when college assembled again, Ole cut Frankling out for the athletic ball as neatly as if he had been in the girl game all his life. Frankling countered with the promenade two weeks later, but he went clear to the ropes when Miss Spencer came out one fine morning at chapel with Ole's football charm—the one he had won the year the team had annihilated two universities and seven assorted colleges. He came back gamely and decorated her with fraternity hatpins, cuff buttons, belt buckles and side combs; and on the strength of it he got three Friday evenings in a row. That might have jarred any one but Ole. But he came up smiling and took Miss Spencer to a Y. M. C. A. social, where he bought her four dishes of ice cream and had to be almost violently restrained from offering her the whole freezer.

Winter wore out and spring came. Frankling brought the whole resources of the locomotive works into play. He got a private car and took a party off to the Kiowa baseball game, with Miss Spencer as guest of honor. He bombarded her with imported candy and American beauties, and cluttered up the spring with a series of whist parties, which butted into the social calendar something frabjous. Ole plowed right along with his own peculiar style of argument. He met the private-car business with a straw ride and his prize offering was a hunk of spruce gum from his pine woods, as big as your two fists; and, so far as we could see, the gum got exactly the same warmth of reception as the candy—though it didn't disappear with anywhere near the rapidity.

As April went by, we Seniors got busy with the first awful preliminaries of Commencement. It began to be considered around college that Senior Day would settle the affair one way or the other. Senior Day is the last event of Commencement Week at Siwash and more engagements have been announced formally or otherwise that day than at any other time. If a Senior man and girl, who had been making a rather close study of each other, walked out on the campus together after the exercises and took in the corporation dinner at noon side by side, no one hesitated about offering congratulations. They might not be exactly due, but it was a sign that there was going to be an awful lot of nice-looking stationery spoiled by the two after the sad partings were said. Now we didn't have a doubt that either Frankling or Ole would amble proudly down between the lilac rows on Class Day with Miss Spencer, under the good old pretense of helping her locate the dinner-tables a hundred yards away; and betting on the affair got pretty energetic. Day after day the odds varied. When Frankling broke closing-time rules at Browning Hall by a good thirty minutes some two-to-one money was placed on him. When Ole and Miss Spencer cut chapel the next day the odds promptly switched. You could get takers on either side at any time, but I think the odds favored Ole a little. You can't help boosting your preferences with your good money. It's like betting on your college team.

Commencement Week came and, although we were Seniors, we went through it without hardly noticing the scenery. We watched Ole and Frankling all through Baccalaureate, and when Ole won a twenty-yard dash across the church and over several of us, and marched down the street with Miss Spencer, it looked as if all was over but the Mendelssohn business. But Frankling had her in a box at the class play the next night. How could you pay any attention to the glorious threshold of life and the expiring gasps of dear college days with a race like that on!

Commencement was on Wednesday and Senior Day was Thursday. Up to Wednesday night it was an even break—steen points all. One of the two had won. We hadn't a doubt of it. But, if both men had been born poker players drawing to fill in a jack-pot that had been sweetened nine times, you couldn't have told less to look at them. Frankling was as glum as ever and Ole had the same reënforced-concrete expression of innocence that he used to wear while he was getting off the ball behind somebody's goal line, after having carried it the length of the field. We were discussing the thing that night on the porch of the Eta Bita Pie house and were putting up a few final bets when Ole himself came up, carpet-bag in hand and his diploma under his arm, and bade us goodby. He was going out on the midnight train—going away for good. For a minute you could have heard the grass growing. If Ole was going away that night it meant just one thing: the cruel Miss Spencer had tossed him over and he was bumping the bumps downward into a cold and cheerless future. We were so sorry we could hardly speak for a minute. Then Allie Bangs got up and put his arm as far across Ole's shoulder as it would go.

"By thunder, I'm sorry, old chap!" he said huskily.

For a man who had just had an air-castle fall on his neck, Ole didn't talk very dejectedly. "Vy y'u ban sorry?" he demanded. "Aye got gude yob St. Paul vay. De boss write me aye skoll come Friday. Aye ent care to be late first t'ing."

"But, Ole ——" Bangs began. Then he stopped. You can't bawl out a question about another man's love affairs before a whole mob.

"Y'u fallers ban fine tu me," Ole began again. "Aye lak y'u bully! Ven y'u come by St. Paul, take Yim Hill's railroad and come to Sven Akerson's camp, femt'n mile above Lars Hjellersen's gang. Aye ban boss of Sven's camp now. Aye gat y'u good loaf and plenty flapyack."

He turned to go. Allie and I got up and walked firmly down the walk with him. We were going to be relieved of our suspense if we had to buy the information.

"Now, Ole," said Allie, grabbing his carpet-bag, "you know we're not going to let you go down to the train alone. Besides, we want to know if everything is all right with you. You know we love you. We're for you, Ole. You—you and Miss Spencer parting good friends?"

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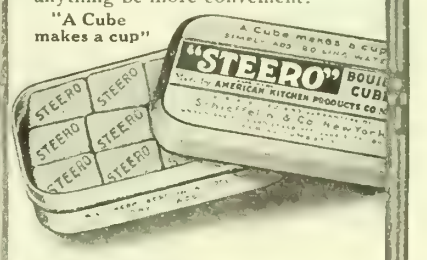

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"Y'u bet!" said Ole enthusiastically. "She ban fine gur'rl, aye tal y'u. Sum day aye ban sending her deerskin from lumber camp."

Bangs braced up again. "Er—you and Miss Spencer—er—not engaged, are you?" he said, the way a fellow goes at it when he is diving into cold water. Ole looked around in perfect good humor. "Get married by each odder?" he said. "Yee whiz! no, Master Bangs. She ban nice gur'rl. It ent any nicer in Siwash College. But she kent cook. She kent build fire in woodstove. She kent wash. She kent bake flatbrot. She kent make close. She yust ban purty, like picture. Vat for aye vant to marry picture gallery? Aye ban tu poor faller fur picture gallery, aye tank."

"But Ole," says I, jumping in. "You've been rushing the girl all winter as if your life depended on it. What did you mean by that?"

Ole turned around patiently and sat down on the steps of the First Methodist Church, which we happened to be passing just then. "Vell, aye tal y'u," he explained: "Miss Spencer she ban nice tu me. She go tu class party 'nd ent give dam vat das Frankling faller say. Aye ent forget dat, aye tal y'u; 'nd, by yimmuny Christmas! aye show her gude time das winter."

We took Ole to the station and sat down to rest three times on the way back. So all that terrific performance was a reward for Miss Spencer! "O gratitude!" says the poet, "how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

We were so dazed that night that it didn't occur to us to wonder why Miss Spencer stood for all the gratitude. But the next day, when the exercises were over, that young lady stepped down from the platform and was met by a tall chap whom she later introduced to us as a friend of the family from her home town. You can always spot these family friends by the way the girl blushes when she introduces them. Miss Spencer wore a fine new diamond ring and we knew what it meant. It was just another case where the girl came to school and the man stayed at home and built a seven-room house on a prominent corner four blocks from his hardware store and waited—and tried not to get any more jealous than possible. I suppose Miss Spencer used Ole as a sort of parachute to let Frankling down easily at the last. Anyway, we wiped the whole affair off the slate after that. She wasn't one of us anyway. Made us shiver to think of her. What if one of us had sailed in the Freshman year and cut Frankling out!

The Senator's Secretary

(Concluded from Page 27)

links of railroads and give our people the opportunity to get down to Colombia, to Bolivia, to Western Brazil, to Argentina, to Chile and Peru, and work the forests and the mines and the ranches and all the rest of the natural resources?

It is held that railroad expansion in this country is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, because it is impossible to get the money here, not only on account of the enormous cost of terminals—to cite one feature—but because of the restrictions that are constantly being thrown around the railroad enterprises by legislation and legislators. The men who built the great transcontinental lines, they say, built without this restriction, and could be induced to go into the project of connecting the links of the roads necessary to make an intercontinental system, for then they would be reasonably sure they would not be restricted in their operations as they are now being and have been in this country; and they would no doubt be welcomed by the countries they tapped and given great grants of land and other advantages.

These Republicans say that this would afford an outlet for the people, give them a chance for trade that they will never get through ship subsidy or any shipping project whatsoever; and if the plan could be so outlined as to stir the imagination, and be put out effectively by Mr. Taft, it might be the call to arms needed for the Republican party and help to return him to the White House. So far, only the germ of the thought is there. It has not been elaborated and it is acknowledged that it is but a repetition of the idea of James G. Blaine of twenty years ago, who saw clearly what conditions in this country would come to be. Of course Mr. Blaine's idea finally simmered down to the Bureau of American Republics, or Pan-American Union, as it is now called, which has an ornate marble home in Washington, built by Andrew Carnegie, and which is more of a club than anything else, although working busily to strengthen Pan-American relations.

The idea these men have in mind is a thousand times bigger than the Pan-American affair, a thousand times bigger than any previous presentation has been. It is for the exploitation of a hemisphere and for the building of the routes of transportation necessary for that exploitation. It comprehends the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, the building up of a mighty intercontinental commerce, the making of an outlet for the energies of our people; and contemplates the abandonment of the Orient as a field not fitted for exploitation by our people.

They are discussing the plan now, trying to frame it up in such a manner that it will appeal to the imagination and the commercial spirit of the people; and, though it may come to nothing, though it may never get beyond the dream stage, they are in hopes something may be done with it, realizing it will take a gigantic enterprise like this to bring back to the Grand Old Party the support that now seems lost.

They are hoping Mr. Taft will look with favor on the plan, that he will give thought to it, and that, if he thinks well of it, he will come forward at the proper time, with a ringing declaration that this should be our policy; that we are not fortunate in the Orient; that we should reserve our energies for the Western Hemisphere; that ours is the Western civilization and it should be our care to develop that civilization and that commerce to our own benefit and to the benefit of those who live in the Western Hemisphere—and not fuss with China and the East, where, at best, we start with a heavy handicap and where the handicap grows greater as the years go on.

It would not be surprising if, some day before this session of Congress ends, some Senator would get up and propose this plan in a great speech. It would not be surprising if the details are worked out much more definitely than indicated here. The fact is that these Republicans, concerned for the welfare of their party, acknowledging future defeat as conditions are at present, are determined to make a desperate effort to recall the people to their standard by firing their imagination—by promulgating a plan that shall appeal not only to the commercial spirit of Americans but to their patriotism as well. They may have other plans in view. They are canvassing this one. Presently, when the plan is worked out, it will be put up to the President for his consideration; and he will be asked to go before the people on it if he can see his way clear so to do.

They are not certain, of course, whether a ripple could be stirred by this plan. It may be the American people will not rise to it. It may not interest them. Still, the leaders are desperate. They know they must rally the Republicans somehow; and they are wondering and figuring and planning and guessing whether this battle-cry, "The West for the Westerners!" will do the business.

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If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc. in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.
Edw. B. Moon, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

THE AMERICAN BOY

The typical boys' magazine. Full of the topics which delight boy nature—how to make useful things; practical talks and diagrams on electricity, wireless, photography, popular science and nature study; clean sports; history, biography and current events; and a hundred other things. Beautifully illustrated. Endorsed by 250,000 bright boys, and half a million careful parents.
Only $1.00 for a full year.
10c a copy at news-stands.
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
109 Majestic Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

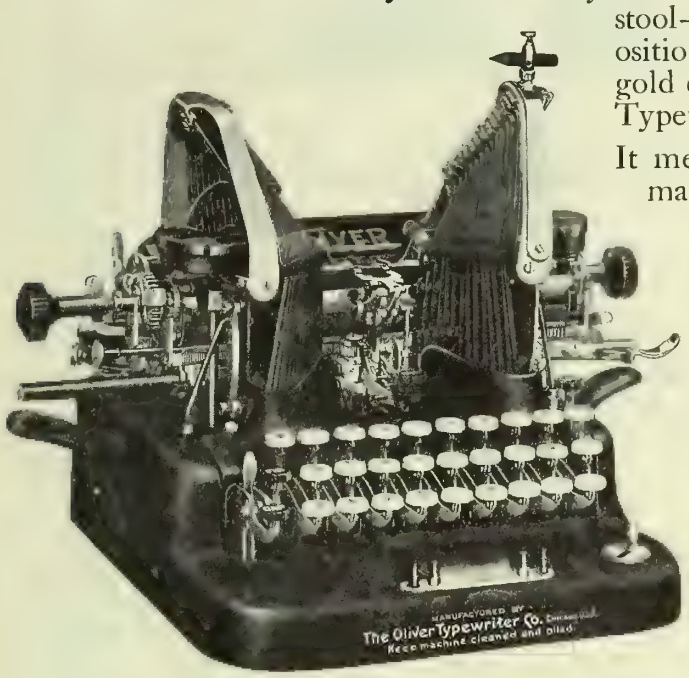
JUST RIGHT FOR YOUR BOY

Take Your Oliver Typewriter —Pay 17 Cents a Day!

A message of vital moment to the vast audience reached by The Saturday Evening Post.

We are selling the Oliver Typewriter—the Standard Visible Writer—the New Model No. 5—the regular $100 machine—for Seventeen Cents a Day! Whether you sit in the councils of great corporations or are perched on a bookkeeper's high stool—**whatever your part in the world's activities**—you are interested in a proposition that is **revolutionizing business.** Whether your income flows in a torrent of gold or slowly trickles in nickels, this "Seventeen-Cents-a-Day" offer of the Oliver Typewriter means something worth while to **you.**

It means that The Oliver Typewriter Company, by placing the world's best writing machine within everybody's reach, is hastening the day when beautiful, legible **typewriting** will become practically **universal.** The terrific pace of modern business demands mechanical aids of the highest degree of efficiency. Foremost among all the inventions that speed the day's work—that take the tension from **men** and transfer it to **machines**—is the **Oliver Typewriter.**



Mightiest Machine in World's Workshop

The Oliver Typewriter, the mightiest machine in the World's Workshop, is a prodigy in performance. It weaves the million threads of the world's daily transactions into the very fabric of business. It works with the smooth precision of an automatic machine. It adapts itself to the diversified needs of ten thousand business conditions. It covers the entire range of work done by other typewriters, in addition to its own special forms of service.

A Brilliant Array of Exclusive Features

The Oliver is illuminated by scores of brilliant innovations not found on other typewriters. Its remarkable time-saving devices and conveniences include the Vertical and Horizontal Line Ruler, the Disappearing Indicator, the Back Spacer, the Tabulator, the Adjustable Paper Feed, the Double Release, the Automatic Spacer, the Locomotive Base.

Time and again, when our existing models met every demand of the public, we have brought out important **improvements** at great expense, without adding a cent to the price.

Why Not Have 100% Efficiency?

The Oliver Typewriter has an efficiency of 100 per cent, every day in the week and from one year's end to another.

Its printing mechanism works freely in a framework of solid steel, which gives wonderful stability and the limit of durability.

It operates with the lightest touch and thus prevents fatigue. The swiftest operator cannot overtake the speed of an Oliver Typewriter. It writes in beautiful, readable type and, of course, it **writes in sight.**

Every office, whether equipped with one Oliver Typewriter or a battery of Olivers, secures the very maximum of typewriter service at the minimum of cost and labor.

The Oliver Typewriter in the Home

The simplicity, strength and easy operation of the Oliver Typewriter make it most desirable for use in the home.

It contributes constantly to the convenience and pleasure of the family circle. As an educator alone it is worth many times 17 cents a day. To the young people it is a stepping stone to profitable business employment.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver Typewriter is absolutely unique in design. That is the key to its greatness. The basic idea upon which its towering supremacy rests is its wonderful Double Type-Bar. What the Selden Patent is to the automobile, this principle is to the typewriter, **only we do not license its use on any other writing machine.**

The Double Type-Bar gives the Oliver Typewriter its positive DOWNWARD STROKE, the secret of **perfect printing, light touch, easy operation and perfect alignment.**

Hitch Your Pennies to the Oliver!

Having simplified the **typewriter** to the utmost, we have now simplified its **purchase** until you can own it for the trifling sum of Seventeen Cents a Day.

A small cash payment brings you the magnificent new model Oliver No. 5.

Then you save Seventeen Cents a Day and pay **monthly** until the machine is **yours.**

No matter what typewriter you are using, you can turn it in as first payment on the Oliver and let **pennies** complete the purchase.

Whether you pay in full when you receive the new machine, or whether we wait while you pay at the rate of Seventeen Cents a Day, **sign and mail the "Reminder" Blank** and get the handsome Catalog and full details of the popular Penny Plan. (59)

A Reminder to "DO IT NOW!"

The Oliver Typewriter Company
633 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen:—

Please send your Art Catalog and details of **"17-Cents-a-Day"** offer on the Oliver Typewriter.

Name _____

Address

Sales Department **The Oliver Typewriter Company**
633 Oliver Typewriter Building **CHICAGO, ILL.**

ESAU IN SEARCH OF A HOME

(Continued from Page 5)

This corruption of the clear intent of the Homestead Law, or even of the legal, proper intent of the Commutation Law, was the foundation of many of the vast timber fortunes of America, and thus was made some of the rottenest of all rotten American money. That was where the plow, the home, the baby and the cause of freedom emphatically did not get a square deal.

Meantime the cattle business was advancing across the arid plains, and active and highly intelligent cowpunchers were "homesteading" waterfronts for later cattle kings. Volumes could be written of the warfare between these kings and the genuine homesteaders who came in later. Those were the times when the fair intent of the Homestead Law was vitiated, and when corporations and individuals began to grab large blocks of land. Had the law been enforced, or could it be enforced today, there would be confiscation of many large American fortunes which, in plain English and plain truth, were begun and built up in fraud and theft from the public possessions. Of course it made little difference to Uncle Sam whether or not every stickling detail of the law had been complied with, provided he got an actual settler on each quarter section, who really would use his plow and pay his taxes. It did make a vast difference, however, when just a few individuals began to get hold of vast tracts of land.

Of course these subtractions from the public domain were not noticed much at the time. After all, land still was a fluid in much of the great American West. For many years the great state of Texas, which retained her own lands and did not turn them in to the United States Government at all, did her best to sell land at two, three or five cents an acre; and she gave away vast tracts to persons who made any kind of a bluff at improving her roads and waterways. These lands are now selling at ten to twenty-five dollars an acre, but even at these prices the great state of Texas is the main ally of the United States in the task of supplying homes to the importunate.

Texas has always been more American than America itself, and its very name calls up, better than any other, the idea of a wide, wild, free and unfenced country. In no way can the present pinch for land be so clearly understood as in the statement that even Texas has begun to realize that land is land. Her millions of acres, now so valuable an adjunct in the remaining West, once lay over all the out-of-doors, uncared-for, unmeasured and unmeted.

Whole Counties Lost in the Shuffle

Texas was always debated ground. For a very long time the Government at Washington did not know the limits of the United States upon the west and southwest. Texas might have been called a part of the Empire of Spain by virtue of the Spanish conquest in 1521. It might have been called part of La Salle's province of Louisiana, by reason of his occupation in 1682. It might have been called again the property of Spain when the Spaniards from Mexico wiped out the remnant of the French inhabitants. But then the Spaniards again withdrew, and the land reverted to its original owners—the Lipans and Comanches. Then the French began to spread westward from the foot of the great river, and once more the Spanish came up from Mexico to beat them back. In 1763 the territory of Louisiana was transferred from France to Spain. In 1801 it was ceded again to France and in 1803 purchased by the United States. But the line of the Spanish possessions on the southwest was not settled. In trying to discover where that line lay, in 1819, the United States and Spain referred to Mellish's map of the United States, which was "improved to the 1st of January, 1818."

Mr. Mellish was as strong a mapmaker as anybody in his time, so we ought not to complain if he placed the one-hundredth meridian of longitude a hundred miles east of where it lies astronomically, and made the Red River rise in the Snow Mountains just east of Santa Fe. With some such few trifling exceptions, his map was good enough for a day when land meant simply all out-of-doors and when metes and bounds were not included in human consideration. We did not get this Texas business straightened out in 1819 or in 1836; and when Texas was admitted, in 1845, the best we could do was to refer to the lines of 1819, which never had been marked upon the ground. Along about then a United States army captain got courtmartialed for disarming a bunch of Texans who were projecting around in what is now Greer County, Oklahoma, and the United States had to pay cash indemnity for this mistake!

This incident goes to show the apparent exhaustlessness and boundlessness of the American West at a time hardly longer ago than yesterday. It was no wonder, when we come to think of these matters, that Texas cowmen simply took what range they liked and that the real patent to the land was worn in the cowman's scabbard. When he did not like a "nester" he either killed him or kicked him out. It was but very recently that the increasing values of lands, brought about by the advent of this same nester, put an end to open ranging of cattle and thus eventually caused the breaking up of the great ranches that now comprise so great a part of the available agricultural lands of the West.

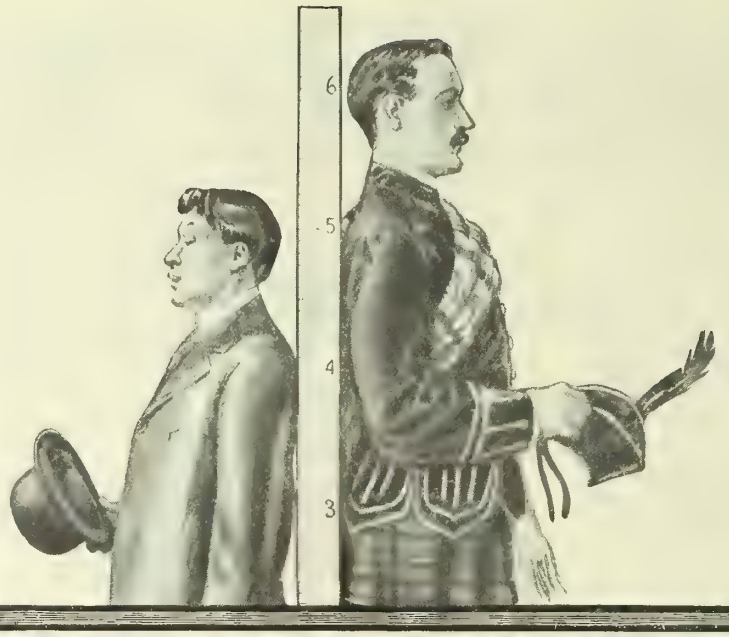
A Joker in the Land Law

Meantime, though Texas land was beginning to advance in value, the idea of beating the United States land laws elsewhere was rapidly spreading. It was discovered that a mineral claim also would hold down timberland, water-rights—almost anything of a desirable nature. First one and then another ingenious evasion of the intent of the land laws found its way into practice. There was no real respect for the land laws and there was no real idea of the value of our public domain.

A vast cry arose in Congress about this time that the honest farmer ought to have a chance to get a little wood-lot for himself and the loved ones at home. He ought to have a chance to purchase one hundred and sixty acres of land carrying timber or stone, provided the same was "not fit for agricultural purposes." Speaking of jokers, here was one far larger than any load of hay, yet wholly invisible to the bucolic eye of Congress at the time. Almost all that land, rapidly gobbled up under this iniquitous land law on the basis that it was "not fit for agriculture," has now been slashed off and is on the market today, much of it now loudly touted as the best agricultural land on earth. Meantime the best pine timber on earth has been harvested from it.

If the original homestead act was the most beneficent piece of legislation ever passed in our country the Timber and Stone Act was the most wholly damnable one ever passed in any country. Already corporations had begun secretly to grab and steal. Many lumber fortunes were made by cutting timber on the public domain. It happened so far back in the woods that no one knew about it; and after a tree was sawed into boards it was held too late to make any fuss about it. Many later aristocrats got their start by the honest and hardworking process of putting up a sawmill or so at the edge of a tract which "nobody owned." But this was a sort of picayune business after all—being only theft and not the more glorious act of piracy. The Timber and Stone Act was unique and highly desirable because it allowed corporations to steal while they were watched! We shall take up later on, perhaps, some of the methods by which clerks, stenographers, waitresses and all sorts of unattached folks were colonized on timber tracts in absolute violation of the honest intent of the law—if it ever had any honest intent.

Now came the Timber Culture Act, intended by a groping and well-meaning Congress to accomplish no less a stunt than the entire change of atmospheric conditions. Some one had told Congress that trees induce moisture, and that there ought to be more moisture on our arid lands. Ergo—plain as the nose on your face—we ought to plant trees on our arid lands. To any man who would plant trees—or rather, who would swear that he had planted trees—and keep them alive for a while, we would give one hundred and sixty acres of land. You may have seen some of the yellow fringes of cottonwoods out in Kansas, Nebraska or elsewhere. Today some of these cottonwoods are large and they stand on good farms. As to the general



What the Scots Owe to Oatmeal

Archdeacon Sinclair—a Scotsman—in an address in London to working lads said: "I had four brothers, all six feet high. My father had fourteen brothers and sisters, ranging from six feet to six feet eight inches. And all were brought up on oatmeal."

In Scotland oatmeal is the national dish. In China and Japan it is little consumed. These are the two extremes of the races as regards average height.

American Statistics

By a house-to-house canvass among the least informed, we find that not one home in twelve serves oats.

In the lowliest vocations, but a trifling percentage came from oatmeal homes.

A canvass of 61 poorhouses shows that but one in each 13 of the inmates had been oatmeal bred. And only two per cent of the prisoners in four great penitentiaries had oatmeal as a childhood food.

But, in sections where live the highly intelligent, seven out of eight are oatmeal homes. Four-fifths of all physicians—we wrote to 12,000—serve oatmeal on their tables. Out of 50 leading professors interviewed in one university, 48 regularly serve oatmeal.

Four in five of all college students came from oatmeal homes. So did two-thirds of the teachers of children. So did the great majority of the successful in every walk of life.

We also found that Boston consumes 22 times as much oatmeal per capita as do two certain states with low average education.

The Significance

The larger the percentage of the well-informed the larger the use of oatmeal. That is everywhere apparent.

They who know food values know that oatmeal is the best-balanced food—the ideal food—especially for the years of growth.

It is richer than all other cereals in proteids, the body-builders, the energy-giving foods.

It is richer than all others in organic phosphorus and lecithin, the builders of brains and nerves.

For the years of growth, or the years of maturity, we have no other food which compares with oatmeal. We have none that is more delicious.

Quaker Oats

Made Only of Luscious Grains

The best oats we can buy are sifted 62 times to pick out the rich, plump grains. We get only ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel. These selected grains, rolled and prepared by our process, form the richest and best oat food in existence. Millions of people, scattered all the world over, have proved this fact by experience.

You get the oats that children love—the richest, best flavored and most nutritious—when you get Quaker Oats.

Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

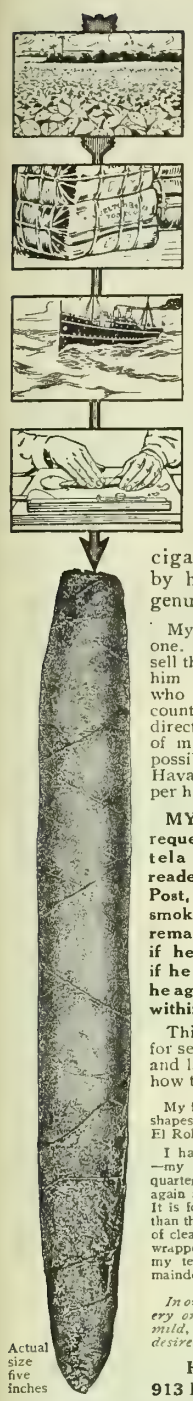
The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.

Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

(81)



Actual size five inches

I Mean *This* When I say "Havana"

When I tell you that the filler of my Panatela cigar is long Havana leaf tobacco there is no hidden meaning in my words.

I do not mean that the tobacco is grown from Havana seed in Florida or Pennsylvania. I mean that the filler is actually grown and cut on the island of Cuba, then baled and shipped to me at Philadelphia. When the duty is paid, this tobacco is removed to my model factory where skilled men cigar-makers roll the cigars by hand, using a wrapper of genuine, imported Sumatra.

My next step is a purely original one. The usual course would be to sell these cigars to a jobber and let him distribute them to retailers who would sell them over the counter at 10c. each. Instead, I sell direct to you without the assistance of middlemen and thus make it possible for you to buy a real Havana filled cigar for five dollars per hundred.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

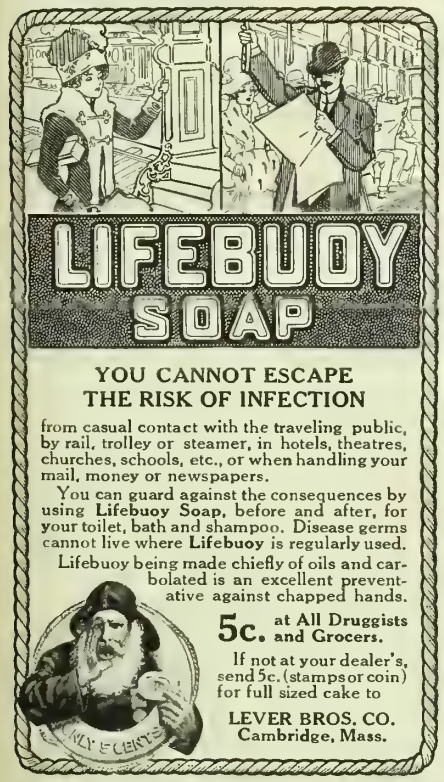
This offer has not been changed for seven years, because it is as fair and liberal a proposition as I know how to make.

My free book tells about the several other shapes and sizes I make, including my El Rolinzo, or clear Havana cigars.

I have a new cigar at $5.00 per hundred —my Shivers' Club Special, four and a quarter inches long and about half as thick again as the Panatela, and nicely shaped. It is for smokers who desire a richer cigar than the thin shapes give. It is hand made of clear Havana filler and genuine Sumatra wrapper of the finest quality, and sold on my terms—smoke ten and return the remainder if you don't like them.

In ordering please use business stationery or give reference and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.



YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THE RISK OF INFECTION

from casual contact with the traveling public, by rail, trolley or steamer, in hotels, theatres, churches, schools, etc., or when handling your mail, money or newspapers.

You can guard against the consequences by using **Lifebuoy Soap**, before and after, for your toilet, bath and shampoo. Disease germs cannot live where **Lifebuoy** is regularly used.

Lifebuoy being made chiefly of oils and carbolated is an excellent preventative against chapped hands.

5c. at All Druggists and Grocers.

If not at your dealer's, send 5c. (stamps or coin) for full sized cake to

LEVER BROS. CO.
Cambridge, Mass.

Becker's Patent Interlocking Foot Rest Instantly attached to any Radiator. Adjustable and durable. Gilt or Aluminum finish. Price $2.00, express prepaid. Agents wanted.
H. P. BECKER, Gloversville, New York.

FINISHING 12 POSTCARDS, 35c
Developing rolls, 6 ex., 10c. Best cameras and photo supplies at money-saving prices. Write for our new Photo Book.
LAFLIN CO., Dept. K, Bush Temple, Chicago, Ill.

experiment of growing trees where God had not put them, it was a failure. The United States Land Office is still cleaning up remnants of some of those unsatisfied tree claims.

But we were coming on in wisdom. The Tree Culture Act was merged and suspended by the Forest Reserve acts. We were still monkeying with the arid land proposition, and our first forestry efforts were done with the purely scientific intent of watering the land and of keeping the climate—not changing it—by preserving such of our remaining forests as the commutation homestead acts had not already gutted. Often these reserves included treeless lands, and sometimes forest lands were leased to sheep or cow men. We were beginning to learn about good business and were groping upward toward the light.

The United States Land Office may be traced as to its organization to acts of 1796, 1812, 1816, 1831, 1836 and 1849. Even at that last date we might be able to witness a very considerable change of popular idea as to the value of the ground we stand on; although at that time we were mere infants in corporation methods. The jurisdiction of the land department was later worked out through a series of important test cases. Of these the most interesting conclusion is that, though the legal title to land remains in the Government, the Secretary of the Interior is charged with the supervisory authority and duty of determining its proper disposition.

Later Homestead Acts

In the matter of national forests, the Interior and Agriculture Departments divide jurisdiction—one controlling the title to the land, the other having custody of the forests. It is plain to be seen that at almost any time, from 1796 down, there has been room for an argument about the distribution of the ground we stand on.

As to our individual shares in that distribution, there is a long series of decisions bearing on the acquisition of title to the public lands. We may note the Preëmption Act of 1841, which with its various amendments and expansions ran until 1891, when it was repealed. Under this act, time, cash and a chance to get a rapid mortgage made constituent parts. You and I ought to have gone West before March 3, 1891, at which time this act was repealed. It bore more especially upon agricultural lands. Those who desired to run sawmills were respectfully referred, for colonization purposes, to the Timber and Stone Act of beloved memory. This latter act has not yet been repealed, because we still have left a little timber.

The Homestead Act, the one genuine and irreproachable feature of our land laws, is first recorded as of May 20, 1862; and there are further acts of 1864, 1866 and 1872.

We now reach the time of the desert-land acts—1877, 1891, 1908. This brings us to the important matters of irrigation and of dry-land farming today.

The Timber Culture Act of 1878 was repealed March 3, 1891, and modified March 3, 1893. Under the workings of this we shall find many pleasant and interesting little stories of real life in America.

The Timber and Stone Act, still living as a monument of Washingtonian wisdom, was passed June 3, 1878, just eleven days before the Timber Culture Act. Both of these acts were probably wholly honest in their original intent, although both were widely abused.

Passing to the right as we enter, next we have before us the highly intelligent national enactment known as the Forest Reserve Lieu Selections. In the working out of this model piece of modern legislation regarding the ground we stand on, there is a joker—and a large one. Nay, did we say one joker? There are more than one. This act has been a three-ring circus, with three clowns, all performing at the same time and in full public view. There has been larger and more generous stealing done under this, perhaps, than almost any other of our enactments which bear upon valuable parts of the ground which once we fondly thought belonged to you and me. Space, of course, lacks for consideration of this interesting piece of literature at the present moment. It is deserving of elaborate respects.

We passed enactments regarding arid lands in 1888 and we passed the interesting and useful Reclamation Act on June 17, 1902. We are coming down now right to today, the time when we have to do with

HOT-WATER HEATED BY THE ANDREWS SYSTEM

WE SAVED THE OWNER $160.00

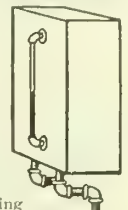
A Doctor Says:—

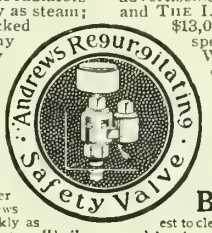
ANDREWS HEATING CO.: Boise, Idaho, Jan. 14, 1910.
As the comforts of home so much depend upon satisfactory heating, I gave this careful study, inquiring thoroughly into the various systems of hot water, steam and hot air. I found the universal approval of the Andrews System remarkable—all expressing highest satisfaction.
My neighbor says it requires 12 hours for him to heat his radiators. My radiators get hot in twenty-five minutes. He uses another make. Our houses are the same size. He uses 40% more coal. I put the grate in myself, working evenings, and saved over $200. We are more than satisfied.
Very truly yours, L. C. BOWERS, M. D.

A Heating Man With Ideas

WHEN some one says "invention" you just naturally think of Edison. When any one talks of hot water heating you ought to think of Andrews. Andrews was the pioneer manufacturer of the modern improvements that have made hot water heating possible and popular. He first commercialized the small steel boiler for heating; he invented the Regurgitating Safety Valve, which increases by 50% the heating power of radiation and piping; he made the first metal to metal radiator connection, a joint that never wears out; he used the Group System of Piping that makes all the radiators heat up together and almost as quickly as steam; he first shipped heating plants "Knocked Down" to any part of the world so any handy man could put them up as well by Andrews methods as a steam fitter. He first included an automatic temperature control as an essential part of a heating plant; he first sold heating plants on 360 Days' Free Trial Guaranteed by Bond. His methods of doing business are so far in advance of others in his line that the leading heating and plumbing paper published a description of them and recommended that the heating trade follow Andrews methods for their own protection. He has invented many specialties used on big heating plants and many tools used in his big factory.

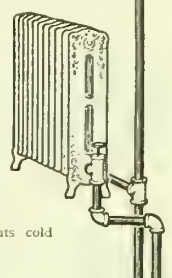
Twelve years ago he did the first general heating advertising and has kept increasing, being the first to use double page heating advertisements in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL at a cost of $13,000 per insertion, the largest amount ever spent for a single heating advertisement. When you go to Andrews you go to headquarters for heating plants and ideas. He has always been in the lead and is now trying out some new ideas which are nearly ready for the public. One of the most important features is the Andrews Locomotive Steel Boiler.





Andrews Regurgitating Valve makes your radiators one-half hotter in very cold weather. It makes Andrews Hot Water System heat up your house as quickly as steam without any steam plant disadvantages; stops "boiling over." It is simple, automatic, safe. There are many imperfect imitations. Get the original.

Andrews Locomotive Boiler is made of strongest steel plate like big powerboilers, is easiest to clean, has more than two times as much heating surface and fire travel as others. It costs more but will save you from $20 to $200 every winter for coal. Ask users near you.



Automatic Temperature Control

The Andrews keeps the whole house at 70 degrees or any other point you wish. No need to get up in a cold house in the morning to start up the fire. It saves bother with the dampers and keeps the house just right all the time even when you are away. It watches the fire and saves you the bother. Andrews Thermostat is Guaranteed for Life; if it ever wears out return it for a new one free.

Our Big Factory

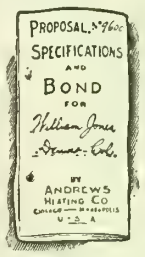
Has capacity of 3000 complete Heating, Plumbing, Water Supply and Sewage Disposal Systems per year. Equipped with special tools and labor saving devices that reduce labor to half usual cost. We sell direct from Factory and save you jobbers' and middlemen's profits.

Group System of Piping makes all the rooms heat up together; prevents cold corners and drafts—sore throats and colds.

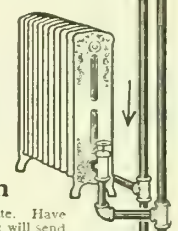
Over 500 Miles of Andrews Systems In 44 States and Canada

A Good Heating Plant depends on two things—good material and good design. A few manufacturers also make good material but they do no designing. They leave all that to the local dealer who is not an engineer. It's just as sensible to expect a house painter to paint your portrait—he could slap on the paint all right, but you wouldn't so waste your money. Why run chances of wasting your money and health on a poor heating plant when you can get an engineer to do it for you?

The reason why Andrews sells thousands of hot water heating plants all over the United States and Canada is because Andrews Plants are sure to be right. Users' recommendations are the biggest source of new business.



Andrews Hot Water Engineers are famous for the excellence of Andrews Plants. They tell you what they need to know about your house; they design the plant; then they make it complete in the factory and ship it to you "knocked down" so any handy man can put it in. If you don't want to do the work they will arrange with a local dealer or send one of their own fitters to put it in.



You Need Andrews Free Estimate

Send your architect's plans or a rough sketch of house showing size of rooms, windows, height of ceilings and construction and get our free estimate of cost complete in your house; big book on Heating and complete specifications. This puts you under no obligation to buy. You owe it to yourself to get Andrews information before you buy anywhere or of us.

How to Get An Andrews System

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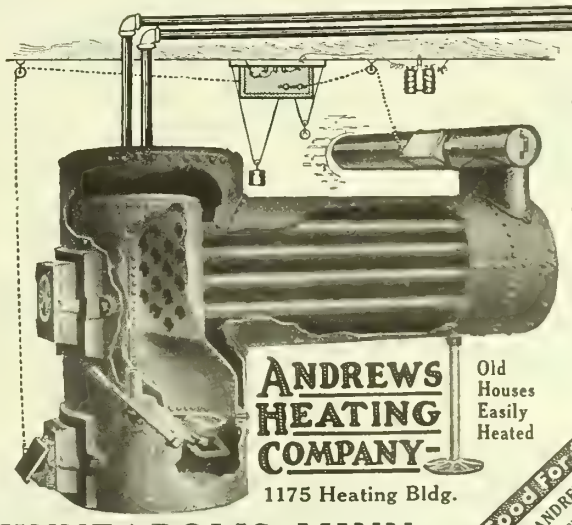

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tag ends of arid lands and when irrigation is necessary, and when we have proved to our own satisfaction that we cannot change the climate by planting a row of yellow cottonwoods. The working out of public and private irrigation enterprises is something which very likely lies along one of the pleasant paths mentioned in the foregoing.

Coal lands are treated in the act of March 3, 1873. Some very curious and interesting phenomena of civilization have been offered us under this act, which was extended as to Alaska by acts of 1900, 1904 and 1908.

Lands Gobbled by Railroads

Congress began to make grants to railroads in 1850, extended the business in 1856 and pushed it on in the acts of 1862 and 1864. A railroad grant in combination with a forest reserve lieu selection act can do wonders in the way of civilization, as perhaps we may later evidence. The acreage alienated in railroad grants was absolutely enormous. The complications which since that time have arisen for humble Americans, by reason of the arrogance of railroads thus made rich, also are something absolutely enormous. They all have to do with the ground we stand on—and it does not stretch.

There were still a few other ways of getting rid of the public domain to individuals or corporations; and when Congress got fully warmed up to the work—in 1875, 1891, 1896, 1897, 1901 and 1905—it began to pass in rapid succession a lot of acts having to do with rights-of-way for railroads, canals, reservoirs, pipelines and tramroads.

Now, just taking a hasty and casual look over the record of our national wisdom in running a land bargain counter, let us ask ourselves a candid question: Isn't the foregoing about the handsomest layout for a get-rich-quick operation that ever was invented in the history of nations? Fine for Colonel Jacob; but just a trifle rough on Corporal Esau. At least, this was the machinery under which the public domain of the United States was distributed. This was how we got or did not get the ground we stand on or would like to stand on. It has had a lot to do with home, babies, plows and freedom.

Even thus, we do not yet smoke out all of the land proposition and its brood of problems. It is not enough to point out how the United States has defrauded itself or defrauded us, or even yet how we have defrauded the United States. Not content with that, we have at all times been busily engaged in defrauding each other in land matters.

The buying of a piece of land ought to be considered the duty of every good citizen. No man ought merely to be a dependent, hiring a tenure on the earth's surface, claiming no more than his six feet of ground as his own. He not only ought to buy himself some land but he ought to do so intelligently. If there is any ceremony on earth that ought to be opened with prayer it certainly is that of purchasing a farm, a home, a piece of land, a part of the ground we stand on. Yet in no particular have we Americans been more imbecile than in this most important matter. It is wholly astonishing to discover how often we are credulous when we should be discreet.

The most damaging of all frauds are those committed against the individual homeseeker. Carried too far, this sort of fraud leads to a complete unsettling of public confidence in values, just as it leads to the most enormous and deadly forms of industrial waste. If we look back over our history of land distribution it seems almost as though we have been more concerned with discouraging the settler than with helping him on. This is more especially true regarding all the land laws except the Homestead Act; but, under the operation of each and every one of these distribution laws, it has been a case of the devil take the hindmost. And by the hindmost, of course, we mean the credulous, the weak and the ignorant. Very often these also are the poor. Alas! these, who could least afford to lose, these whom we could least afford to lose, have been not only the indirect prey of unscrupulous corporations but the direct prey of unscrupulous men.

At every station of the advancing or rather changing system of our land laws, there has hung upon the flank of our civilization the creature known as the land shark. He was known in Virginia in the time of Washington and operated in the Carolinas before the Revolutionary War was done. He defrauded poor old Daniel Boone out of his hard-earned acres in Kentucky and followed him across the Mississippi to repeat that operation. He has defrauded countless thousands of farmholders out of their lands; has defrauded yet other thousands by the sale or pretended sale of worthless properties. He has acted as the tool and the agent of rich men seeking combinations of mining lands, lumber lands, ranching lands, agricultural lands; and always his victims have been among the ignorant and the weak—those who could least afford to lose.

Naturally, as has been stated, the time was especially ripe for the land shark when there began the recent boom in country life, conservation and "back to the land." That cry of "back to the land" fell upon no readier ears than those of the unscrupulous land shark. He saw in the awakening of popular interest in farm life the greatest opportunity he or his kind had known for a generation. Within the last five years there has been more money picked up from the American people in rice lands, truck lands, apple lands, farm lands, alfalfa lands, fruit lands, eucalyptus lands, pecan lands, orange lands, catalpa lands, reclaimed lands, irrigated lands, oil lands, cut-over lands and all other sorts of lands, than has been harvested before in many decades. Prices have gone up. There has been literally a scramble for Western lands; with what results we shall later see.

The great press for land is a desirable, helpful, genuine thing. It is the best sign of health and sanity visible in our modern life. It is the sanest note in a clamorous and somewhat vulgar discordance. It is perfectly obvious that times such as we now know in America cannot long endure in this country. The breaking point is almost at hand. It is no longer a fight of Republican and Democrat, but a fight over an insufficient supply of food, a lack of the wealth produced by the soil. We have too many people to feed, too little food produced and too much juggling with the natural prices of that food. In all history food situations have been dangerous situations. The bitterest of all wars are bread wars; and that sort of war never has but one end. Good Business and Big Politics and the Divine Right of Kings all get off at the same station of the road when the real time comes for their stepping down and out. It was the price of food which influenced the last election. It will determine the next Presidential election also.

Poor Old Esau!

Now many of these individual, business and political questions revert to the wide and general one of the sudden disappearance of the ground we stand on. The thing we really want and must have is an honest, actual settlement of the soil, an actual building of homes. It is along these lines only that our wealth can increase. There is nothing better—indeed, nothing so good—as the popular tendency back to the soil. What, then, could be more unfortunate than that such a tendency should furnish opportunity for sharpers who make money out of their own lack of conscience and the average man's lack of knowledge? Multifold and curious are the schemes by which the land shark defrauds the public: so many and so flagrant that often Uncle Sam denies him the use of the mails; so many and so flagrant that today at least a few of the high-class periodicals decline to take any real-estate advertising, on the ground that they cannot always sufficiently depend upon its reliability. What a commentary upon what ought to be the most sacredly scrupulous merchandising of all the merchandising of the world! The buying of the home itself not on as square a basis as the buying and selling of the supplies that go into that home! Land selling—the one vital, clean and honorable thing—degraded to the basis of mere risk and gambling! Yet such are the facts.

Poor old Esau! Poor old hairy-pawed, hardworking, square-stepping, decent old chap! He wants a home, even though that shall mean to certain bright minds—who perhaps have no home of their own—that he is to be technically known as a hick, a rube, a farmer or a countryman. Rather let us call him a man and a citizen—and that of the most essential sort.

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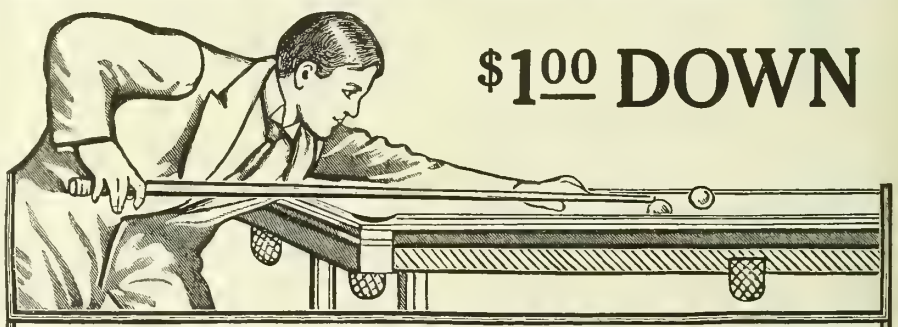

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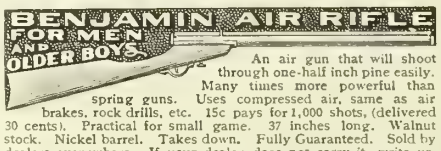

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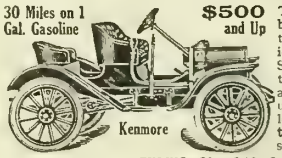

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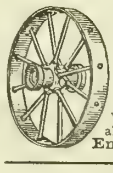

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THE HIGH HAND

(Continued from Page 19)

"I think I understand. You like energy for energy's sake. I should imagine you would." She gave him a sidelong glance. "You're that type of man."

They walked on in silence for a long way, their feet crunching rhythmically in the gravel of the beach. Finally Jim Warren paused to throw a stone into the tumbling surf. She watched it until a spurt of water far out marked the spot where it fell. Then again they walked on.

"It's very curious that you and I should meet again; isn't it?" he remarked idly.

"Curious? Not particularly. Why?"

He didn't say; he didn't know. Gradually there was stealing over him the spell of yesterday that strange, quiet content that he was coming to associate with her. Conversation seemed utterly useless. She, too, seemed to feel the mystic charm of silence. When she did speak it was merely because it seemed necessary to say something.

"Do you intend to make a—a profession of politics?"

"Well, I should hate to have people call me a professional politician," he said. "I'm in it to stay, if that's what you mean. I'm ambitious, you know."

"Naturally. What is your ambition?"

"I haven't the faintest idea yet, beyond—beyond certain things." He looked down at her gravely. "I don't know where I'll stop."

"Well, the next step up would be the state senate, wouldn't it?" She smiled. "State Senator Warren! It would sound very imposing and sonorous!"

"Ye-es," Jim Warren agreed.

"Then Congressman Warren! Then Governor Warren! Then United States Senator Warren! Then ——"

"Just a minute, please. This rapid promotion is making me dizzy."

The girl laughed. With the laugh passed that singular moodiness which she had felt stealing upon her.

"I consider myself rather an apt pupil in this political game," he remarked, his eyes, grown whimsical again, fixed on her face. "I hope to cut out some of the intermediate rungs of the ladder. In other words, it is my modest intention to climb the political stairs two steps at a time."

"Well, please don't get the governorship bee in your bonnet. Papa wants that."

Jim Warren looked at her quickly with narrowed eyes; the remark was innocent of meaning.

"Isn't it queer," she went on musingly, "how the pursuit of an ambition makes one oblivious to everything else? Ambition, after all, is a lust for power, and power is what we all seek—isn't it? Papa wants to be the next governor—he will be the next governor—but he won't be satisfied with that. He's already looking on ahead toward a United States senatorship. Really, I don't believe it has ever occurred to him that while he is governor he may be able to do things for the people. He doesn't seem to think of that at all. He's only thinking of what he can do as governor to advance his chances of becoming United States senator."

Vaguely Jim Warren was wondering whether the girl knew how accurately she had summarized the situation. Of course she didn't know, but he couldn't have said it more pointedly himself. She turned upon him with shining eyes.

"Mr. Lewis tells me that your political future is assured," she added. "I'm very glad. I like to think that you will owe all your achievements to his generosity."

"To his—what?" asked Jim Warren.

"His generosity," she explained. "I mean his withdrawal, of course. That made your election possible."

"Why, I'd have ——" And there Jim Warren stopped; he had remembered the ties that bound this girl to Lewis. "I forgot. You didn't read the newspaper accounts of my campaign?"

"No." Her eyes dropped. She had become quite serious. "I told you why. Let's not go into that again." She was silent a moment; then brightly: "You interrupted yourself. You started to say something, then shut up like a clam. What was it?"

"You know about my campaign only from what Mr. Lewis has told you?"

"Yes." Her eyes opened a little. "He explained all of it to me—why he retired in your favor and the rest of it."

Jim Warren flung another stone into the sea. He, too, was serious deadly serious.

"I don't think we'd better discuss politics, Miss Tillinghast," he remarked irrelevantly.

"Why not?" There was a perplexed wrinkle in her brow. "Why shouldn't we? What was it you started to say?"

"It doesn't amount to anything, really." Suddenly Jim Warren tired of this game of half-spoken truths. He was possessed of an idea to make her understand. "I started to say," he went on deliberately, "that I would have beaten Lewis anyhow. His withdrawal meant nothing."

Edna stared at him with dilated eyes.

"You mean you would have won without Mr. Lewis' support?"

"Certainly." He made no pretense of softening an obvious fact.

"How?"—imperiously.

"How?" Jim Warren repeated blankly. "By continuing to do what I started out to do; by showing Lewis'—er—his connection with—er ——" He stopped abruptly.

"By continuing your attacks on Mr. Lewis, you mean?" she demanded hotly. "It's easy to campaign on personalities. That's what you were doing, wasn't it?"

For a moment Jim Warren regarded her tensely. A tendril of her hair was blowing free across her face; her limpid eyes were alive as flame.

"I shouldn't have called it that," he said slowly.

"But that's what it was!"

"There are personalities and personalities. If I should criticise the cut of a man's coat or his cross-eyes or his bow-legs that is one thing. On the other hand, if I should attack his public record and show that he was—er—show that he had made mistakes which—which compromised his honesty, that is quite another matter."

There was nothing of fear in Edna's sudden drawing away from him—only aversion. He saw it instantly and understood it. If it had only been fear!

"Do you pay all your debts of gratitude in this coin?" she asked coldly.

"I owe no debt of gratitude to ——" He stopped, ashamed of himself.

"I am not a child, Mr. Warren. I understand that for political gain it is always possible to magnify a trivial incident into a mountain of evil if one is clever, as you are, and if one has his partisans, as you have."

"You don't know why he quit in my favor!" he went on ruthlessly.

"I do know. He explained it to me."

"He must have had a busy minute of it!"

The girl's face went white with anger. She turned upon him with the reproof that burned upon her lips.

"That's cowardly!" Her voice was broken by the intensity of her emotion. "Cowardly!" she repeated helplessly.

"I beg your pardon," said Jim Warren hastily. "I shouldn't have said that. I was afraid a political discussion would result in ——" A madness seized upon him. What was the good of all this dissimulation? She must understand sometime. He would make her understand now. "If a soldier, who is sworn to defend his country, allows himself to be bribed to betray that country, they shoot him, don't they?"

"Well?"

"They don't shoot members of the legislature."

"You mean that Mr. Lewis ——"

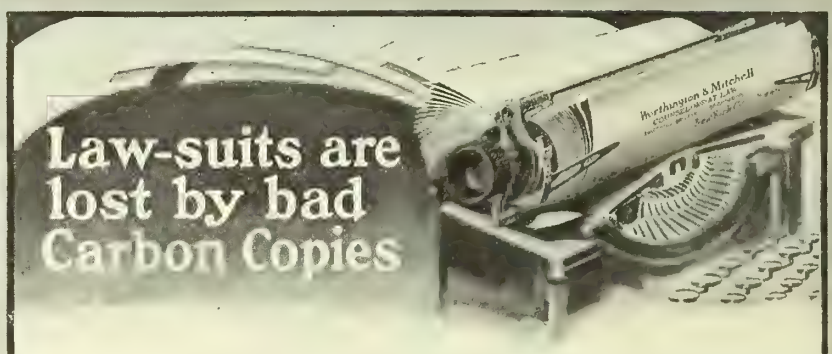
"Some day you will understand."

XIX

NEVER before in his thirty-two years had Jim Warren come face to face with the eternal problem of woman. It took him days and days to discover for himself a thing Adam knew thousands of years ago -that woman is irreducible by any known formula, mathematical or otherwise. If there had only been figures and symbols and rules! But there are none—alas! In the absence of these he betook himself to the solitude of his room and attempted to reason it all out. Now reason is not only inapplicable but wholly superfluous in any consideration of the woman problem. So is logic. But Jim Warren didn't know that.

On the evening of his return to the city Lewis dropped in, as he had said he would. Jim Warren stared at him dully.

"Well, how did you come out?" Lewis wanted to know.



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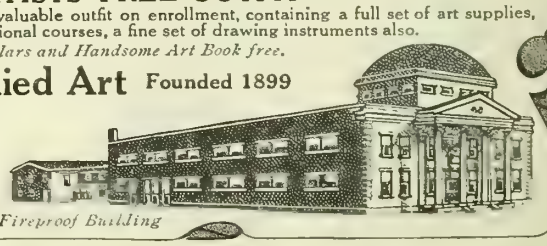

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"Tillinghast has made me chairman of the Committee on Public Structures," said Jim Warren.

"Very good!" That was according to the plan.

"And a member of the Committee on Railroads."

"The Committee on ——" Lewis stopped and gazed at him in utter astonishment. "Did you—er—draw a gun on him—or anything?"

"No!"—simply.

"What else?" Lewis was sarcastic.

"Nothing."

After a little while Lewis went away and Jim Warren resumed his pondering on the problem in hand. It was simple enough, consisting as it did of only one question: Why couldn't a woman—Edna Tillinghast, to be exact—understand that a man who sold his own vote and influence in the legislature of his state, and trafficked in the votes of others, was just as much a traitor to his country as was a soldier who walked into the enemy's camp and delivered over the plans of campaign? Of course, in this instance the girl loved the man; but should love make her blind to his crookedness? Evidently it had—but should it? In all his moody ponderings he was able to find only one answer to that.

There was a hullabaloo in the legislative chamber on the following morning when Dwight Tillinghast announced the Committee on Public Structures and the Committee on Railroads. Every precedent had been violated! Everybody said it at once and, there being no possible chance for argument, there followed the question: "Why?"

"Because Mr. Tillinghast wanted a practical man on those two committees, where a practical man was needed," Lewis explained urbanely to the scowling mob that besieged him. "Mr. Warren is practical."

Jim Warren sat through the uproar with far-away thoughts. . . . The mere fact that she loved Lewis was no reason why she shouldn't realize that he was crooked. Why, then, was she blind to it? Was it that she didn't understand political right and wrong? Was it because of the lies of her father and of Lewis? Had they made her believe that all those charges by which he had made Lewis quit were mere vapory nothings—things of no moment, except in so far as they might arouse sentiment against him? She believed that Lewis' withdrawal had been really a magnanimous act; therefore all that Jim Warren had said and done in opposition to him had strengthened her belief in his generosity. At the last she had accused him, Jim Warren, of being ungrateful! She had said she was not a child. Jim Warren tried to make himself believe that she was a child! If he could only have believed that!

Lewis came and stood by Jim Warren's desk, looking out over the chamber with cold, cynical eyes. There was a sneer on his face.

"It kicked up one fine young row, all right!" he volunteered.

"What?" asked Jim Warren.

"What!" Lewis repeated. He stared at Jim Warren a moment and went away.

As opposed to this generous hypothesis, there was another—an ugly one. Perhaps she did understand and sought to palliate Lewis' crookedness! Riches make their possessors arrogant and give them standards of which the unit is the dollar mark. Was that it? Her father was a rich, complacent, fat, overfed hypocrite. Was she, too, a hypocrite? The glitter of her luxurious life, the emptiness of it all—had it utterly crushed every fine instinct in her—every instinct of honesty? Was her attitude that of an innocent one who didn't understand, or of a brazen one who didn't care?

Days passed and still that last question remained unanswered. The expected bills providing for recreation piers and a new state school and half a dozen libraries were dumped in on the House one day by Representative Tyson, who incidentally was also on Public Structures. These were the bills Jim Warren was to fight for—to further Tillinghast's golden dream of the governorship. However, they would have to pass a third reading before they reached the committee; meanwhile Jim Warren had time to brood. His abstraction at last aroused a glimmer of suspicion in Lewis' mind.

"The bills are all in," he remarked to Jim Warren gratuitously one day. There

A Good Time to Paint

Much painting should be done this spring, whether linseed oil be slightly lower or slightly higher; for with the 1910 flax crop short it seems unreasonable to expect a return to the oil prices of a few years ago.

The thing to remember is that, though high, paint materials are not nearly so expensive as the repairing of a neglected house. Even oil at $1.00 or $1.25 makes the painting of the average house cost only $4 or $5 more than it used to cost. That isn't enough more to justify letting a $10,000 house, or even a $2,000 house, go to ruin. Paint it this spring. It will cost you less than later.

And use "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead and genuine linseed oil. People are tempted sometimes, when standard materials are high, to employ something inferior. A great mistake, because not true economy.

Moreover, the first cost of genuine "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead paint is not so great as you may have been led to believe. It may surprise you if you do a little figuring for yourself. Get from your local dealer prices on the following ingredients:

12½ pounds "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead	$ ____
½ gallon Pure linseed oil	____
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This makes 1 gallon Genuine old-fashioned paint	____

Compare this with the cost of any other paint you would think of using. You'll find the best is also the cheapest.

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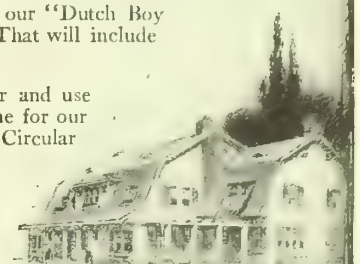
To Painters: If you are a skilled white-leader and use "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead, send us your name for our "Painters' Blue List." Write us for Blue List Circular No. 153. It gives particulars.



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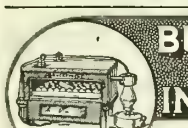

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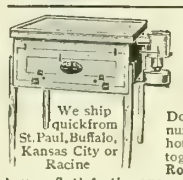

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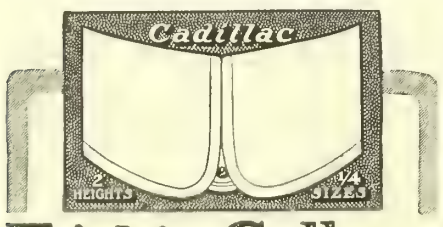

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was something about Jim Warren's attitude that he didn't like.

"I know it," was the reply.

"They'll be before your committee in a day or so."

"There's nothing I can do yet—is there?"

"No."

"Well?"

It was a dismissal. Lewis understood it as such. He stood in a corner of the lobby for a long time and stroked his chin thoughtfully. It might be necessary to get to this man in another way. How?

Slowly Jim Warren evolved an answer to the question that was tormenting him—slowly and reluctantly: Edna Tillinghast did understand that Lewis was a crook, but she didn't care! It didn't matter to her whether men were honest or dishonest! No other conclusion was possible. She was not a fool. What if she hadn't read his charges against Lewis? It was impossible that she should not know of them. . . . She knew, all right! It didn't matter to her—that was all!

This question settled at last, there came another: What did it matter to him, Jim Warren, what she thought of Lewis' honesty or dishonesty? What business was it of his? She belonged to Lewis, didn't she? She was part of the price Tillinghast was paying for the honor of Lewis' support for governor, wasn't she? What did it matter to him, Jim Warren?

"Nothing," he told himself.

And a day or so later she appeared in the gallery of the House. Jim Warren happened to glance up and saw her there with Lewis. At the same instant she saw him and waved her handkerchief. He nodded. Lewis was with her, of course! But what did it matter to him, Jim Warren?

"Everything!"

Through the clouds of conjecture that had tormented him one isolated fact suddenly thrust its head. Whoever and whatever this girl was, he wanted her—honest or dishonest, arrogant or humble, rich or poor, he wanted her! And, wanting her, he would have her. Nothing to the contrary ever occurred to him. At first she had awed him from the pinnacle of her social position. Awe changed to admiration; admiration had changed to the one thought of winning her.

Lewis! Faugh! So much the worse for Lewis! But she was betrothed to Lewis. Well, what of it?

"The minute a man gets what he has wanted more than anything else in the world," Jim Warren philosophized, "there's something else he wants worse. I want her and, by all that's holy, I'll have her!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AN OCCURRENCE UP A SIDE STREET

(Concluded from Page 7)

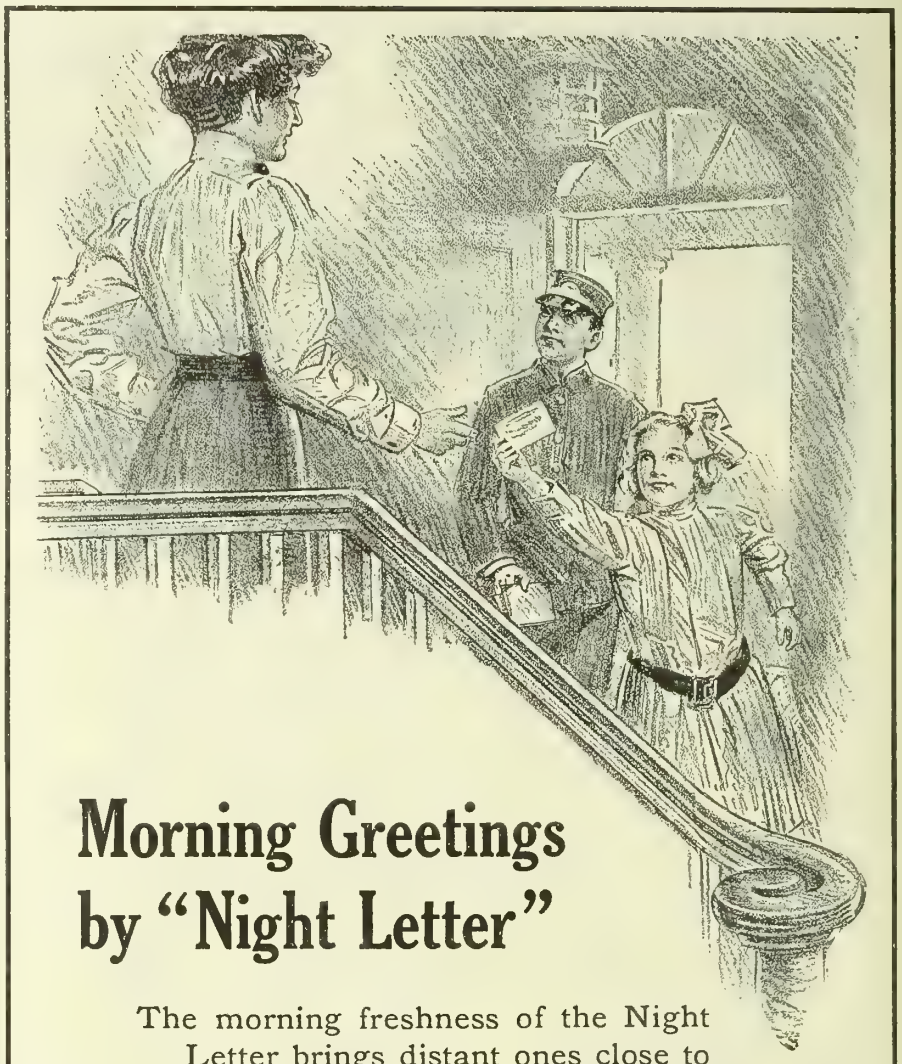
nearly its full length into his brain—smoothly, painlessly and swift. He gave a little surprised gasp, almost like a sob, and lolled his head back against the chair-rest, like a man who has grown suddenly tired. The hand that held the champagne glass relaxed naturally and the glass turned over on its side with a small tinkling sound and spilled its thin contents on the table.

It had been easier than she had thought it would be. She stepped back, still holding the hatpin. She moved around from behind him, and then she saw his face, half upturned, almost directly beneath the low light. There was no blood, no sign even of the wound, but his jaw had dropped down unpleasantly, showing the ends of his lower front teeth, and his eyes stared up unwinkingly with a puzzled, almost a disappointed, look in them. A green fly lit at the outer corner of his right eye; more green flies were coming. And he didn't put up his hand to brush them away.

With her eyes still fixed on his face the woman reached out, feeling for her glass of the champagne. She felt that she needed it now and at a gulp she took a good half of it down her throat.

She put the glass down steadily enough on the table; but into her eyes came the same puzzled, baffled look that his wore, and almost gently she slipped down into the chair facing him.

Then her jaw lolled a little too, and some of the other flies came buzzing toward her.



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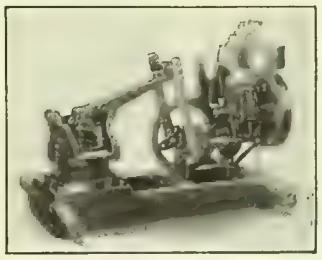
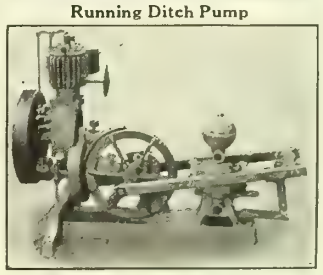
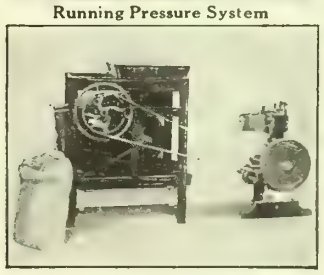


Running Ditch Pump



Running Pressure System



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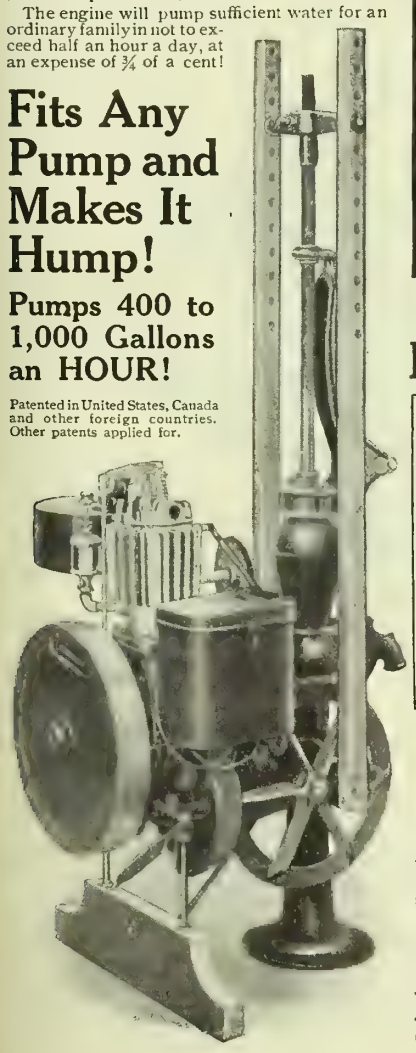

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The Farm Pump Engine is fast supplanting windmills in every part of the country. Costs no more than a windmill and does work that no windmill performs. Fits any pump and makes it **go the limit.** Has adjustments for three different lengths of stroke.

Pumps 400 to 1,000 gallons per hour—keeps it up **day and night** if required. Runs any of the domestic water pressure systems built for suburban and country homes. Supplies abundance of water **fresh from the well,** for big herds of stock. This service is **doubly valuable in winter,** when snow, sleet and storms put windmills out of commission. No need of Tank Heaters, which not only keep water **too hot or too cold,** but cost as much to run as the gasoline used by this engine. By attaching a piece of pipe as an air head the engine will throw water 60 feet.

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ORYZA SATIVA

(Concluded from Page 9)

This is kept up for seventy-five or eighty days—until the heads of grain are filled and droop with their weight. Then the banks are opened, the water is drained off; and in about three weeks, when the rice is ripe, the fields are dry again for the heavy harvesting machinery. Harvesting and threshing are carried on exactly as in a great wheatfield of the North.

This prairie rice grades at the top notch on the market. At harvest it's worth just about the price of wheat—and it's a cash crop, delivered at the nearest railway station. The district is full of rice mills and their capacity is steadily increasing—to keep pace with the increase in acreage. It has become a very solid industry; the profits it is showing are attracting from the outside scores of solid, square-headed folks—largely Germans. You may guess as much from the names of the towns they're building: Weiner, Waldenburg, Altheimer, Stuttgart—and a lot of others rich in gutturals. They're all built on rice. The language of rice farming is their speech. Rice with them is almost a religion.

Well, that's no wonder, is it? It has spelled prosperity over a wide area where there was none before. It has increased land values ten times or more in half a dozen years; and, of vastly more importance to outsiders, it has, by a complete reversal of old-fogy notions about the handling of a great staple, added millions of acres to the world's available food farms. That doesn't happen every day.

Year in and year out, the average wheat farmer of today isn't doing much more than "breaking even" on his crop. Wheatland prices are going steadily up and up, and wheat yields to the acre are going down, down. Occasional big crops don't signify; neither does the result secured by the exceptional farmer. It's the average we must reckon with; and the average now is rather less than fifteen bushels to the acre in the wheat empire of the Northwestern states. That's a smart contrast to the yields of virgin soil. Let there be a further drop of a couple of bushels to the acre—and away go the profits. To repeat: there's no more new wheatland in the country. The acreage of next year can be increased over this year only by decreasing the acreage now given to some other crop. That's true, too, of the big corn belt. It's occupied.

A Slow-Moving Revolution

Until a revolution in methods shall increase the yields to the acre of these grains, we're about at the end of our rope in our boasted mission of "feeding the world." It simply can't be done by growing the old standby crops. You'll have to own that revolutions get in their work very slowly in a business as old as farming. It's all right to talk of the benefits to come through modern farming; but modern farming is now being practiced by only a small percentage of all the farmers. It will take a generation to work up to the point where these new methods will show any appreciable effect upon our gross harvest figures; but, with no more than a normal increase in population, a few years hence we'll be needing bigger crops than we're now growing.

"Feed the world!"—will we? Soon we'll have excellent reason to be satisfied if our own home cupboard has a bone in it.

To be sure that's still a little way off; and so, after the careless American habit, it's not to be taken too seriously today. But—stick in a pin here—one of these times, before our children have crowded us to one side, wheat farming will have ceased to be profitable over most of the present wheat area. What do you suppose will happen then? Why, wheat growing will be gradually abandoned, of course—at least until such time as the fertility of the land can be restored; and then, what shall we do for a substitute?

Rice? Oh, I know how you feel about it. You hate to think that any of your flesh and blood may actually be driven into eating the common food of those peoples who can't pick and choose, but must live according to the stern rules of necessity. Hunger, though, has a way of reconciling one to almost any wholesome food that's handy and within one's means. We may come to rice for the same reason that has made it the mainstay of the crowded Orient—because an acre of ground fit for rice culture will yield so much more for the stomach than can be got from an acre of wheat. We ship a little wheat flour to those Orientals once in a while; but it's a delicacy for the wealthy. It will be with us, too, some day.

Since the new impetus has been given to rice culture in Arkansas and in other parts of the South you'll often hear the croaker fussing about the danger of "overproduction." "If the industry develops as it has begun," he says, "we'll have stacks of rice rotting in the fields." There are always plenty of Gloomy Gus people.

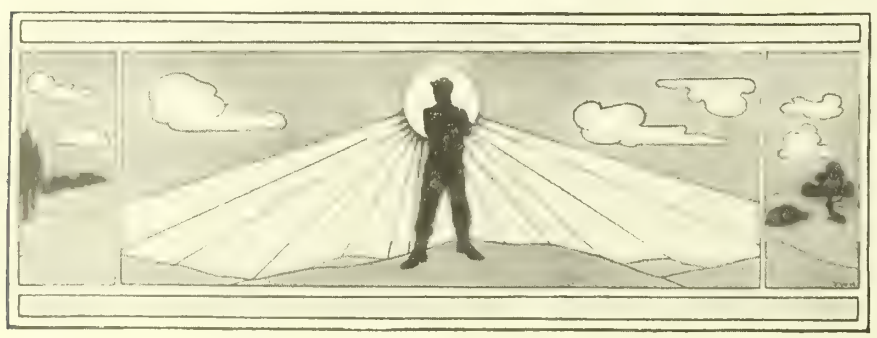
Yes; but you know about that canal project, down there on the Isthmus. By and by—never mind the exact date—that canal will have ships slipping through it. Along the Gulf Coast are many ports hard at work getting ready for that day. As things are now, transportation by rail from our interior food farms to the Pacific for export is too frightfully expensive. But there's another day coming. It's coming through the Panama Canal.

Feeding the Far East

When it does come can you figure that there'll be any unsalable surplus of rice in the South—oh, come now!—when you know that we can deliver our rice to the Jap and the Chinaman and the Indian for less money than it costs them to produce it on their own lands? Believe me, whether or not we eat a grain of rice ourselves in those days won't make a particle of difference with the rice market. Those boys over there will want every bushel we can give them; they're wanting it now; they've been wanting it this long time. They're foolish about some things, maybe; but they're wiser than we when it comes to the use of foods that will give them the most for their money. If we were as crowded on our land as they are on theirs we'd gather some of their wisdom. We'd learn to curb our appetite for chicken and pork-chops and pie. We should have to.

Now I don't mean to say that we'll eventually drive the Oriental out of rice farming. He'll stay with it till doomsday, because that's the best use he can possibly make of his land. There'll be no competition; we sha'n't disturb him a bit in his industry. Our crop will supplement his—that's all; and we'll sell him our rice. Seems something like a case of carrying coals to Newcastle, doesn't it? But it's written on the wall. If it were merely the voice of Trade talking—that is, if the Far Easterner had his choice of many sources of supply and could play politics with his rice traffic—we couldn't be quite so cocksure. But it's common little old Hunger that calls—and there's no chance whatever for playing horse with the market. Those fellows will take our rice not out of trade friendliness or for reasons of diplomacy; they'll take it because they must have it. Every pound we can manage to grow will find its way to them until we need it at home for ourselves.

That need will come—sure! So it's just as well to be getting our hand in.



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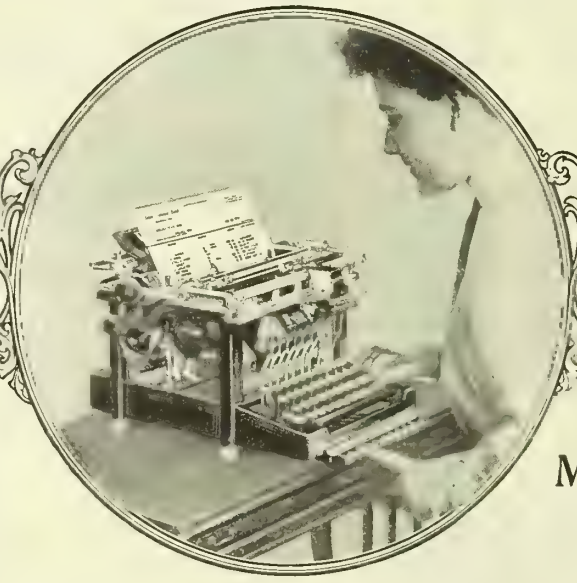

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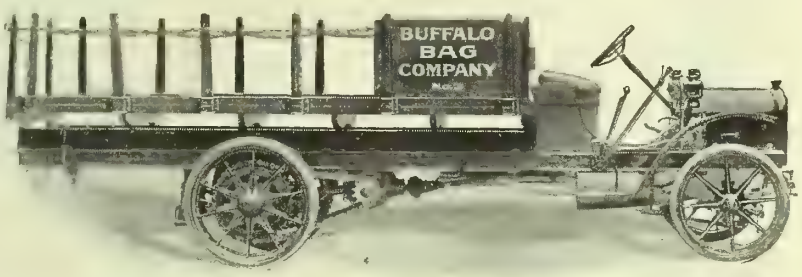
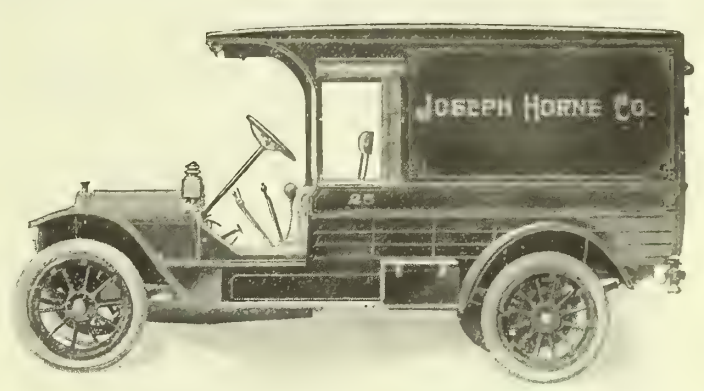
A firm using one of our three ton trucks advises that it does the work of eight horses and four wagons.



White three ton gasoline truck with standard platform body. Length (over all) 19 feet 7½ inches, length of platform 13 feet 3 inches, width 6 feet 5 inches. Solid tires—single front, double rear. Floor stands 40 inches from ground. Price of chassis $3,700.



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(37)

A RETURN TO ARCADY

(Continued from Page 15)

He saw again that dingy little hall, with its small proscenium opening guarded by a frayed old curtain, and he smiled as he remembered the landscape it bore. With the sophistication of his race he had enjoyed many a good laugh at the performance that had evoked the tears of his fellow townsmen. What Rubes they were, to be sure! And yet, what good fellows the boys had been! He recalled various ones by name and found himself wondering how they looked and whether they were married or single. Another half hour of like musing and suddenly he slapped his thigh.

"By jinks!" he said, "I'll do it. I need a vacation and I'm going to have it too."

When Morris returned to his place of business that afternoon he had packed Sam Green off to his store upstate with instructions to return in a week, during which Morris hoped to take the matter up with Abe. As for his hour-long absence from his place of business, Morris had provided himself with a plausible explanation in rebuttal to the quiet, ironical greeting that he knew would await him. His program was a little upset, however, by Abe's inquiry, which was not in the least ironical.

"Loafer, where have you been?" Abe demanded.

"What d'ye mean, loafer?" Morris cried.

"I mean, while you are fooling away your time, Moe Griesman comes in here to see us and naturally he don't find none of us here; so he goes away again. From us he goes straight over to Sammet Brothers—and that's the way it goes."

"But, Abe," Morris protested, "I thought you told me he cancels his order this morning and buys only from Klinger & Klein."

"Sure, I know," Abe said; "but I suppose he finds out he couldn't find all the goods he wants with one concern and now he goes over to Sammet Brothers."

"How do you know he went over to Sammet Brothers?" Morris asked.

"A question! How do I know it?" Abe exclaimed. "Ain't he left a memorandum I should ring him up there?"

"Well, why don't you ring him up and find out what he wants?" Morris retorted.

"What do I care what he wants, Mawruss?" Abe rejoined. "Whatever he wants he don't want it now, because them two cutthroats would suck him dry of orders. Once a feller gets into the hands of Sammet Brothers they wouldn't let him go till he bought himself blue in the face."

"Ring him up, anyhow," Morris insisted; and the next moment Abe was engaged in a heated altercation with "Central." Finally he heard Leon Sammet at the other end of the wire.

"Hello!" he yelled. "I want to speak with Mr. Griesman. Never mind what I want to speak with him about. That's my business. I ain't the fresh one—you are the fresh one. You are asking me something which you ain't got no right to ask me at all. You know well enough who it is talking."

After five minutes' further conversation, Leon relinquished his end of the wire to Griesman and immediately thereafter Abe's voice diminished in harshness till it became fairly flutelike with friendship and amiability.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Griesman!" he said. "Did you want to talk to me? Why, no, Mr. Griesman, he don't owe us nothing. He paid us this morning. Sure! What did you want to know for? Why should we sell his account, Mr. Griesman? He's a little slow, y'understand, but he's quite good. That's all right. Goodby."

When he returned to the showroom his face wore a puzzled expression.

"Well, Abe, what did he want?" Morris asked.

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know what he is up to, Mawruss," Abe said; "but he tells me he wants to buy from us Sam Green's account. So I told him Sam pays us this morning, and he rings off."

"Why should Moe Griesman want to buy from us Sam Green's account?" Morris muttered to himself; and then a wave of recollection came over him. Obviously it was Moe Griesman who had bought out Sam's competitors and this caused Sam's bank to shut down on him. Now Moe Griesman was attempting to buy up Sam's liabilities and close him up, so that there might be no competitor to Moe's new business in Cyprus. At length the humor of the situation appealed to Morris and he grinned vacuously at his partner.

"*Nu*," Abe growled; "what are you laughing at?"

"Nothing much, Abe," Morris replied. "I was only thinking—that's all, Abe. I was thinking to myself, Abe, what a joke it would be, supposing, for instance, Sam's check should come back N. G."

v

WHEN Sam Green entered the smoker of the seven-thirty train from Syracuse to Cyprus, the following morning, a well-dressed man of sixty followed him down the aisle and sat down in the same seat with him.

"Have a cigar?" the stranger said.

"Much obliged," Sam replied as he took it. "If it is just the same to you I would smoke it after dinner."

"Sure!" the stranger rejoined, handing him another; "smoke that one after dinner and smoke this one now."

Sam grinned and after they had lit up he ventured the observation that it was fine weather.

"*Aber* it should be colder," he concluded, "for heavyweights."

"Are you in the clothing business?" the stranger asked.

"I got a sort of a store," Sam replied; "clothing and cloaks, and suits also. A drygoods store in Cyprus."

"In Cyprus!" Sam's seatmate cried. "You don't tell me! I'm going down to Cyprus too."

"My fall buying is through," Sam said.

"I'm not selling goods this trip," the stranger replied. "I'm on a vacation."

"A vacation!" Sam murmured. "In Cyprus! That's a *medeena* for a vacation."

"There are worse places than Cyprus, my friend," said Sam's newfound acquaintance; and thereat began a conversation that lasted until the train finally drew into Cyprus.

"Would you mind telling me what is your name, please?" Sam asked as they prepared to leave the car.

"Certainly," the stranger said, handing his card to Sam.

"Kirschner!" Sam exclaimed, looking at the card. "Kirschner, *von unsere Leute?*"

"Sure!" Max Kirschner replied.

"Did your father once run a store under the opera house here?"

"That's right."

"And after he died the widder sells out to a man by the name Marcus Senft?"

"The same one," Max replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I bought out that feller, Marcus Senft," Sam replied, "and I got on my books yet debts which your mother sold to Senft for twenty-five cents on the dollar—and he sold to me for ten cents."

"I'll bet I know who owes 'em, too," Max commented.

"You could look 'em over if you want to," Sam said as they started to walk down the hilly lane from the depot to the main street.

"I will after I've washed up at the hotel," Max answered.

"Hotel!" Sam exclaimed. "What d'ye mean, hotel? You ain't going to no hotel. You're coming home with me. A feller *von unsere Leute* should come to Cyprus for a vacation and stay at a hotel! An idee!"

He linked his arm in Max's and together they walked to Sam's store.

"We'll take a look in here first before we go up to the house," Sam said as he opened the door. The next moment Sam Green was clasped to the ample bosom of Leah Green, who glanced inquiringly at Max Kirschner.

"Mommer," Sam announced, "this is Mr. Max Kirschner, which he ought to be like an old friend on account he was born and raised in this here town and his father run this very store."

Max looked around him at the shelves and showcases.

"The same fixtures," he muttered absently.

"He is only in town for a couple of days, mommer," Sam said hesitatingly, "so I thought we could easy fix up the spare room—ain't it?"

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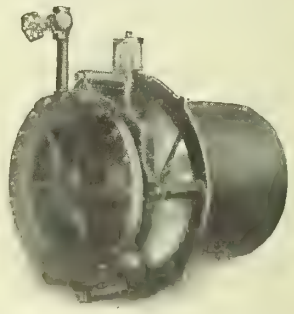

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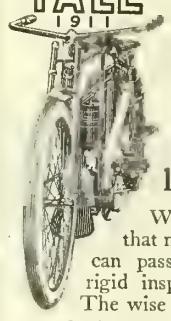

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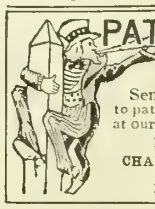

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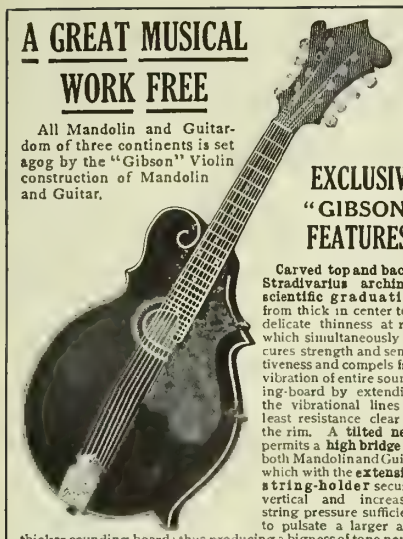

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"Why, sure!" Mrs. Green replied as she shook Max's hand warmly. "Is the folks all well, Mr. Kirschner?"

Max smiled sadly.

"You can judge for yourself, Mrs. Green," he said, "because I'm all the folks there are."

"Oh, sure," Mrs. Green hastened to say. "I remember now; you never got married."

"Why, how do you know that?" Sam asked.

Mrs. Green nodded her head sideways in Sam's direction.

"He don't never hear nothing, Mr. Kirschner," she said. "With me the women folks *schmooses* all the time; and you could take it from me, Mr. Kirschner, they talk a whole lot more about what happens forty years ago as what happens last week already."

Max nodded as the store door opened and a woman of uncertain age entered.

"Good morning, Mis' Green," the newcomer said, her eyes glued on Max Kirschner. "I was just passin' by on my way to the depot and I remembered that I needed a spool of thread."

Mrs. Green passed behind the counter to reach the thread case.

"Going to Sarahcuse today, Mis' Duree?" she asked casually.

Mrs. Duryea blushed.

"I'm on my way to see my sister's little granddaughter," she explained; "she's just recovering from whooping cough."

"Would that be your sister Libby?" Max inquired.

Mrs. Duryea started visibly.

"I don't know as I——" she began.

"That's so," Max continued. "Libby moved to Elmira. It must be Carrie. She married Lem Peters, didn't she?"

"Well, of all things!" Mrs. Duryea exclaimed. "Who in the world told you all that?"

"I just remembered it," Max said, holding out his hand. "How's Tom?"

Mrs. Duryea took the proffered hand gingerly.

"He's pretty spry," she said.

"Tell him Max Kirschner was asking for him," Max replied.

"You ain't Max Kirschner?" Mrs. Duryea cried.

"Just as sure as you're Hattie Watson," Max said. "How're all the children, Hattie?"

"All growed up and flew away," Mrs. Duryea replied. "What are you doing around here?"

Max's eyes twinkled mischievously.

"I'm selling goods for Mr. Green here," he declared. "Let's see, Hattie. Forty-two bust, I should say."

He snatched a garment from a rack near by.

"Here's a coat, Hattie, that would stand you in forty dollars in Syracuse," he said. "One of those big drygoods stores there figures on a coat like this: garment, wholesale, twenty dollars; running a big store with elevators, electric lights and all modern improvements, ten dollars; advertising, five dollars; profit, five dollars—total, forty dollars. We figure here: cost of garment, twenty dollars; store expenses, fifty cents; profit, four dollars and fifty cents; total, twenty-five dollars. Put it on, Hattie, and let's see how you look in the garment."

"Well, I declare!" Mrs. Duryea exclaimed as she allowed herself to be assisted into the garment. "You take my breath away."

Max stepped back to survey the effect; and if the admiration expressed in his face was simulated, at least the friendliness of his smile was not.

"Now, Hattie, I want to tell you something," he declared: "if any one would say to me that I went to school with you I'd think they had a bad memory. I'd tell 'em it was your mother that sat next to me in Miss Johnson's room and not you."

Mrs. Duryea fairly beamed as she strutted up and down the store.

"Well, Max," she said at last, "let me bring my friend Mis' Williams in this afternoon and we'll decide on it then."

"But I thought you were going to Syracuse," Max rejoined.

"I was," Mrs. Duryea said as she started to leave; "but I ain't now."

VI

THE news of Max Kirschner's return spread through Cyprus like a brush fire, and twenty minutes after Mrs. Duryea had left Sam Green's store Max was holding a levee behind the old counter. By two

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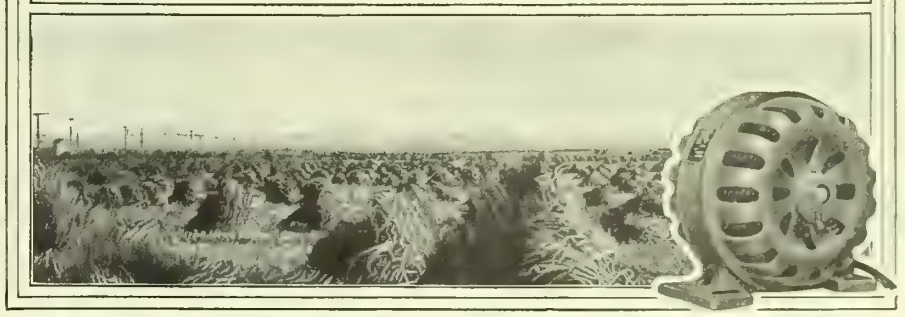

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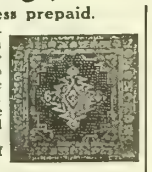

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Heller Bros. Co., Rose Specialists, Box 10, New Castle, Ind.

o'clock he had greeted over fifty old friends and at least twenty of them had made purchases in amounts varying from five to thirty dollars.

"As sure as you're standing there, Mr. Kirschner," Sam declared, "I sold more goods this morning as in the last two months."

Max grinned delightedly. His face was flushed and he looked at least ten years younger as he patted Sam on the shoulder.

"Look out for the rush this afternoon," he said. "If we only had a better assortment, Green, I think we could keep this up for a week longer and after that we could do a good, steady business."

"We!" Sam exclaimed.

Max colored and smiled in an embarrassed fashion.

"Of course I mean you," he said.

"Why 'of course'?" Sam asked; and Mrs. Green nodded vigorously. "Why not we, Mr. Kirschner?"

"Well, you see, I haven't sold goods at retail for so long," Max explained, "that I really don't know how."

Sam turned to Mrs. Green with a quick shrug.

"*Was hast du gehört?*" he cried. "He don't know how! If I wouldn't know how to sell goods the way you don't know how, Mr. Kirschner, I would quick build up a good business here. Tell me, Mr. Kirschner, how much longer do you got a vacation, because I'd like to make you a proposition. You could stay with me here for the rest of your vacation and I would give you half of the profits over the cost price of every garment you sell. How's that?"

"Very generous," Max said; "but you don't know what you're offering me, Green, because the vacation might last for several years."

"Several years!" Sam repeated. "You mean you are retired from business, Mr. Kirschner?"

"Exactly," Max answered; "with a fortune of two diamond rings, a diamond pin and eight hundred and sixty-five dollars cash."

Sam and Mrs. Green stared at him incredulously.

"In other words, Green," Max concluded, "I have just been fired out of a job as traveling salesman, which I held for twenty years, and I don't see a chance of getting another one."

For a moment Sam and his wife exchanged glances.

"Mr. Kirschner," Sam said, "how much can you get for them diamonds?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars, I guess," Max replied.

"Then what is the use talking nonsense, Mr. Kirschner?" Sam cried excitedly. "Come along with me over to the Farmers' National Bank and we will see Mr. Fuller; and if he would renew my accommodation for a thousand dollars you and me would go as partners together and *fertig.*"

"Fuller!" Max cried. "That ain't Wilbur M. Fuller, is it?"

"That's the one," Sam declared.

"Then we'll not only get him to renew the accommodation, Sam, but we'll sell him some shirts and neckties as well. He and I clerked together in Van Buskirk & Patterson's."

As a sequel to Max's visit to the Farmers' National Bank, Abe and Morris waited in vain for the return of Sam's check.

"How did you know the check wasn't good, Mawruss?" Abe asked his partner a week later.

"I ain't said it ain't good, Abe," Morris protested; "only I seen Markson, which he works for Klinger & Klein as a bookkeeper, in Hammersmith's today and he says that Moe Griesman goes round trying to buy up all Sam Green's bills payable; and he's got about five hundred dollars' worth now already."

"Sure, I know he did," Abe replied. "He got from Lapidus & Elenbogen Sam's three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar debt for two hundred and seventy-five cash and Sam sends 'em the check for the full amount the day before yesterday. I seen Louis Lapidus yesterday and he was feeling pretty sore, I bet yer."

Morris nodded. He had been completely mystified about Sam's affairs since the arrival of a letter from Cyprus addressed to Morris personally, wherein Sam repaid the money advanced for his hotel accommodation and announced that he had abandoned for the present his intention of returning to New York. Morris' mystification was hardly abated by the following

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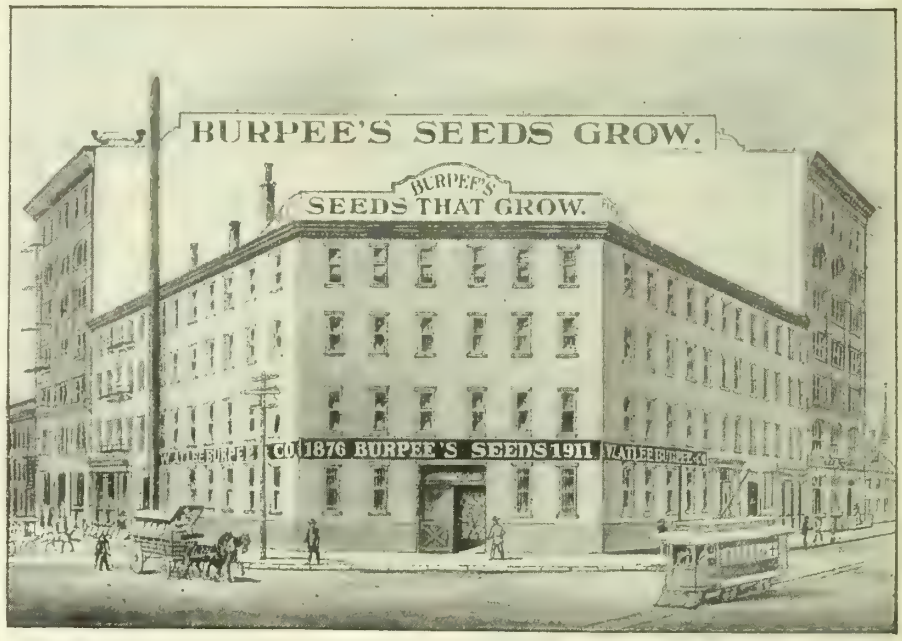

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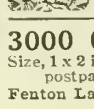

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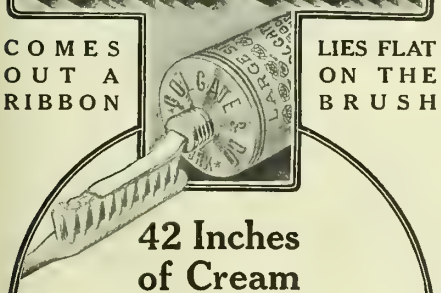

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letter, which arrived on the heels of the conversation above set forth:

SAMUEL GREEN & CO.

DRYGOODS AND NOTIONS

THE K. & M. SYLPHSHAPE CORSET

CYPRUS, NEW YORK, May 1, 1910.

GENTS: We inclose you herewith memorandum of order. Kindly ship same within ten days by fast freight, and oblige

Yours truly, SAMUEL GREEN & CO.

P. S. You should telegraph Farmers' National Bank for references if you ain't satisfied to ship without it. Business is good. S. GREEN.

VII

MORRIS PERLMUTTER'S relations with Sol Klinger retained their cordiality despite the rupture between Abe Potash and Klinger & Klein. To be sure, Moe Griesman's defection had rankled, but Morris consoled himself with the maxim, "Business is business"; and when he met Sol Klinger in Hammersmith's restaurant during the first week of the spring buying season he greeted Sol cordially. His friendly advance, however, met with a decided rebuff.

"What's the matter now, Sol?" Morris asked.

Sol nodded his head slowly.

"It's a great world, Mawruss," he said.

Morris agreed with him. "There's business enough in it for everybody anyhow, Sol, if that's what you mean," he replied.

"In lots of places, yes, but in others, no," Sol said. "But with some people, Mawruss, they're like a snake in the grass, which it bites the hand that feeds it."

"What's Moe Klein been doing now?" Morris asked.

"Moe Klein?" Sol cried. "What d'ye mean, Moe Klein? I ain't talking about Moe Klein at all. I am talking about Max Kirschner, Mawruss. There's a feller which we give him for twenty years good wages, Mawruss, and what do we get for it? After he leaves us, Mawruss ——"

"Left you?" Morris interrupted. "Why, I always thought you fired him."

"Sure, we fired him," Sol continued. "A lowlife bum which he makes always a hog of himself, why shouldn't we fire him? And then, Mawruss, when we are taking on Moe Griesman's nephew, Rabiner, what does that sucker Max Kirschner do? He turns around and fixes up with a feller by the name Sam Green, in Cyprus, to go as partners together in Sam Green's store up there. And mind you, Mawruss, Moe Griesman had just bought out Sam Green's competitors, Van Buskirk & Patterson. And Max Kirschner knows all the time that the only reason that we took on Mozart Rabiner was on account of his uncle, Moe Griesman."

Sol Klinger was so interested in his own narrative that he completely failed to notice its effect on Morris Perlmutter, who sat with his jaw dropping lower and lower, while great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead.

"Yes, Mawruss," Sol continued; "Moe Griesman even comes down himself from Sarahcuse to Cyprus to superintend things. Five thousand dollars fixtures he puts in and forty thousand dollars he pays them two yokels, Van Buskirk & Patterson, for the good-will, stock and store building; and what happens? For a whole month Moe sits in that store and not a hundred dollars' worth of goods goes out of the place, Mawruss; and why? It seems that Sam Green and Max Kirschner does all the business because Max Kirschner is born and raised in Cyprus and knows everybody in the place."

"Max was born and raised in Cyprus?" Morris gasped.

"That's what I said," Sol replied. "That's a *Nachbarschaft* for a feller to be born in! What?"

Morris nodded and rose wearily to his feet.

"I never could remember the name of the place even, at all," he said. "Well, I guess now I would be getting back to the store."

"You got my permission," Sol said as Morris started from the restaurant. These were destined to be the last words addressed to Morris by Sol Klinger in many a long day, for the moving incidents which awaited Morris' return to his showroom put an end to all friendship between him and Sol.

Imprimis, when Morris entered, Moe Griesman was seated in the firm's private

WHILE Pompeian Massage Cream is used in several million homes by both husband and wife, yet in some homes men still think it is a woman's face cream, and again, women think it is a man's cream.

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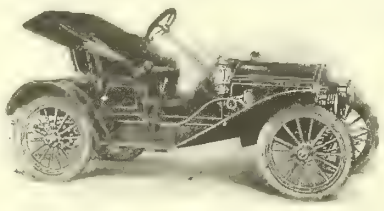

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office, the center of an animated group of four. "Hello, there, Mawruss!" Moe shouted; "there's a couple of gentlemen here which would like to talk to you."

He indicated a ruddy, clean-shaven person of approximately fifty years, who on closer inspection proved to be Max Kirschner shorn of his white mustache and without the attendant nimbus of his diamond pin. The other individual was even harder to identify by reason of a neat-fitting business suit of brown and a general air of prosperity; but in him Morris descried the person of what had once been Sam Green.

"Morris, you old rascal," Max cried, "when you took me over to the Prince Clarence Hotel that day why didn't you tell me that the man you wanted me to go into business with ran a store in Cyprus?"

"I couldn't remember the name of the place at all," Morris admitted.

Abe gazed at him sorrowfully.

"The fact is, gentlemen," he said, "my partner ain't got no head at all."

Sam Green's face flushed in recollection of the phrase.

"Never mind," he said fervently; "he's got anyhow a heart."

"And I've got a stomach," Max Kirschner added irrelevantly. "At least, I've recovered one since I've been eating Leah Green's good cooking."

Sam and Moe Griesman smiled sympathetically.

"Well, what's the use wasting time here, boys?" Moe said at last. "Let's explain to Mawruss about the new combination. Me and Max and Sam Green here have agreed to go as partners together in Cyprus, under the name 'The Cyprus Drygoods Company.' In a small town like Cyprus competition is nix."

"Good!" Morris exclaimed. "I'm glad to hear it. Is the Sarahcuse store included too?"

"A ten per cent interest they got, although I am going to run my Sarahcuse business and these here boys is going to run the Cyprus end," Moe continued. "And now, Abe, as Max has got to pick out a lot of goods for the Cyprus store and I want to do the same for my Sarahcuse store, let's get to work."

For three hours without cessation they labored over Potash & Perlmutter's sample line until garments to an amount in excess of five thousand dollars had been ordered.

When Max Kirschner saw the total of Moe Griesman's selection for the Syracuse store he emitted a low whistle.

"Say, Moe," he said, "ain't you going to give your nephew, Rabiner, any show at all this season?"

"*Oser a Stück*," Griesman declared. "I done enough for that feller when I got him a three years' contract with Klinger & Klein."

Subway Ear

SUBWAY deafness is a new complaint. It is already giving some trouble in New York, where people daily ride great distances underground.

The trouble seems to be due to air-pressure. To provide the requisite ventilation, air is continually forced into the underground tunnel. Consequently the air in the subway is at a pressure considerably greater than outside. When a person descends into the tube his eardrums are bulged inward; when he leaves the tunnel the sudden removal of pressure causes them to bulge outward.

This, when often repeated, is liable to set up an irritation, which in turn may bring about catarrh—that condition, in a word, which is the most common cause of deafness.

The catarrhal condition that is provocative of deafness produces this effect chiefly in two ways—first, by obstructing the so-called Eustachian tubes, which connect the middle ear with the pharynx; and second, by interfering—through a slow process of inflammation—with the freedom of play of the three little bones known as the hammer, anvil and stirrup, just behind the drum.

Through these tubes, one on each side, air is supplied to the inner ear. Under normal conditions the air-pressure outside and inside is equal; but if, through obstruction of the tube or for any other cause, there is an inequality of pressure, one hears a roaring sound—a noise ordinarily unheard, which is produced by the circulation of the blood.

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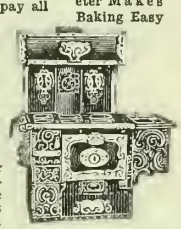

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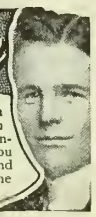

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For Every One At Every Wash

Absolutely hygienic.
Leaves the skin soft.
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Avoid the danger of skin infection which the common roller towel and generally used fabric towel invariably carry, by using

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(Use like a blotter)

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"Scot-tissue" Towels are made of the finest crêpe paper, scientifically prepared so that they are extremely absorbent, soft and pleasant to use. Each roll contains 150 towels, packed in a carton to protect them from dust and germs.

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quickly realize the value of this strictly hygienic towel.

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A roll of "Scot-tissue" towels on the kitchen door, replacing the fabric towel, insures *clean* hands after use—a pleasant condition where food is prepared. The soiled fabric towel is renewed only when its condition is disgusting. Each "Scot-tissue" towel is thrown away immediately after use.

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Send us $2 (if you're West of Mississippi River $2.50) together with your dealer's name, and we will send you, prepaid, 750 "Scot-tissue" towels and a fixture. After use, if you are not perfectly satisfied, we'll cheerfully refund your money.

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EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

(Concluded from Page 21)

The conclusion I came to was this: We are not the same in the open that we are at home, in the environment where we first learned manners and morals. That is why women behave better than men do. They stay at home in the exact environment where they first learned to pray and behave themselves. But men get out into the world, which is always "wide open," where manners are different and morals are determined more or less by circumstances. The rules governing both change. A man is respectable if he is truthful and honest. And women whose lives are sweet parodies of saintliness at home often have no conscience in the business world. It is at home with husbands and children that they show to the best advantage.

While I was fitting up a system of philosophy sufficiently broad and forbearing to account for all Adam's transgressions he was in and out making political speeches over the state. One thing I have noticed about a public man's vocabulary. It is a kind of vocative currency that continually enhances in value. In time it is composed of all the great and good and patient words in the language. They are chosen to fit the national ideals, not the character of the man who utters them. So Clancey Drew's little thin local phrases sounded like tinkling cymbals beside the booming sentences that now flowed from Adam's lips so gracefully. He had collected them in the larger vision of things at Washington. He propped the commonwealth of Tennessee with just his vocabulary and somehow convinced the people that it would go into the hands of a receiver if he were not elected governor. Clancey stood for reform and public righteousness; and, as nearly as I could make out, Adam stood for democracy—Jeffersonian; "Early Bird" and "Cascade" brand—for "the heroes who wore the gray" and a few other less important things. He proclaimed reverently and seriously, with a high look upon his brow, that he wanted every man to remain sober and behave himself.

"But, fellow citizens," he exclaimed to an enthusiastic audience at Mollysborough, "this is a matter too sacred to be dragged in the political mire and one which every God-fearing man must decide for himself, no matter who is elected governor of Tennessee!"

Clancey Drew stood no chance from the first. You have to stand for what is in people's minds, not for what is in their Bibles, if you want to get elected. This is not complimentary to them, but it is the truth, which Clancey's defeat verified once more. Adam was nominated in the spring and elected without opposition the following November.

I am coming to the end now. By far the grandest part of our lives has been lived in our state capital, but we have added nothing to our scriptures. I reckon some will think I ought to write out a riot scene and have Adam assassinated, and that I ought to close this story with his body exposed in the state capitol with two or three thousand dollars' worth of flowers around the bier and everybody walking by in a long procession to view the remains; but if the novelists who end their stories with the hero's funeral had to lay out their own husbands as the corpse they would not be so free about letting death into the last chapter. We are both living, thank Heaven! Adam is still a better statesman than he is a husband or father, but I do not worry so much as I did over his faults. They are the sadder part of him, which renders him dearer to me. As a woman goes on, everything thrusts her closer to her husband. The children have grown up and are forming other ties. And mother's death, in particular, has made me more dependent on Adam.

One morning, just a year ago, we received a telegram from father saying that mother was ill and that her life was despaired of. Adam and I hurried to Booneville on the next train. We reached mother's bedside that evening. The old house was very cold and still, like a body out of which a warm, good spirit is passing. Father was sitting by the window in mother's room, looking like an old child in the face, frightened and silent. Doctor Marks was seated by the bed, holding mother's hand, with his eyes fixed on her face. It was the first time I had ever seen him in father's house; the first time, I believe, in all the years since their youth, that mother had spoken to him. We had always had the other young doctor when any of us was ill. Father told me afterward that she asked for Dr. Marks when she realized her condition. She took no notice of Adam or of me when we came in. She was lying transfigured in her own smile. No one could have believed, to look at her, that she was nearly seventy years old. It was queer—as if she had put on her girlhood for a shroud; as if she had been keeping it all this time, fair and sweet, for this supreme last moment with the lover of her youth.

"Do you remember, David, the day we became engaged, how beautiful everything was, and you said it was our happiness that made so many flowers bloom that day?"

"Yes, I remember, Mary," he answered.

"I made a mistake after that. I do not know why; but when I understood I set myself to do a long penance. I made a vow to be just good and I have tried. I have never had an ambition or hope like other women. I have never protected myself from sorrow. And I have always wanted you to know."

"I did know, Mary, and I have been walking behind you all the way. We have been together."

"I have felt it, and there have been times when it troubled me. I was afraid it was not right for us to be together so near all these years, with never a word to part us. Oh, David! I have worried so for fear it was not right. Wouldn't it be terrible if I had been an evil woman?—if my feet had taken hold on hell for you!" Her sweet eyes searched him; her voice rose to a cry.

"Don't, Mary! Don't say such sacrilegious things about yourself. There will not be an angel in heaven fit to kiss your feet!"

He began to weep, but she smiled again.

"That is the dear way you always talked to me, David. I have tried, but I never could forget them—some of the things you said. They have been like little golden texts, hanging too high for me to reach or destroy. I did not want them to comfort me, but they did."

She seemed to doze for a time, keeping tight hold of his hand. Presently she opened her eyes and went on:

"Do you think I did the best I could, David?"

"I know it, Mary."

"I have not been like other women. I never could be sure that I was good. It's been terrible to live so long and not to know," she whispered, as if she were telling him the deepest secret of her heart.

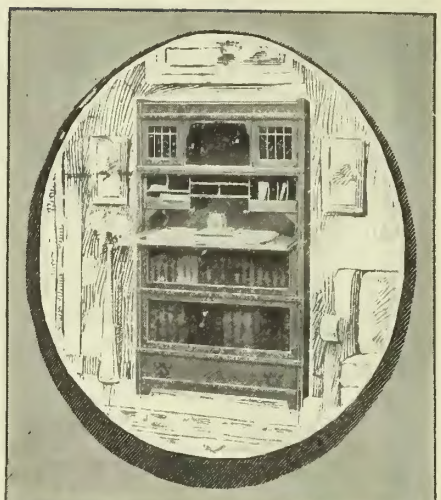
Then Doctor Marks gave his greatest prescription and put a soul out of pain that had suffered a lifetime.

"The reason you could not know was this: None of us can bear the sight of perfect goodness. It blinds us. That is why God is invisible. So you could not see yourself. Your eyes have been holden. They will be in Paradise. You will never know, never be able to imagine, how ineffably good you have been. I do not know either. It is God's secret."

At last she was comforted. Some great vanity in her was satisfied. Never once during the night that followed did she recognize or even see any other person in the room. She passed away in the dawn, shriven by her old lover, with a peace upon her face that was young and fair.

Father survived her only a few months. No one had suspected—least of all himself—that mother was the very wellspring of his existence. He had not loved her and she had not loved him, but for many years she had been his dependence, his sustenance, his habit of life. He had been uprooted by her death. He died of a strange starvation—the famine of a small nature.

(THE END)



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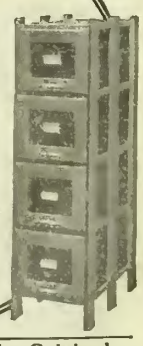

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